THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A. D. Franklin

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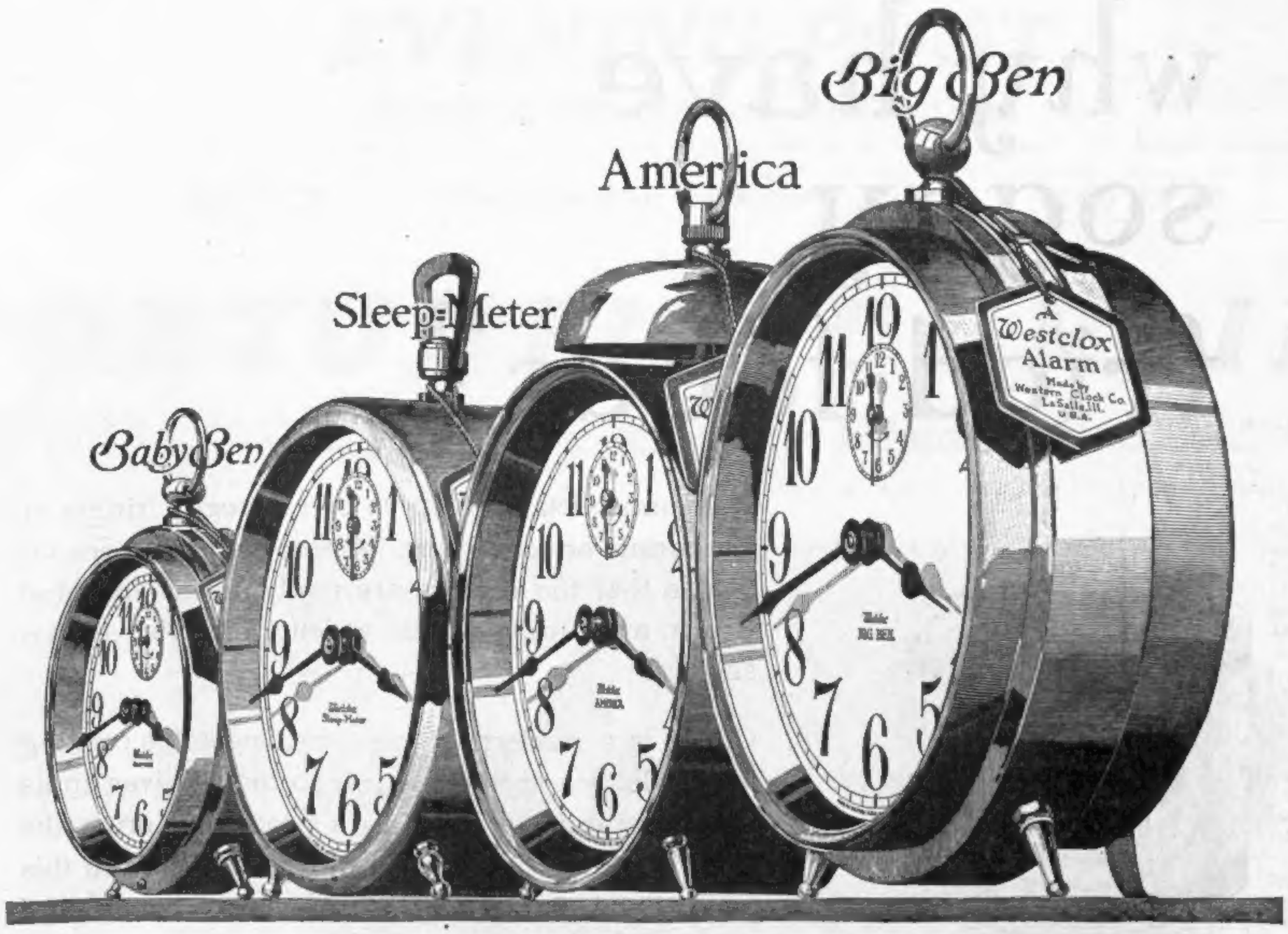

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FORTUNE'S DARLING

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

IN MADAME MEREY'S house at Benares the morning as a rule passed quietly. Runa's aunt seldom appeared before noon; he himself, in his own words, lay "slugging abed" to make up sleep; and for some days after their capture of the Maharajah's golden wreath Dan Towers had the run of the place, free and alone, from *chota hazri* till midday. The dark little front shop, or library, became Dan's haunt; for there he could borrow Madame Merey's books, write letters, ruminate and smoke, quiet as monk in cell.

He sat there one forenoon reading his mail when Runa la Flèche entered, fresh from the bath, in a yellow silk kimono embroidered with bamboo sprays and flying birds. Runa had a letter in hand, a face that glowed, and legs that cut a caper.

"Glad tidings, Danny! A year's leave!" he cried. "Think! A whole year free, out of harness. Weatherby says he pulled it down for me. *Y a du bon*, what? A month ago I couldn't afford such a thing, couldn't take it, and now here in the same post come the Maharajah's checks—our double pay for getting his tin crown back from the Bhamptas. Luck for once, eh? We're rich, Danny, and I've got a year's leave!"

Towers rose and shook his friend by the hand.

"Happy man!" said he. "Congratulations!"

Runa looked him quickly in the eye, shoved him back into his chair, perched on the ledge of a bookcase and became serious.

"I ought to be," replied Runa. "Yes. I should be happy if I thought you were. Things are never complete, are they? Fly in the ointment."

Dan watched him with surprise. The youngster's countenance, from being all ashine, darkened like an April sky—now rainbow, now gloom.

"Why do you think not?" said Dan. "Honestly, son, I'm very glad indeed. First chop good news."

"Nothing, Sir. It is Dreadful. That Poor Child. We are Doing Our Best, But No One Has Seen or Heard of Her"

"You have the American poker face," complained Runa. "It is much overrated. I can read you." He swung his bare feet, and conquered a fit of shyness. "Tell me," he grumbled, "to mind my own affair, if —— Look here. How loathsome to parade good fortune before a friend who—— The devil! You are not happy. Three or four times I have caught you moping like this." Runa waved his hand toward the table, on which Dan's letters lay open. "It's no good. Forgive me. I did not mean to talk so."

A faint smile, passing, made Mr. Towers' lean and freckled face rather pleasant.

"You're right, my boy. I'll tell you."

"No," said Runa. "Not at all. I began wrong. I am not the Paul Pry."

Towers threw at him a tin can of cigarettes, which burst and showered over the bookcase. Runa caught one cigarette out of the air.

"Be quiet, child; let me unburden," said Dan. "It's about a girl."

"Ah, ah." Runa fumbled in the bottom of a square sleeve and assumed great failure of interest. "Then it was nothing. I am relieved."

Towers regarded with amusement this young cynic in his yellow robe.

"Nothing, are they?" he replied. "I'm not so sure. This one's my daughter."

"Really?" said his friend, unmoved. "I thought you were a bachelor."

"So I am." Dan paused for effect. He hoped to see Runa sit bolt upright on his ledge and stare. The youngster did nothing of the kind, but having fished a match box from his sleeve, got a light and began smoking with an air of total indifference. Dan laughed. "No rise out of you, is there? You learned at a bigger college than poker. Well, now you shall hear the whole *sub-chiz*. Leda's a very pretty girl. I call her my daughter, because a fatherly attitude was best for everyone all round."

With few words he told the tragedy of his friend Parimban, a merchant trading in cattle, beeswax and kingfisher feathers at an obscure Malayan village on a mud bank.

This fine old gentleman Towers had left one morning alive and prosperous on board the houseboat where he dwelt; and soon afterward returning by night had found seated as it were in state—dead, amid the wreckage of his great white-and-gold room. A tribe of raiders had burned the village and killed him. Parimban's daughter, Leda by name, Towers had caught hiding in the water between the house and the landing float.

"She and I buried her father's body," said Dan. "By torchlight, under a big pigeon-flower tree full of white blossoms. The boatmen dug his grave with their paddles. I'd always been fond of him, you know, and there stood this girl, horribly young, cut off alone in the world at a whack, and—and mighty pretty. A man couldn't leave her there, could he? No more than a man could carry her round—not in my sort of life? As you say, a bachelor. She was bright as a piece of fire, lively as all get-out, and she ran right into my darned arms for safety. Well. There."

Runa smoked and wriggled his toes.

"Don't argue," he said. "What happened?"

Towers became aware that he had spoken with heat, for so his cheeks told him.

"I dropped her into an orphanage down there, with some pious women. For reasons."

Runa looked up again, suddenly awake.

"You're a good herb, Dan," said he. "Well done. For the time being."

Dan took up one of his letters from the table.

"Just so," he agreed. "Temporary. Hear what the chief woman at the orphanage wrote:

"'*My dear sir:* I acknowledge with great pleasure your ——'

"No. Her first part's all money and compliments. Wait."

He turned the leaf, and chose another passage:

"'. . . So you see, my friend, that your little girl excelled in her studies, above all in languages and music. I regret that my report cannot be entirely favorable, but the truth must be told. Leda's deportment falls below the standard which we endeavor to uphold and which you yourself, my friend, would desire her to attain. In religious duty Leda is regular enough, but so perfunctory that sometimes during moments of discouragement with her I fear the good seed falls on stony ground.'"

"How old?" struck in Runa.

"Too old for them. They stretched the rule to let her in. Maybe nineteen."

"The abandoned wretch!" Runa shrugged his shoulders. "A ripe age, but not perfect in her deportment. Shocking! Go on."

Dan read further: "'Indeed she is something of a firebrand among us, Mr. Towers; a problem. Last week she flew into a rage, struck, shook and severely frightened a girl much larger than herself, whom she called "a nasty pig, full of vile thoughts," with other worse language. Her conduct was the more distressing, that when questioned and given a full opportunity she would say nothing to explain or justify it. The injured girl, who is one of our most docile pupils ——'"

La Flèche kicked up his heels. "And Leda is her name?" he murmured. "I begin to like your daughter, Parimban's daughter."

"'Only yesterday we found her perched astride the wall of the home grounds, like a wild creature, talking to a disreputable young Malay below. This cannot be allowed to go on, Mr. Towers, her example is so ——'"

Dan tossed away that letter and chose another from the table.

"Here's Leda herself," said he. "Remember, she's very young—in a way.

"'. . . For your gray eyes look down on me through the darkness in my sleep, and I wake and lie thinking of you till the fighting cocks crow in Ibrahim's garden. So it was that your eyes did shine on the river where my father lived, when I first loved you. I talk with Ibrahim from the wall also, and he show me his bantam who has beaten twenty and four in the pit without spurs, winning heaps of gold. A lovely bird, brave, polished like copper and emeralds, with a coral-blood crown. He makes me to think of you, so hard and shining.'"

Both men laughed; the reader with constraint, the listener with naughty glee.

"Now you see for yourself."

"I do, I do!" cried Runa. "What was your fatherly attitude? Oh, the liar! I love you, Danny, for the dangers you have passed."

Dan jumped up and after a combat that upset things round the room bent Runa across his knee.

"I'll show you fatherly attitude good and proper!"

"I See You Know the Yarn. I Suppose They Stole a Boat and Got Across by Night"

In the midst of a loud spanking Runa pulled his friend's feet from under, so that both men crashed to the floor, wrestling like wildcats.

When later they returned to business they were red-hot, dripping and cheerful.

"Go back to your text, parson," said Runa.

Towers took up his girl's letter again. The air being cleared now he read without interruption what Leda had to say:

"'This morning I fought with a great devil's baby, a vile one. She whispers dirt in the corner and snickles. I did beat her good. The old mem-sahib commanding of this house, who is true but silly, and cold like a statue wrapped all in clean clothes, she did try to frighten me with the Lord's anger. I love the old mem-sahib; she is dear, only a goose, not knowing love from hate. Unable to understand. She said go and pray. I went. But the Lord was not angry. So I climbed their wall again and sat. No Ibrahim walked at all in his compound. I thought of you and was sorry, because you never love Leda. I am not bad. Why is the world like that?

"'I was thinking and sitting. A boy came into Ibrahim's path and saw me anxiously on the wall. When I knew his face my heart did make hops like a big frog in a little basket, and the tears did come with a cry. Behold he was Sadik, my father's boy, looking thin, older, poor, sick. He said: "Lady, you are the daughter of Parimban!" I said yes. We talk up and down the wall whispering, under green leaf boughs. He said forest people did kill my father, then carry him, Sadik, away. He dwelt with them like a dog, but did live and run. He came to tell me. Many miles, he starving, his feet bleed; but better now he finds me. *Lima rupiah* all the silver I own, I throw him down in the garden. I will throw him down this letter to-morrow. They came and pulled me off the wall. But now I can run at night with Sadik to find you. Then we go together, you and Leda, and overcome the man who made my father die.

"'The all I tell you, it is true. My heart says a good holy thing, you will not hate this writing girl any more, when I come and find you.

LEDA.'"

There was no more joking or horseplay when Dan had read this letter. The two friends sat looking thoughtfully at each other, like men who heard the truth spoken, believed and were troubled. Runa swung his legs and frowned.

"She means every word. It rings true," he declared. "That girl will run away."

"No," said Dan. "She has."

"What? Gone?"

Towers rose and began pacing the room, hands in pockets, head down.

"Her old mem-sahib sent me a cable. She's gone. I had asked Weatherby to look after my mail, and he wired from Calcutta this morning. She's away. Jumped the orphanage."

"Ah, well!" said Runa. "What do you think of doing?"

His friend continued to march.

"The girl's out, adrift somewhere, with a Malay boy and five Straits dollars. They can't run far. Or if they do ——" Dan sat down again and glowered at his letters. "I hate to consider that 'if.' As you came just now I was thinking. You see, the Maharajah's check falls right in like a godsend. Runa, I guess—well, my mind's made up. The job needs action.

"Hate to say good-by to you and Tante, but these children will have more than a fortnight's start before I get there. Afraid I must leave you this afternoon and go hunt for her."

Runa, who sat on the table playing with a paper knife, nodded slowly like a handsome young toy mandarin.

"Good. I'll come with you and help look."

Dan bounced upon his chair. The youngster had spoken as if it were a question of going into the next room after an umbrella. But though lightly made the offer seemed another godsend. Into this difficulty Runa's aid, Runa's trained intelligence would bring a hope which Dan by himself was far from cherishing.

"My dear boy, I couldn't think of it," said Towers.

"With a year's leave and a barrel of money?" cried the other. "Bah, what else are they for? It's all made to hand. We go. Ninety bars of gold and dollars manifold, as we sail. Come, Danny, let's dress and pack. As you say, those two miscreants will have a fortnight's law of us. Come."

Dan shook his head.

"No. Tush! You want to go have your fling in Europe. Along with you! Wanted it for years. You waste your leave on me? Not much!"

Mr. La Flèche hurled the continent of Europe into a fire that dieth not, and covered it with brimstone of Gomorrah. He had some gift in language.

"Besides," he continued, "I'm selfish. Think I'd miss such a lark? *Lagadigadou!* And then, look: Europe's off the board anyhow, all right. Tante means to carry me off to l'Ile Maurice with her; and fond as I am of Tante I'll be damned if I go to Maur —— Psst! Here she is now."

Footsteps came along the corridor. Runa laid finger on lips, wagged a ferocious head at Dan, and hastily made his gold silk robe more decent about him. Tante, dressed in her tight customary black, entered the room smiling.

"A fortunate day, is it not?" she chirped. "For once I am content with René. His year's leave is well timed, though the poor boy has earned more."

Dan gave Madame Merey his chair, on the arm of which Runa came and leaned. She sat looking by turns at each young man, her eyes bright, her gnarled and knobby little face puckered into a map of shrewd affection.

"I am very well content," she repeated. "The thing fits our plans."

Over her head Runa sent Dan a careful wink.

"My dear aunt," he said, "we have other news. I cannot go to Port Louis with you after all, I'm afraid."

Madame Merey tossed up her head and sniffed a battle in the wind.

"Eh? Why not?" she cried.

Towers feared a family scene.

"I will tell you," said her nephew.

Quietly, with art, Runa began the story of Parimban's daughter. He had heard it five minutes ago; he told it well, every circumstance exact as though he had known her a lifetime; and soon, warming toward his work, called in the aid of emotion. Towers heard a gorgeous fiery narrative unrolling, the tragedy of a heart bleeding, in that dusky little shop crammed with books; and to his horror learned it was his own tragedy, his own heart, which Runa with a trembling voice now laid bare for aunty's comprehension.

"Look here!" said Dan. "That isn't right. Not playing fair."

Madame, who had ceased to frown, laughed once or twice and, relaxed in her chair, was now patting Runa's hand and nodding at every word.

"*Assez, basté, assez!*" She jumped up to embrace Dan as high as she could reach, above his elbow. Her hard black eyes melted and swam in tears. "You are a noble young man. I wish you the great happiness to overtake her, Monsieur Towers; and Runa shall go with you. Would to God he might get himself such a girl. I prepare breakfast."

She ran out of the library. Dan stared after her, then at her nephew, the orator.

"You limb!" said he.

Runa smiled.

"I never meant to go to Mauritius anyhow," he replied. "This was Cambyses' vein, the tyrant's vein. The ladies, a man must tell them the truth, the whole truth, then a—a little more than the truth. Eh? Perhaps. Now let us hunt for your Leda. Come upstairs and pack."

II

THEY left Benares with Tante's blessing on their topees and Tante's keepsakes filling their hands. To Runa she gave, besides one thousand cigarettes, an old knitted purse fat with sovereigns, like a babe's stocking at Christmas, and a miniature of his Uncle René the scholar; to Dan, a yellow paper novel, a bag of honey drops, a small flask filled with red cordial, and Thomas à Kempis in French, the tiniest of pocket volumes, beautifully bound.

"That novel is to amuse you in traveling," said aunty. "But keep the wise little book, my son Daniel; let us meet again; but if we do not, read it always for my sake. It is very simple, but very deep."

She walked with them slowly in the heat to the far end of the tank, where tamarind boughs hung down and twinkled with myriad play of green shadows and sparkling water. Madame Merey's face seemed oddly to share these contrasts.

"Good-by, my dears. You are not fools or selfish young men, so no lecture. Bring back the girl, that is all. I wish there were two of her, one for each. Good fortune, and God bless you. Eat carefully but well; keep the head cool, the belly warm."

She watched them out of sight. Looking back through streams of people, naked brown, white-swathed or saffron-robed, they saw her there, a prim little black statue under the tamarind. As they went round the corner she raised her fingers in a quick sign of farewell, then turned away.

"We did wrong," said Dan.

"Wait till on board the train," replied his friend. "I hate saying good-by to her, though she always makes it easy."

They followed through the lanes their baggage, which bobbed in slow procession above the heads of the crowd. Then a rattling gharri took them to Raj Ghat by the bridge, where they caught their train and soon lay, half undressed, on leather cushions in a dark compartment. They had passed Moghal Sarai before Runa, sniffing the breeze of motion that came scented with moldy reeds through the wet tatties, had anything more to say.

"Don't think me a lying beast," he broke out. "Now that we're off, no turning back, I confess I did long to go to l'Ile de France."

Towers began to express a warm opinion of double-dealers.

"Not at all! Perfectly sincere. Not at all!" exclaimed Runa. "Now don't talk high horse in this weather. Listen, have sense. I did want to go with Tante, but man, I do want much more to go with you. I can join her later. That's what is called a compliment, Danny. It is necessary to accept the compliments. My learned friend, as the Chittagong lawyer said, will refrain his noble mind from playing the he-sheep-goat of Habib Jachandar. In fact, shut up."

He snatched the yellow novel and lay reading it, deaf to all rejoinders. Before long his dark eyes opened wide and wider, snapping wickedly.

Runa laughed.

"Hear this! Oh, give ear!" Above the rumbling of the train he read a passage that left Dan thunderstruck. Then both young men roared, rolled with laughter—good outdoor laughter which blows all unseemly things away in a gale. "You blush! I blush!" cried Runa. "But think! Tante would read it quite solemnly without turning a hair; and she is a pious, devout little old dear. These women, I shall die of considering their pericranicks!"

Thus merrily began the first stage of a journey which Dan had somewhat dreaded; they talked and slept, and let the burning world go by.

In Calcutta came the second stage, a day of breathless hurrying to do a week's work, gather up odds and ends and be ready for their ship, the Mayam-Ma. They soon lost each other during this whirl. Dan found himself alone scouring Calcutta, now in offices, now in a bank, now in a shop, and between spasms jogging along in a cab calmly, keeping good lookout to see that his poor hired horseflesh did not suffer. With luck and management he came to the river at last all ready, well before sailing time.

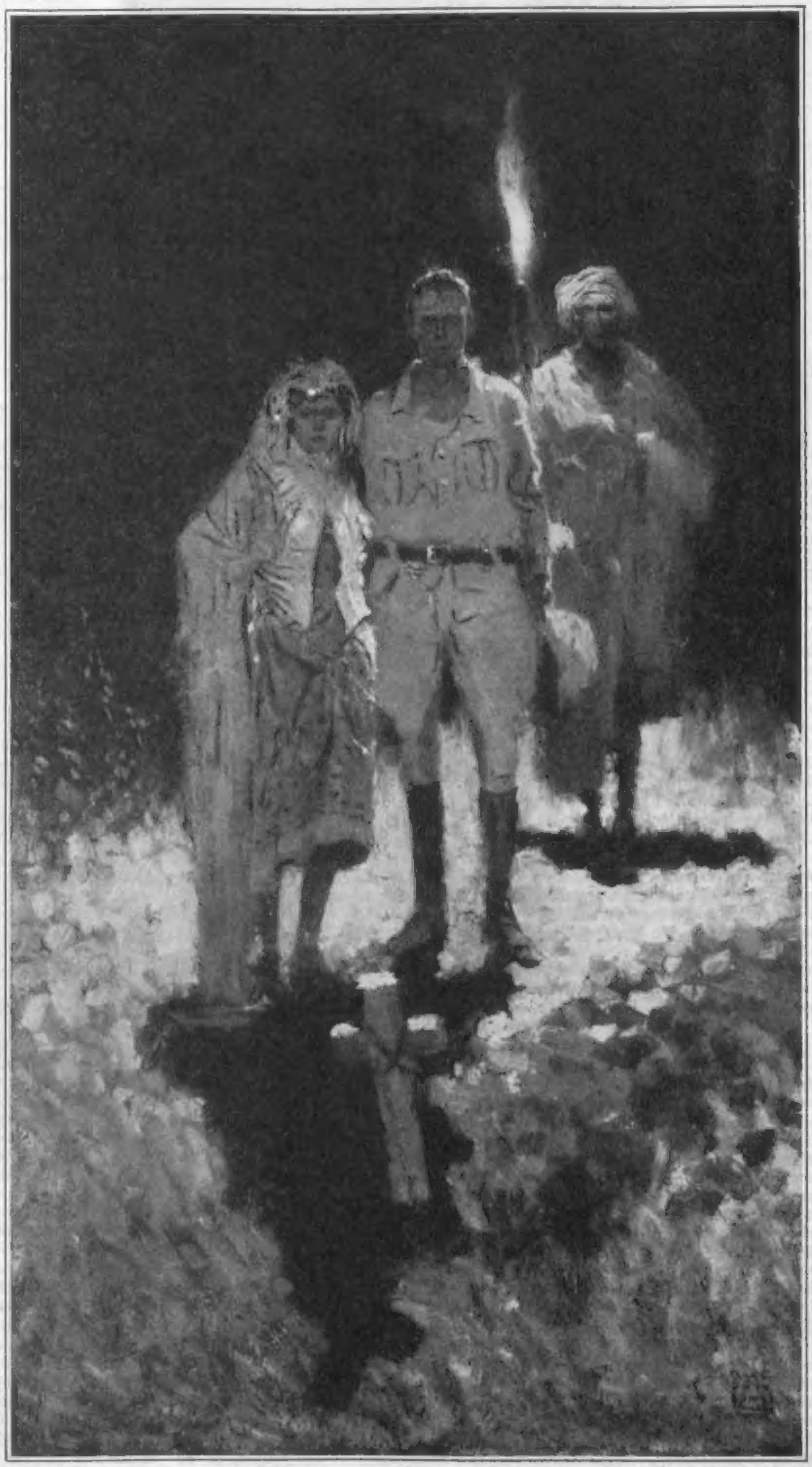
It was early morning. Hugli streamed in muddy ripples, beneath sunrise reddening with smoke. The Mayam-Ma, a chunky rusty freighter moored between two great iron peg-top buoys, lay close under the trees and the verdant shore, to which a cluster of boats joined her like a bridge, disorderly, full of rivermen yelling and squabbling. She had steam up, her winches trundled, and on one of her pole masts blue peter hung dead as a rag.

Dan studied her build.

"Slower than cold molasses."

All over her bow coolies ran swarming, handling lumps of cargo that rose and sank in the slings. They jabbered and told one another how to do it. Through their confusion rose now and then a dreamy undertone of song: "*Badi, bada; trama, trama, tra-a-a-ma!*" from Malay sailors lifting some heavy burden in unison, without fuss.

Their chant made Towers homesick. Often on many a glaring shore near the equator he had heard this chorus. He would have gone aboard now, to hear it better and watch the *kulassies* work. But as Runa was nowhere in sight he remained waiting.



"There Stood This Girl, Horribly Young, Cut Off Alone in the World—and Mighty Pretty. A Man Couldn't Leave Her There, Could He?"

Under the trees men lay or squatted in bunches gathered to say farewell, blotching the sunny lawn with white, like sheep in a pasture; or at more distance like handfuls of pop corn on a green cloth. Dan walked to and fro among them. Seen at close range they became less pretty—each a group of gossips wrangling or peddlers planning foreign bargains or sorrowful clansmen passing square bottles of bazaar gin from hand to hand and weeping in a cloud of tobacco scented with goor and musk.

Dan had paced several turns, when a voice called him by name.

"Tawah Sahib," it said quietly.

He paused and looked about. Half hidden by a tree, deep among its roots as in an armchair, sat a keen-eyed man all alone.

"It is fate," said this man. He rose nimbly and came forward, keeping the tree trunk between himself and the crowd, like a gentleman who desired to remain private.

"Tawah Sahib." He salaamed in northern fashion, gravely, swiftly. "You remember me."

A tall slender man he was, whose pale brown face, hard and clean-edged as impress on a coin, wore that indescribable trace of delicacy, that faintly overcast light which means conquered suffering. His smile—hovering near the eyes only, nowhere else—conveyed the same significance, a wise good will, too wise to forget pain altogether or neglect a moment's happiness.

"Amra Khan!" said Dan.

The other seemed well pleased.

"Yes, you know me," he answered. "I was thinking of you, sir. Far away. Lost. I looked up. Behold you. Fate. My heart swam. Then I sat and watched you sending your boxes aboard that ship." He glanced toward the Mayam-Ma, a black and rusty wall below their privacy of hanging branches. "I said, in truth Tawah Sahib does not forget."

Towers remembered clearly. This handsome figure, so fierce yet so gentle, was one from the northern hills who had killed a man there—fairly, for bitter good cause—and wandered from home, and been taken captive by La Flèche one night in a ruined fortress called the Red Elephant. Dan recalled the scene—a stifling turret, the abode of owls and scorpions, where by candlelight this Amra Khan, their prisoner, had quietly shown them the agony of his soul.

Afterward, cheating Runa by a trick he was not proud of, Dan had let the manslayer go.

"I sent you to Cattarall Sahib's tea plantation," said Dan. "You were safe with that sahib. Why did you leave?"

"A peddler came there," replied Amra Khan. "A friend of that"—the line of his lips hardened—"that smiler whom I killed. He knew me. I took the road again. My brother is dead now, I am alone, nothing is left in this land for me any more; so take me with you across the black water in your ship."

He made his request with such confidence, the confidence of a child in its father, as Dan hated to destroy.

"Don't see how I can, old scout," he began.

"As your man. I serve you for nothing, to the death!" cried his petitioner. "See. I pay my ship money."

He took Dan's hand and placed it at his girdle, to feel something hard, a money belt, under the thin white cloth.

"So. Take me—master?" he said with a smile. "Truly, it is fate. I think of you, so far away, lost.

(Continued on Page 161)

German Industry From Within

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

GERMANY'S commercial aggression, stimulated by war lust, plunged the world into turmoil. All future social and political security depends, therefore, upon the morale of the Teutonic revival. If Germany comes back swiftly and with a chip on her shoulder we are booked for more trouble. If she is reasonably slow in rehabilitating herself and accepts defeat philosophically the rest of the universe can beat her to that old eminence from which she once shaped trade destinies.

No man can range Germany to-day without realizing that though the end of the war left her with a tremendous potential strength the dislocation that followed the Armistice—plus the terms of the treaty—has deadened effort, laid an inertia upon the workers, and, worst of all from the German point of view, shattered pride. Added to all this is a strong revolutionary movement that is creating a wide unrest. Moreover, the nation's dye and kindred monopolies are impaired, and the supply of coal and iron, her two principal bargaining assets at home and abroad, is seriously reduced. Henceforth she must make one ton of her natural resources do the work of two.

With all these handicaps, and provided that she politically survives the present winter, which will be the crucial test of her stability, she will undoubtedly make a fairly rapid recovery. I am assuming of course that she will obtain the credits with which to purchase raw materials. She has an enormous incentive to come back, and despite defeat and disillusion still desires a high place among the nations.

Accurate economic investigation in Germany has never been an easy task, for various reasons. Though the German is a prize advertiser of himself and his wares, and is delighted to boost the glories, now departed, of his Fatherland, he is inclined to be secretive about his affairs. German business, like German diplomacy—and before the war they were members of the same club—is a close-mouthed institution. Then, too, I went to Germany at a time when the Teuton was trying to create sympathy for himself and a modification of the treaty terms by making his own case worse than it really was.

In this article an attempt will be made to show German industrial conditions as I found them last September. I made my inquiries with an open mind. This means that I left my strong conviction about a quick national come-back at the frontier. I wanted to get at the actual facts. What follows is a record of what I saw, and also what I heard in conversation with representatives of nearly all phases of German business, from the Rhine to the Spree.

You cannot properly appraise present-day German industry without first knowing its needs and just how it is constituted. The marvel of her prewar expansion becomes evident when you know that her production, consumption and trade generally are more dependent upon foreign countries than are those of any other first-class power. This was anything but an asset before the war. Now, with the world inflamed against her, it does not cease to be a liability.

Short-Sighted Business Methods

WHEREAS we obtain foodstuffs, fats, metals and cotton from within, Germany had to import immense quantities of these essentials, and from us. From England and her colonies she obtained wool, rubber, tin, oil; from Russia she got flax, hemp, cereals, timber and pulp; from South America came wheat, hides, tanning materials—to say nothing of the long list of other products which seem trifling but which are necessary for the existence of certain industries. These include, for example, shellac, which is used for gramophone records, from India; camphor, for the production of celluloid, from China and Japan; and pyrites, which is employed in the making of sulphuric acid, from Spain. Germany's position, so far as self-sufficiency is concerned, was strong only in coal, iron, steel, spelter and potash.

Despite this vast marshaling and mobilizing of resources from the uttermost ends of the earth Germany became a world workshop. Her chief asset before the war—and it is no less efficient to-day—was her trained population, which in the last analysis is the strongest bulwark of any nation.

Germany's area is so small that she is, or rather was, composed of two maps—one political and the other economic. The political map was actual Germany, so densely populated that it produced only three-quarters of the foodstuffs needful for the sustenance of the populace. The economic map had its devious ramifications from Berlin to Bagdad. It harnessed the whole world to German need and German ambition. Its pernicious penetration entered the Near East and the Far West. All countries looked alike to a subtle social and economic colonization that but for a war-mad government would have made the now discredited and broken empire a great trade master.

Poster Advertising the Frankfort Fair

Probe into the structure of the German business that was—this diagnosis is all part of the understanding of contemporary conditions—and you find what seem to be curious contradictions. In spite of the one-time vogue of the cartel and the syndicate there has never been really close teamwork among German producers. The cartel and the syndicate, which planted the German commercial flag wherever the trade winds blew, were offensive and defensive institutions that operated mainly abroad. At home the German fought his next-door neighbor tooth and nail.

Behind this petty trade rivalry lay the fact that contrary to a widespread belief the average German business man is what we would call a piker. Like the average German shopkeeper, who cannot see beyond his front door, his vision was restricted to the confines of his home town. In the same way your German manufacturer—I except men of the Rathenau and Ballin type—was chained to his desk. Before the war, when titles carried immense weight, they had an enormous ambition to become privy councilors or trade councilors. This enabled them to wear a ribbon and be kowtowed to by waiters and porters. But it demonstrated a curious and characteristic kink in the German mind, in that it cared more for a trifling honor bestowed by royalty than for a larger bank account. Hence there will always be a lurking love, deep down in the German system, for the trappings and emoluments of the king business. It is in the blood. Germany is not inherently democratic.

One distinctive feature of the old German commercial organization was the middleman, or the jobber, as we would call him. He not only added to the overhead cost but prevented a direct relation between the manufacturer and the consumer. He made business mysterious and complicated because it made him indispensable. Through close-knit organizations of allied interests he intrenched himself so strongly that though wide-awake and progressive manufacturers sought to curb his power before the war he was always able to hold his own.

One reason for his deep-seated authority was that the average jobber in many instances financed the manufacturer and absorbed all his surplus stock, a service not to be despised. I can give you no better idea of the overlapping that cluttered up the whole jobbing business than to say that in the output of a simple thing like a mattress cover exactly one hundred and forty different patterns were put on the market, yet they were all nearly alike. The jobber was not a stabilizer or a standardizer. As one German producer put it to me: "The more anarchy exists in production the stronger is the position of the jobber and the middleman generally."

All this means that before the war Germany had no efficient industrial coöperation or standardization such as is expressed in the huge American trust of the type of the United States Steel Corporation. Notable exceptions existed in the shape of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft and the various combinations of dye and chemical makers. The rule was a killing competition, stimulated by personal vanity that sought to maintain the integrity of small personalities.

The Raw-Stuffs Bureau

INSTEAD of sticking to his knitting the big-visioned German business man became a politician. His first aid was the militarist with clanking sword. Between them they launched the country into a suicidal war. Any estimate of German industry must include this reference to the intriguing captains of capital, who hypnotized the Kaiser and his advisers with the delusion that Germany could conquer the world. I might add that politics has ceased to be a part of the business formula in the battered Germany of to-day.

There is a conviction in many quarters, based quite naturally on the penetration which planted the Made-in-Germany stamp wherever you went, that quantity output was responsible for all the old prestige. As a matter of fact Germany never engaged in what might be called mass production. Her industrial supremacy lay first, in an uncanny genius for substitution; second, in a no less uncanny genius for specialization. Her workmen excelled in those products that demanded unusual skill in designing, engineering or finishing.

With this prelude we can now make some measure of what the war did for German industry. As in every other country it intensified production and reconciled conflicting and competing interests. Though it drained her life's blood and brought disrepute and dishonor upon her head it was not without its beneficent industrial lesson, as you shall now see, in the shape of some hitherto unwritten industrial war history.

With the outbreak of the war Germany at once faced an acute problem in the matter of raw materials. She depended upon the rest of the world for a great part of her supply, and a large part of that world had now taken up the gauntlet thrown down by her mailed overlords. The establishment of the blockade minimized surreptitious imports of the needful commodities.

So long as the German legions were smashing their way through Belgium the War Office in Berlin contended that all hostilities would be over in a few months and that a beaten France, a cowed Russia and an intimidated Britain would be eating out of the Kaiser's hand at just about the time that Santa Claus would be making his annual appearance. But that War Office did not reckon with an outraged civilization. Sober-minded business men did.

In the autumn of 1914 a group of industrial leaders of the type of Walter Rathenau, head of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft, realized that the war would not be over so soon as the optimists in Wilhelmstrasse believed. They saw the growing need of raw materials and it was largely through their efforts that the so-called Raw-stuffs Bureau was organized. This corresponded to the War Trade Boards in England and America. It set itself to the colossal task of mobilizing the materials necessary for the conduct of the war and for the maintenance of German industry.

History will dispassionately record that the German Army as a physical force performed various deeds that

from the purely military point of view were unique in strategy and operation. This story has already been written. But what has not hitherto been recorded is the well-nigh incredible narrative, viewed as an achievement, of how Germany, hemmed in by the iron ring of the blockade and dependent upon the rest of the world for such all-important articles as cotton, copper and fats, carried on for more than four years. Throughout the war I marveled at this performance. To-day, a year after the signing of the Armistice, the revelation of what was done and how it was accomplished is just beginning to trickle out.

The Raw-stuffs Bureau was given drastic powers of commandeer. It seized all stores of copper, tin, cotton, chemicals and fats. This work was expedited in a rather unusual way. Each industry was compelled to incorporate and finance stock companies for the sole purpose of assembling and distributing these articles. Each newly organized war company, as it were, was charged with the task of letting no guilty scrap escape. In the organization of these many new industrial companies you find the first prop of German recovery. The manufacturer, whether of copper or cotton goods, learned during these last harrowing years the invaluable lesson of coöperation. If any one thing will speed up German recovery it is the work of these war-born organizations, which learned their lessons of get-together in a hard school.

The Control of Basic Materials

AS IN Britain and America, the Raw-stuffs Bureau became a gigantic institution of control, which means that it rationed materials to the essential industries. Home production was the first consideration. At the same time and with characteristic tenacity, as I discovered in Switzerland and in Holland during the war, the German made a nominal allowance for the manufacture of merchandise which was used as propaganda in neutral countries. Thus the German trade flag was kept flying, though it worked great hardship on the consumers at home. I had a concrete illustration of this in Holland in June, 1918, when I found German commercial travelers selling bicycles and bicycle parts, when the German Army itself at that moment was short of these articles. The Raw-stuffs Bureau did more than merely mobilize and control raw materials. It increased the native production to no inconsiderable extent. Here is an example: The production of copper at the Mansfeld mines, which had practically been abandoned on account of the high cost of exportation, was renewed and was a considerable aid. Coal mines that had long been abandoned were revived.

As the war lengthened and the blockade tightened the Raw-stuffs Bureau began to lay hands on the metal roofs and bells of churches, the door knobs of houses, the copper ash grates of locomotives, the tablecloths and bed linen of hotels and residences. The whole country was ravaged to feed the maw of the munition factories. But even all this became insufficient as the red years rolled up. The Raw-stuffs Bureau then began to finance mining enterprises in Asia Minor and Serbia, and in this way added to its copper and other stores.

I did not realize the extent to which Germany had been denuded until I got there and had to eat off a paper tablecloth and use a paper napkin at the most exclusive and expensive hotel in the country. Her shelves and her homes are bare. This is one excellent reason why German foreign trade will not swing back at once, as some hasty observers in Germany believe, simply because shelves and homes must be renewed first.

It is not generally known that but for two inventions developed during the early months of the war Germany would not have been able to continue the conflict longer than six months. One was the production of nitrate out of the air; the other was the use of cellulose made of wood pulp and employed as a substitute for cotton linters in the making of powder. These two articles were more potent than the strategy of Ludendorff.

In my investigation of the Raw-stuffs Bureau I stumbled on one striking piece of information that illuminates the working of the German mind. Nor is it precisely a departure from the even tenor of this tale. I said in the preceding paragraph that but for two inventions Germany would have been unable to carry on the war as long as she did. There was still another cause, due entirely to the understanding of morals, or lack of morals, between Germans.

It is no secret to-day that one reason why the sorely harassed German industries carried on during the last year of the war was that the imperial war wagers permitted them to make huge profits. So long as the money rolled in—it did not matter if it was the inflated circulation that fairly streamed from the presses—the manufacturer was content to accelerate slaughter and add to the misery of his own people. When the uncontrolled industries—and there were precious few—saw what was going on they rebelled, and they had to be taken in out of the wet.

It was not the breakdown of German industry that ended the war. On the day the Armistice was signed the German industrial machine was going at full tilt. It was a dynamo of energy, geared to war. What sounded the doom note of Germany was first, the growth of socialism; second, the unrest born of underfeeding; third, the realization by the soldiers at the Front that they were involved in a hopeless cause. Here in a nutshell you have the whole secret of the collapse. The stagnation that immediately fell upon industrial output was the logical reflex, and it is not yet out of the German system.

One phase of the German war-time industrial achievement—and it has a tremendous significance to-day—deserves a chapter all its own. I mean the really remarkable extent to which substitution was carried. *Ersatz* is the German word for substitute, and it became the god that the whole nation worshiped. It dwelt with the people, sleeping and waking. They touched it wherever they turned.

No matter where I wandered during those four years of travail I caught the echo of this German substitution. I saw a few examples of it in Norway, Sweden, Holland, Russia and Switzerland, but not until I got well into Germany did the immensity of its scope dawn on me.

The reader need not be told why Germany had to create substitutes. With no raw materials coming in it simply became a question of how far substitution could be carried. If the war had gone on indefinitely I am quite convinced that the Germans would have found a substitute for everything but human life and sunshine! As it was, their medical experts came dangerously near confuting Nature by prolonging life in many instances. Paraphrasing the well-known German slogan, it was a case of "*Ersatz Uber Alles!*"

I can best illustrate the *Ersatz* performance by enumerating the substitutes made of paper. It was natural for Germany to turn to paper pulp in her hour of need because wood, from which pulp is made, was the one resource that she had in abundance. Forests cover 14,221,172 hectares—a hectare is 2.471 acres—or about a quarter of the whole area of the country.

Merely deciding that paper would be the principal substitute did not solve the problem. A whole industry had to be created, and the German inventive mind, always resourceful, was taxed as never before. Machinery was devised and immense plants were established. The German is long on concentration, and judging from the evidences of his ingenuity that I found he did a thorough job in frustrating the shortage in cotton and wool.

Apparently no article of daily use or wear that employed cotton before the war escaped some kind of substitute. I have before me as I write a man's soft white outer shirt made of paper, which I bought in a Berlin department store for seven marks, which on that day represented exactly twenty-five cents of American money. A year ago the same shirt fetched thirty marks. There is nothing about the garment to make it appear different from the real cotton article except that it is slightly coarser.

I have also on my desk a woman's black stocking made of paper. It is one of a pair that I bought at the same shop for four marks. The war price was eight marks. This stocking is considerably coarser than the shirt. It is evidently intended for summer wear because it is somewhat porous. The woman who sold it to me confided that she had worn them throughout the last two years of the war and that they were good for at least six washings in tepid water. This is true of the laundry feature of most of these washable materials.

Erzberger, Minister of Finance

Hermann Waller, Head of the Largest German Bank

The Wonders of Paper Substitutes

IN ORDER to run the whole range of paper substitutes I spent nearly a day in the leading department store in Berlin, which carried a large stock. I went first to the curtain department. I saw bolt after bolt of really attractive goods that resembled chintz. It was printed in gay colors and designs. It looked precisely like the real article that you see in so many American country houses, yet it was made of paper. On the floor I saw scores of rugs made of the same stuff. In the next room I found paper tablecloths that looked so much like linen that it was impossible to tell the difference. Even the silence cloths which are used underneath the tablecloths are made of paper.

Still more surprising was the array of wearing apparel. I saw what women call sports skirts in gay reds and blues, smart-looking tailor-mades in brown and gray that looked like the real thing. Hundreds and hundreds of yards of plaids in black and white, and red and black, suitable for skirts, were unrolled before me. There were men's net undershirts and woman's thin undervests; stockings for both sexes; indeed, nearly every possible commodity that could be imagined or needed.

I can give you no better evidence of the inroads that paper substitutes made than to quote the last two lines of a song sung in the Berlin music halls during the war and since. They are, roughly translated:

When you see sweet Marie dance and caper,
Remember her corset is made out of paper.

Of course there was one excellent reason why substitute articles were popular. The price of cotton or wool goods was so terrific during the war that only the very rich and the profiteers, who were richer, could afford to buy them. The German had to use substitutes or do without.

As soon as the war was over the public began to shy away from the substitute goods, which accounts for the

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BLUE ICE

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

MRS. BENJAMIN JOPP turned decisively into the dignified entrance of Bearne & Co., Jewelers. The store occupied one of the most impressive corners of Fifth Avenue, it was past four in the afternoon, and Mrs. Jopp had to force her way through a solidly flowing throng. She frowned, annoyed, at this, and determined to speak again to her husband about a motor car. He could now easily afford such a luxury—no, necessity. It was absurd for a person who spent a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars for her suits to have to walk or even ride on public cars and omnibuses.

At this reflection her narrow tightly gloved hands smoothed her narrow tightly clothed hips. She was tall and slimly graceful; and every detail of her dress, from her correct hat and the sable about her throat to her severe street shoes, was beyond feminine criticism. Mrs. Jopp's face was as smooth as her skirt; there were skillful touches of rouge, a light powdering, while her eyes were frostily blue. From her countenance she might have been twenty-eight or ten years older—there were no indications of either the passage of time or emotions on her rather contracted mouth and artificial color. Indeed her appearance somehow gave the effect of permanence, as if it were made of elements more durable than mere flesh and blood.

She paused in an interior of paneled Circassian walnut treated with gilding and set with small ornamental glass cases, from which came the hard prismatic gleams of jewels and the soft reflection of gold. A discreet seated group were comparing bars of diamonds displayed on a square of dull velvet, and Mrs. Jopp passed them to where a clerk half leaned across a case to meet her wishes.

"It is really too annoying," she said; and in response to a reassuring murmur in Gallic English she laid a guard ring of diamonds on the glass. "You see, another stone is out. Lost this time. The second in a month. I'd very much like to see Mr. Bearne himself. Of course I know it's a small thing, but I am quite a good customer."

"Mr. Bearne is in," the clerk admitted. "If you will wait a moment ——"

He turned and disappeared into the rear of the store. The case under Mrs. Jopp's hand held wrist watches in a bewildering variety of platinum and green and white gems; and drawing the glove from her wrist she complacently compared the watch on her slim arm with those for sale.

Hers was as small as any, thickly crusted with a pattern in diamonds and emeralds.

She studied the latter intently, almost hypnotized by the minute splinters of reflected light, and she was startled when the clerk, at her shoulder, told her that Mr. Bearne would see her at once. As she proceeded to the inner office she was conscious of her image moving in side mirrors, and she cast quick satisfied glances at her flawless person. Yet in the presence of Mr. Bearne her displeasure was replaced by an animated cordiality, very much like the sparkling diamonds round her.

"It's extremely nice of you to see me, and about such a trifle. But I am terribly fond of my guard ring; positively I am quite lost without it, and I did ask to see you."

Mr. Bearne, who had risen at her entrance, indicated a chair; and she was conscious of the quiet scrutiny of a heavily built man with a smooth dark face and gravely pleasant manner. He held her ring delicately in an inappropriately strong hand and spoke in a voice pleasant and serious like his being.

"This is a very fragile ring, Mrs. Jopp. You can see that the stones have no protection, the workmanship must be very fine. Miss Baker"—he addressed a woman busy in a safe built like a closet into the wall—"please have the tray of guard rings brought here. Now this," he told Mrs. Jopp when the tray had arrived, "is a great deal more practical." Mr. Bearne indicated a circlet in which the diamonds were protected by platinum bands. He paused while she examined the other ring. Then: "If you like that one as well as your own you may have it in exchange. The stones are larger, and the price has increased since you made your purchase, but we'll overlook that. Nothing more shall be said about it if you are content."

"How generous of you!" Mrs. Jopp exclaimed. "I see exactly what you mean." She slipped the ring on her finger, admiring its flashing superiority to the one she had possessed. An added tinge of color was perceptible on her cheeks and her breathing grew a shade more rapid. "Certainly, I should be delighted," she continued. Then her attention was captured by an unset ruby. "What exquisite depth; absolutely pigeon blood!"

The jeweler nodded. "Very exceptional. I just bought it, in that old-fashioned setting. Do you care for beautiful gems?

"Miss Baker," he called again, "bring out the case I was looking at this morning."

The attendant, with a sympathetic smile at Mrs. Jopp, laid a small morocco box on the table.

"These," Mr. Bearne pronounced, "are worth while."

Mrs. Jopp gave a small uncontrollable gasp; she had never dreamed of the existence of such duskily rich black pearls, such utterly green emeralds and carnation rubies, and of such diamonds. He laid one of the latter on her palm, a rose-cut diamond of great size, which seemed to hold the flush of diminutive pink petals.

"Unique," Mr. Bearne told her; "and that emerald—I am convinced there is none better. There"—he dropped into her hand a string of pearls, a creamy cold iridescence at which she shuddered softly—"those, too; a single strand, and short, but worth a million."

The pearls slipped from her fingers and lay filmed in saffron and rose and silvery violet as Mrs. Jopp saw a blue stone set without ornament in a narrow platinum ring.

It Was Almost as Though the Diamond Were Below Her on the Black Velvet of the Jewelry Store

"Mr. Bearne," she cried, "what is that heavenly thing!"

"A blue diamond," he replied, "and a very celebrated jewel. It was at the Paris Exposition. Almost twenty-two carats and splendidly cut, isn't it? Marquise."

Mrs. Jopp, with the ring in her hand, felt a contraction at her throat. The diamond was the purest and most celestial blue imaginable; it had the blueness of a flower, of a May sky, the perfected blue of Mrs. Jopp's eyes. She was lost in its splendor, as if it had been a sparkling profound sea reaching to the horizon. She laid it down, but, fascinated, picked it up again.

"How much is it?" she asked in an oddly oppressed voice.

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Bearne replied, "I don't want to sell it. Lovely to have. But of course it has a price, like everything else. A hundred and ten thousand dollars, Mrs. Jopp."

II

SHE found her husband in their apartment when she returned from the jewelers'; he was unexpectedly back from Detroit—one of his customary trips in the interest of his business, the manufacturing of shoes. Benjamin Jopp was a middle-aged small man, pervadingly gray in color, with a noticeable bald spot, exactly brushed hair, a short mustache, and dressed with the utmost care.

His narrow shoes were a glistening patent leather, his watch chain and scarf and cuffs precise, his finger nails highly manicured.

Lost in abstraction at dinner Mrs. Jopp, Anita, found herself studying the man across the table. She suddenly realized that after twelve years she knew almost nothing about her companion in life. He was, as husbands went, very generous, and had a marked pride in seeing her fitted as expensively as possible; he agreed perfectly with her distaste at the thought of children; and in New York he invariably took her to the musical comedies, the roofs and groves where refreshment was mingled with entertainment furnished by informally clad symmetrical young women.

But beyond that?

Anita Jopp wondered further, quite aimlessly, how rich he was. Curiously enough he interrupted her speculations by putting into speech the wish she had formulated entering the store of Bearne & Co.

"Pascall, our Western sales manager, was kidding me for not having an automobile. He says I've been holding out on you and ought to look into the Griffon. I see they got an office round the corner from us on Broadway."

"That would be nice," she replied, but in an unexpectedly listless manner. All at once she wasn't particularly interested in a car. Of course it would be pleasant. "The crowds on the Avenue," she proceeded, "pull one about dreadfully. I stopped in Bearne's this afternoon to complain about my guard ring, and I saw Mr. Bearne himself. He was as polite as possible and gave me another ring, more expensive, with larger diamonds, and didn't add any charge."

"That is good business," Mr. Jopp declared emphatically. "You go back to a house like that. I used to tell our firm when I was nothing more than a clerk—big business, big methods. It wasn't understood then, took a long while, but they couldn't keep me down. Times worked for me. We've done good this year, Anita; and this last trip has consolidated a lot of loose interests. You can have a Griffon with real upholstery and a glass of flowers."

"Ben," she asked, "will we ever be rich? I mean, really?"

As Anita spoke there was a flash, a sparkle of blue before her vision. He leaned back comfortably, cutting the end from a large cigar and removing its crimson-and-gilt paper band.

"Now that is all comparative; according to some we are rich already, and according to others we may never be worth noticing. But when I think where I was, what we've done ——" A smile of complacency touched his lips as he extinguished a match. "Anita," he continued, "I got my faults, but I'm a business man; I'm getting up among the barons. Well, yes, perhaps some day we'll be rich enough for anybody to see. It can't be done just by merchandising; but in associated interests, loans—oh, a hundred chances. They'll come, they'll come."

"But only when we're old and won't need much." A note of complaint had crept into her voice. Anita Jopp was suddenly restless, potentially disappointed. Her husband was obviously surprised.

"What's the matter with you!" he exclaimed. "Here you are gettin' as fine a car as any and trading rings with Bearne himself, and still it looks like you ain't fixed in your mind. Then, too, what do you mean, rich? I'll turn over forty or fifty thousand dollars this year, and it wasn't forty years ago, by a damn sight, I was drawing twenty a week."

"I love beautiful things, Ben," she replied; "and I saw such lovely jewels to-day."

"Well"—he was palpably annoyed—"there's that bar pin you got on; thirty-nine hundred you paid for that. And your watch and ——"

His annoyance was fast increasing to anger. It didn't affect her; he seemed far away, immaterial; her mind was filled with the memory of the blue diamond on its platinum band.

She said deliberately: "Will we ever be able to pay a hundred and ten thousand dollars for a ring?"

Benjamin Jopp gazed at her in an astonishment that held his cigar stationary in midair.

"Will we ever ——" he spluttered, stopped, and then regained his self-possession. "You must have been looking at the crown jewels of Russia. A hundred and ten thousand for a ring! I'll hand it to you, though; you're no cheap skate. You said it as easy as if it had been a hundred and ten cents."

"Why, that isn't extraordinary," she answered emphatically. "I had some pearls, a single short string, in one hand, that cost a million or more."

"I suppose you brought them home," he asserted satirically; "and a pocketful of those little rings. But I'm going to end this nonsense. I'm going to step on it right now and for all; nothing doing with hundred-thousand-dollar sparklers and million-dollar pearls. Bearne was a fool to show 'em to you. Might have known it would dazzle a woman."

He relighted his cigar and vigorously expelled a cloud of smoke. "I don't want to hear about that again," he added.

Anita was conscious of a strange illusion: It seemed to her that in the smoke of his cigar her husband dissolved from her life, her interests. She regarded him coldly, withdrawn, with eyes as coldly blue as the diamond that had utterly obsessed her. He presented an absurd insignificant figure. And of course he was wrong: she would have the blue diamond of Bearne & Co.

How this was to be accomplished she was at a loss to grasp. Anita Jopp was astonished by the calm finality of her conviction. Already, glancing down at her rather thin white hand, she could see the divine color of the diamond cut marquise. It would make the question of gloves very difficult, and her gowns, particularly those for the evening, would have to be specially considered in relation to such a superb blueness.

Her husband, it developed, had intended to take her to the theater; but her nonsense had spoiled any prospect of a pleasant evening; and he settled irritably in the rigidity of the living room. Anita couldn't recall when they had spent the hours directly after dinner at home; positively Benjamin seemed like a thoroughly uncomfortable casual visitor, a stupid visitor, impolitely silent. She knew him in reality no better than if this were a fact. Then she devoted herself to the planning of how she could accumulate the sum of money necessary to her tyrannical desire.

III

ANITA woke sharply, unpleasantly, in the depths of the night; although it was but September, and warm, a sensation of chilliness oppressed her. She rose in order to close a window, and stood for a moment gazing into the dark chasm of a street marked with blue scintillations of arc lights. It was almost as though the diamond she had seen the day before were below her on the black velvet of the jewelry store.

What a marvelous ring!

It would take her a very long time to get the money necessary for its purchase; and then, once more in bed, she regarded her husband from a fresh angle: She had been silly to upset and antagonize him, when he offered the sole possibility of her owning the blue diamond. Anita recognized the conclusion in his assertion—he would never buy the jewel for her; but different sums might be had from him at different times, and saved.

But this would require a long while, an amount of patience of which suddenly she was stripped. She couldn't wait years. And though Mr. Bearne didn't want to sell the ring, still it had a price—a hundred and ten thousand dollars.

Anita Jopp calculated how much she could get together now, how much she might save in twelve months. Ten thousand at most, she decided in connection with the latter; at present she owned some good jewelry. She had seen a ruby Mr. Bearne had bought, and equally he would pay for hers; there was the bar pin, the watch with emeralds, four rings, a pearl-and-diamond pendant, and some other costly trifles. Perhaps he would give her twenty-five thousand dollars for them all. Thirty-five thousand at the end of a year; and she had no such resources after that.

However, with a growing distaste she managed to be specially cordial to her husband through the following week. The Griffon appeared, a small, luxurious, semi-inclosed car with yellow cushions and the carved crystal vase her husband had promised. The chauffeur they engaged was skilled and properly clad in uniform; but after practically her first ride she grew indifferent to the automobile. Her mind was constantly occupied by thoughts, memories of the blue diamond, almost twenty-two carats in weight. She wanted desperately to see it again, slip it on her finger, study the celestial color of its imprisoned light. Once she stopped in Bearne & Co.'s, and after examining at length the show cases with a disturbed heart she asked to speak to Mr. Bearne. He would not be in that morning; and unable to invent a satisfactory pretext for gaining admittance to his very private office she stayed away from the store.

(Continued on Page 87)

Anita Saw on a Stand a Flat Black Ugly Pistol, But of Course He Wouldn't Use It on Her. Still Bearne Said Nothing

How the Biggest Business in the World is Run—By Donald Wilhelm

The Capitol in 1865

AT AN informal gathering in Washington the other evening no less than an ambassador accredited to the United States remarked that there is no major capital city in the world that so little reflects the prevailing stimulus and spirit of the nation that it represents as Washington. "In the diplomatic corps," he said, "we are concerned largely with procedure—each act or expression is a problem in itself—so we feel quite at home in Washington. Your country excels the rest of the world in what you call the science of organization. Your country has greater creative capacity in steel, coal, copper, zinc, lumber, cotton and in many of their manufactured derivatives than all the rest of the world combined; but I frequently find myself amazed that so little of its prevailing power is reflected here in Washington. Architecturally, in spirit and, indeed, I think in fact, your capital city is much like the newer part of Paris, say, with a little of London mixed in, and altogether quite unlike what the visitor to this young country expects."

His Excellency met with amazing agreement. A business man of national consequence smiled and confessed: "Yes, I think most of us who are in business hold one truth to be self-evident."

"And that?" inquired the ambassador.

"Well, Washington hasn't the know-how."

Inaction Hurting the Railroads

PRESSED a little, this business man explained: "I mean that our governmental machine does not often attain the high ratio of achievement to opportunity that we who are the organizers call efficiency."

A Republican senator also present—who does love a baseball game, by the way—genially agreed to all this, adding in great good humor that the fault lies with the present Democratic Administration.

"You must understand, Your Excellency," he explained, "that our Democratic Administrations are like our Washington baseball teams in that they invariably start out like winners and end up—like Washington!"

In New York City, when this remark of the Republican senator was gently broached to Mr. McAdoo, Democrat, the former Secretary of the Treasury, Director General of Railroads, and so on, tenderly intimated that the present Republican Congress is much at fault these days; in fact, he did not care gratuitously to deny that many business men judge the present Republican Congress to be Bolsheviki extraordinary in that it is doing more harm to the railroads and to business generally by doing nothing than the Bolsheviki proper are doing by direct action and everything.

Previously, long before the President's industrial conference, Judge Gary submitted to the writer that it was regrettable, of course, that for so many years capital, labor and the Government constituted an equilateral triangle, with each of these three basic forces at a point equidistant from the others, instead of a circle of promise.

A few doors up Broadway recently, Mr. Schwab, after his personal experience in government affairs as Director General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, added that in his judgment the sense of competition is the very spirit of America.

"And," he concluded, "it is my opinion that the best and most economical results in American business are not and will not be obtained by government ownership but by individual enterprise and control."

Which remarks are especially interesting—and to them, by the way, Charles Piez, Mr. Schwab's associate and successor in the Emergency Fleet Corporation, subscribed—not only because they voice the sentiments of literally millions of manufacturers and business men, but because many of those who are or have been in favor of government ownership of national utilities are coming sorely to doubt the statesmanship of their leaders when these leaders accept the burden of responsibility for departmental inefficiencies instead of hammering home, as business men usually, continuously and sincerely do, the fact that Washington hasn't the know-how.

We have, thus, this significant situation: that about all the opponents and many of the proponents of government ownership are agreed on something—and, by the way, lawyers have an axiom that where antagonists agree there the truth resideth—to wit: That in one national experiment after another as a nation we blink this fact, that the shibboleth is Washington, that Washington with its machine and men is the touchstone upon which every national endeavor must make its mark, and that the evidence shows there is something the matter with Washington.

But what?

"Politics," easily answers the first man you meet; meaning by politics pork barrels, patronage, personal interference with the bureaus and the departments by legislators, much more.

An Old Evil Remedied

OTHERS say that the trouble all lies in the absence of a budget system, with the result that, as Secretary of the Treasury Glass remarks: "The Government of the United States is like a great company whose operating managers, publicity managers, sales managers, purchasing department—are given carte blanche to make expenditures conceived by them to be in the interest of the development of the business, without consultation with or control of those officers of the company who are charged with the business

A Civil War Group on the War Department Steps

Soldiers Guarding the Old Potomac Bridge

of ascertaining its revenues and borrowing the money to make good their deficiencies. Or like a private family in which the wife, having charge of the spending part of the family's business, is given carte blanche to buy houses, yachts, automobiles, clothes and food, and to employ servants, as she might find wise, with a view to increasing the comfort, improving the education, cultivating the taste and enhancing the prestige and social standing of the family."

Still another answers that the trouble all lies in lack of plan.

"The administrative plan of the Government is a century out of date," it is said. "Therefore spools of red tape, vast duplications of effort and expenditure, conflicts, cleavages—a vast demnition total."

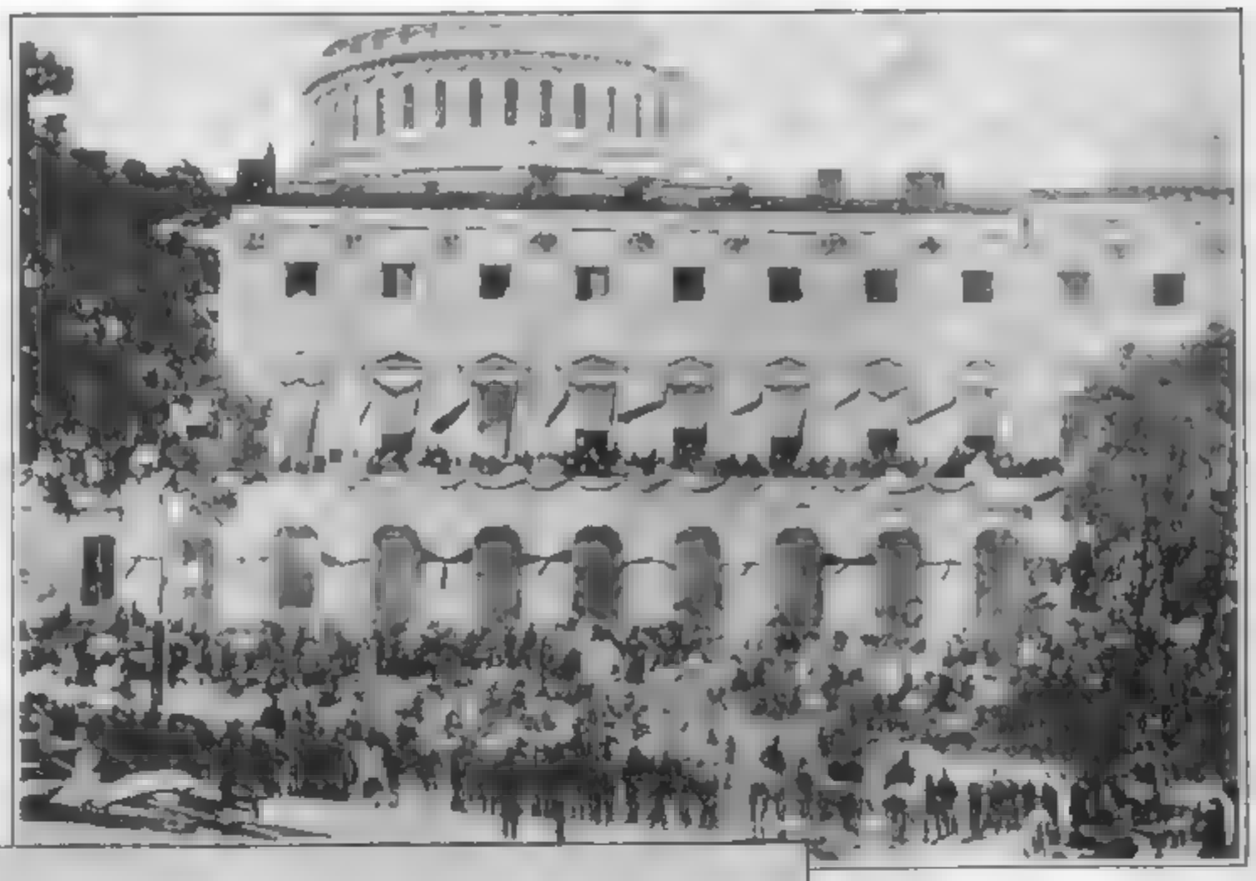
Then another answers, "Personnel."

And Senator Smoot submits on this score: "I have stated upon the floor of the Senate a number of times, and I will state again, that no friend of mine by my assistance or recommendation will be given a permanent government position in Washington, if he intends to make his calling and vocation in life a position in one of the departments. For the government worker becomes an absolute machine, and it is only a few years until he loses confidence in his ability to make a living. He gets settled down in one position, and he spends just the amount of money that he gets from the Government of the United States, and becomes a dependent. I want to say that I have seen more good men ruined by being put into a chair in one of the departments than in any other way men who would have made their marks in life, men who would have stood high in their professions."

Budgetary Help

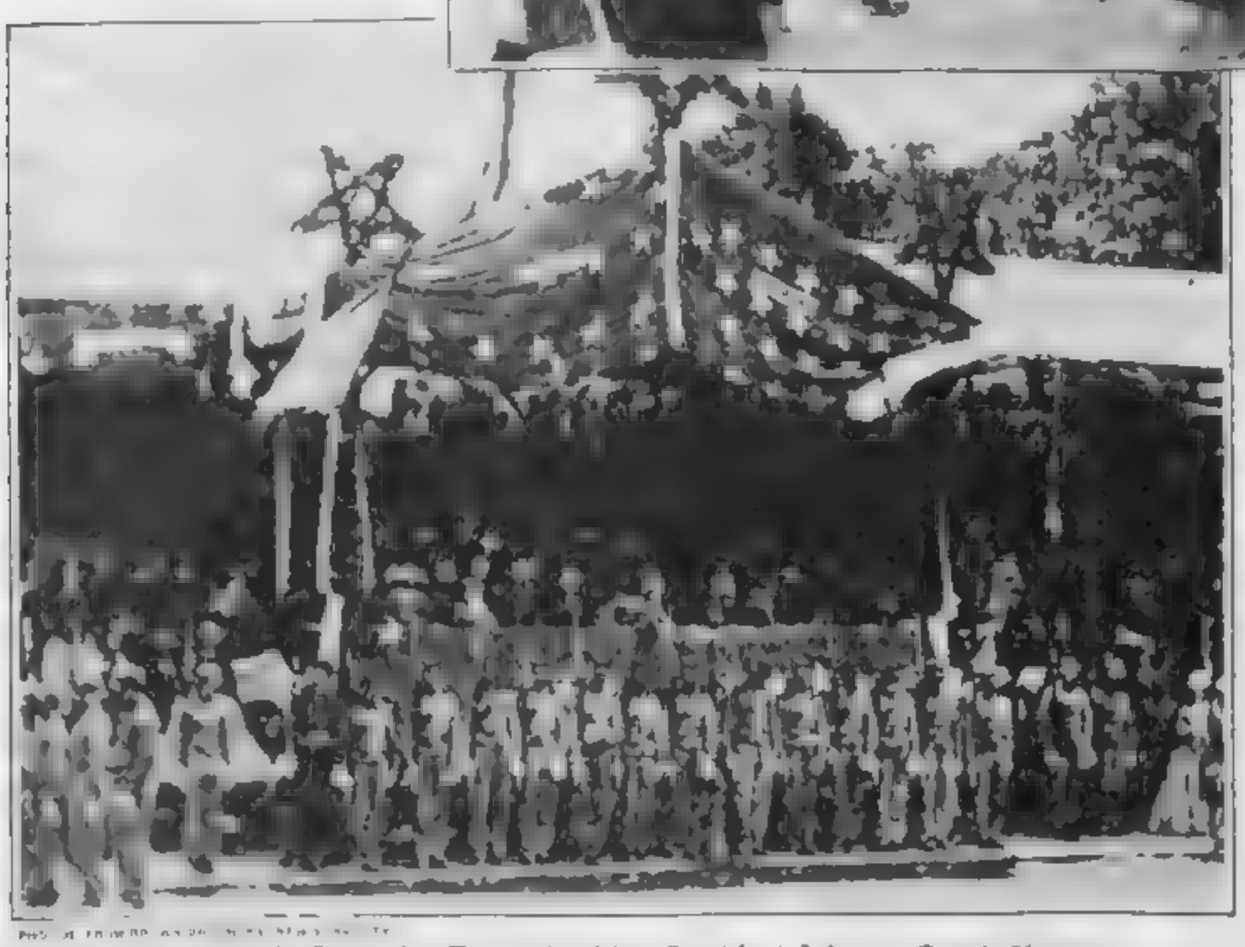
"THE trouble," concludes one more of the millions of complainants, with that good-humored knack Americans, like Englishmen, have of berating their Government until called upon to defend it, "is one of morale, which everyone knows is, in large groups of workers, largely determinable these days."

Then comes Edwin F. Gay, who was dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration until called to Washington to be director of the Division of Planning and Statistics of the United States Shipping Board, chairman of the Division of Planning and Statistics of the War Industries Board, director of the Bureau of Research and the Bureau of Tabulations and Statistics of the War Trade Board, and director of the Central, or Interdepartmental, Bureau of Planning and Statistics maintained by the President, from his emergency war funds, until the funds ran out. Mr. Gay concludes that just as in the case of a tremendously extended and growing yet sadly rundown corporation there is no panacea for all ills, so there is none in the departmental machine. But instead of throwing up his hands in despair he insists that there is no conclusive reason of organization why Washington cannot readily be made the ideal employment and achievement center.



The Capitol Draped in Black and Flag at Half Mast for President Lincoln

Pennsylvania Avenue, 1865. Capitol in Distance



Reviewing the Returning Troops in 1865. President Johnson, Grant, Sherman, Garfield and Stanton Can be Seen

"Clearly," he says, "a budget plan would help matters immensely. Proper adjustment of salaries from top to bottom would help, in point of the personnel employed and in point of departmental morale. But above all, a central administrative agency, such as corporations employ, devoted to producing and stimulating efficiency, would help. There is now a lack of administrative organization. The biggest executive job in the world isn't organized."

In the Fifties

IT IS noticeable that Mr. Gay argues in terms of the American corporation, insisting that the analogy between the government machine and the efficient corporation must be observed if there is to be nothing awry in Washington. He contends—and clearly there is no room for debate on this score—that the American corporation has demonstrated its efficiency. Even in the ultimate test of war it was the likeness to the plan of the American corporation that the French Army resorted to. Likewise the American Expeditionary Force, which fortunately functioned entirely free from interference from the departments—which served merely as switchboards between source and necessity—was planned broadly like a great corporation. General Pershing was simply the chairman of a board of directors, the General Staff of the A. E. F. One of the departments under him, G1, had to do solely with problems of administration; another, G2, with intelligence; another, G3, with operations; the last, G4, with supplies. These were the four subsidiaries, in other words. Their functioning, viewed as organizers view it, was relatively easy: Marshal Foch sent word, say, to General Pershing, to prepare for a selling campaign in a given area at sunrise of a given date. General Pershing then conferred with his board of directors, his staff, gave orders to G3 to go ahead, so informed the other subsidiaries, and on given date, at given hour and minute, the general's selling organization went lustily over the top and sold U. S. to Germany, at par or better.

But General Headquarters in Washington has no such simple and effective plan; that is why stock in the departments is way below par. Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a relatively simple and effective plan—in 1850, say, a couple years before the last reclassification of salaries in the departments was made.

"In 1850," remarks Henry Adams, "so in 1860, Washington was the same rude colony camped in the same forest, with the same unfinished Greek temples for workrooms and sloughs for roads." Coming down, in the early morning, from his bedroom in his grandmother's house in F Street and venturing outside into air reeking with the thick odor of catalpa trees he, Adams, found himself on an earth

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BRONZE BARS

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"Confidentially, Has Anybody Ever Read All These Funny Rules in the Front of the Book?"

VALORY sits in a cage and looks through bronze bars, and from nine to three he never sees anybody's feet. But he is general adviser to English actors, Greek bootblacks, policemen, and the widows of colonels.

He is senior paying and receiving teller of the Palladium Savings Bank, a small snuffy institution not far from Broadway. He is thirty-three years old. His dark, thin, sulky face is considered romantic by his landlady and sardonic by depositors who watch him scowl over their vanishing accounts. But he is neither romantic nor sardonic. He is as sentimental as a maiden aunt. He sympathizes with the little people among his customers. He sees so many tragic comedies that after banking hours his soul is drained, and whenever he tries to make gallant plans for his own advancement he ends by wilting into a seat at the movies.

Valory is, at our first view of him, as chillingly regular as a clearing-house certificate. From his furnished room, with its matting and its photograph of an undesirable child posed as Cupid, he regularly comes by way of breakfast at the Eats Garden to his cage. He has never experienced wheat fields glaring in the sun, nor a steamer's bridge slanting in a gale. His world is a space six feet by twelve. He knows every inch of it as an ant knows every grain of sand on its hill. For almost ten years he has been profoundly familiar with the watery blue label of this paste pot, with this small brown spot on the side of the coin till. Thirty times a day for three thousand crawling days he has caught this sharp nick on the edge of the elbow desk with the heel of his palm, and uttered an abstracted "Ouch!" All his perilous mountains and his climbing seas are in this nick in a slab of oak.

Yet he remains alive. He has never yet carried out his ancient fond desire to assassinate the president of the bank, kick the porter, choke the cat and become a hobo. For he lives in and through the line of people who all day long come past his grille and peer in at him, asking for the means to purchase bread and sorrow and satin slippers.

He lives in them, yet at times he seems to detest them. For his job is not merely to hand out money, but to keep people from wanting it. There are the drunkards who—even since the most important July 1st in history—come unsteadily to the bars, breathe in on him and demand a ten with which to continue their vacation from human cares. If Valory can coax them to go away, they are likely to come in grateful next week and deposit an extra ten.

There are messenger boys who have heard that if you put a dollar in the bank it almost immediately turns into a thousand, and after you get the first thousand you are practically over the difficulties in becoming a Rockefeller. The boys put in a dollar a week for five weeks, and after this large proportion of eternity discover with pain and disillusion that they have only five dollars. What's the use? They come cynically to Valory and try to withdraw it.

Valory viciously dislikes the bland, soft gentlemen with hard-boiled foreheads who do nothing but go about lecturing to young men on optimism and early rising, but when the young depositors need coaching he gives an imitation of the inspiration jobbers. He smiles down on the boys and commends their thrift. He snaps at them that they are nuisances to expect the bank to do all this extra bookkeeping. He tells them not very historical anecdotes about Napoleon and Earl Kitchener. Somehow or other he usually keeps the money in the bank, and once in a dozen times the five dollars grows to a hundred—and once in a dozen, dozen, dozen times the boy is grateful to Valory.

When the scrub women come shuffling in on flapping shoes, when they mumble of sickness and the rent, and want to draw out all they have, Valory begs them to leave in just one dollar. If they leave a dollar they will try again.

Watching them, protecting them against themselves, Valory has almost as much interest in expanding accounts as have the depositors. He knows his people better than their ministers do. They ask him questions about the correct time, hiring cooks, the name of the man who played the crocodile in Peter Pan, and the shortest way of getting to Williamsburg.

Actors send him money from Terre Haute and Spokane, till the summer day when they appear in new, green, high-waisted coats, and begin their tedious season of drawing it out, fifteen dollars a week. Young scared girls starting out as public stenographers talk with him about their balances till the day when they excitedly confide that they're going over to the national bank to open a real drawing account.

He sees a noisy young man, who has been depositing three dollars every other month, suddenly begin to save ten a week. And sometimes there is a girl waiting at the bank door. On the day when the waiting girl's cheeks are pinkest and her fingers most fluttering the depositor draws out most of his account. Then Valory knows that the time for furnishing the new home has come and he shyly cries: "Good luck!"

It must not be supposed that Valory is as constantly in a glow of benevolence as a Dickens Christmas story. There are many days when customers are as stupid to a teller as they are to a bootblack. To the bootblack people are merely tan boots or black oxfords or slimy mud on thick soles. They are equally irritating to Valory on days when his brain is dry and dusty—only he sees them at the other end from the bootblack. According to his experience people not only lack shoes but, to a surprising degree, they lack legs. They are objects with heads, shoulders, and hands designed to stick bank books at him.

On such days he peevishly divides all human beings into three classes: Those who paw at money in a blasé way, those who clutch it betrayingly, and Account 112,761.

Account 112,761 had long been the one person who took the trouble to be frivolous and inspiring and gay and shocking to his professional conservatism. Account 112,761 was the one person who invariably stood out of the drab, preoccupied line creeping past him. Account 112,761 was the one flower on his dust heap; the one person who understood that he wasn't a mechanical device, an accessory to the adding machine and the change counter. When the others said, "Good morning," they didn't really care a hang whether he was having a good morning or not. But Account 112,761 looked at him quizzically, and made impertinent comments in a voice that suggested drawing-rooms.

Account 112,761 had come in a year before—a girl of perhaps twenty-six; a plain black beaver hat, all lines and no trimming, one side rolled up like an Australian's campaign hat; a high collar; a small black bow clasped with a diamond bar; white chamois gloves. He never was able to describe her face: there were no irregularities to get over, but he was conscious of the fineness of her nose and brows.

It was the sweet sure lines of her wrist, where a ring of delicate flesh peeped out above her turned-down glove, that he best knew and remembered. And everything, eyes and nose, glove and flippant hat, was accented by her nervous way of throwing herself at the teller's window. She was a human exclamation point.

She dashed at the grille, that first time, poked a badly rolled wad of bills beneath it, smiled at him, and suggested: "Will you take care of all my nice money for me?"

He was thinking how pearl-textured were her ears, almost concealed beneath her chestnut hair, while he droned: "You wish to open a new account?"

"No, of course not. I do not wish to leave the money. I wish to take it all out and spend it. But as man to man, do you think I shall save anything if I put my patrimony in here?"

He tried to look serious and financial, but her lips were lifting, and he admitted: "I doubt it. We might try."

"Will you be frightfully disagreeable when I come and try to coax some of this away from you?"

"I will!"

"Will you be good for my soul?"

"Certainly. We are a very moral institution."

"Oh, I'm sure of it. The dear old gentleman spending his dotage at the desk beyond the railing looks like a bishop."

The dear old gentleman, who was the president, was approximately a hundred and ninety-seven years old. He had been cursing frightfully for a hundred and ninety-four. He was a pirate and a crank, and one of the most dependable bankers in New York. He considered Valory a maudlin young fool, and Valory considered him ——

Well, Valory leaned his brow against the cold bronze of the bars and begged: "Won't you go tell him so?"

The girl's eyelids did not move, but she gave the impression of winking at Valory.

While she was filling out her signature card he counted her first deposit. It was four hundred and seventy-six dollars. He made the entry in her virgin bank book in his shockingly refined thin script. She took the book, tapped it with restless fingers, airily inquired: "What do I do with this literature?"

"Bring it in with you when you want to draw or deposit."

She peered into it, her eyes as curious as those of a mouse. She murmured: "Confidentially, has anybody ever read all these funny rules in the front of the book?"

"Why you're supposed ——"

"Have you ever?"

"I think —— Why certainly. I must have."

He tried to sound responsible and official. She merely grinned at him. She carelessly dropped the bank book into a hand bag and soared out, while he worried about her.

"She'll lose that bank book in seven minutes by the clock," he said, cynically, solemnly, disapprovingly.

He reëxamined her identification card:

NAME: (Miss) Marcella Page
OCCUPATION: None
RESIDENCE: 99,999 West End Avenue

"Who the deuce is she?" he wondered. "Don't get many accounts from up there. Society, I guess. Father

given her an allowance. She doesn't know what money is. Confounded idler. Ought to detest her. Yet—she's so much friendlier than some of the haughty waitresses and high-minded elevator girls. She —— Yes, ma'am—deposit five—that's fine!" His awakening eagerness was lost in a line of hurried little people as twelve o'clock came and the lunch-time depositors began to gallop in.

Not till three o'clock did he return to the thought of Miss Page; then merely to sigh: "Wonder if I'll ever see her again? Probably not. Oh, well, thunder ——"

He did see her again—at nine-thirty the following morning. She drew out ten dollars; and complained: "I thought you were going to keep my money away from my fevered clutch. The idea of my spending all this on a lace dickey!"

"Why do you do it then?" he said gruffly.

For a second he was scared, not frightened, but plain, vulgarly scared. Her thin eyebrows went up in peaks, her eyes became impersonal, her hands twitched. She snubbed him with intensity and dispatch. But she relaxed and sighed: "You're quite right. Do keep after me. But—I need the dickey. Man, would you have me walking the streets unclothed and shameless?"

She was gone and he was troubled. The girls he knew, the jolly girls back home, the wife of his friend the insurance man here in town, did not talk that way. Yet he seemed to feel in Miss Page a fine, sure, penetrating honesty, a fundamental goodness, which he had never caught sight of in their indignant respectability. She was

"Idiot!" he snarled. "You'd think this was my first day in the cage. Me, that have banked for the star of the Follies and the secretary of the mayor, mooning over a pretty girl depositor!"

That, he felt, settled it. But in the evening, when he took Miss Clara Schweitz, buyer for the glove department at Golthrop's, to the theater, he found it so hard to talk to her that he merely listened to the play. Miss Schweitz had been so interested in his plans for a country bank that she had made him eloquent. Now something was between them, something tenuous, choking, thick, phantasmal as mist and more impassable than bars of bronze.

Account 112,761 did not come in for a week. Then at lunch time she was suddenly visible in the line, a scarlet butterfly among gray moths, an exclamation point among commas and battered periods. A man made way for her; a frayed old woman looked back at her uncomfortably.

When she had edged up to the window she volleyed at him: "Heavens, so many people going out of here with money, what a good profession picking pockets must be. I like your bank, the marble columns are so sweet and dumpy, like cream cheeses. Please let me have ten of my beautiful dollars."

Now she had not made out a withdrawal receipt, and for Valory to fill one out would hold up the line behind her. He was particular about customers writing their own. He worried that he ought to send her back to the wall desk—and he also managed to get in a good second of worried wonder as to whether he hadn't become as fussily red-taped as the old treasurer. He felt guilty that he should be stern with newsboys and lenient with her. "It's snobbish—unfair—rotten of me," he assured himself—and reaching for a slip made it out and beamingly slid it to her for signature.

"What's this ten for?" he said fatuously.

"Hat!"

He stared at her hat of that date—a martial affair, turned up in front with a flourish of blue plumes.

"But you have a new one on."

"Yes. Isn't it nice?" She snapped up the bill he had handed her, tucked it into her pocket. "Is there any way of making me keep this in?"

"I'm trying to make you."

Her lips were impudent, her eyes rollicking. "My dear man, you must bully me.

"You must say a lot of overwhelming things about how Lord Rothschild saves threepence a week by never throwing away an inch of string."

He looked helpless, while she nodded and dashed away.

It was a glittering, intoxicating October day when she next appeared, just after the bank had opened. No one was in line, and he cunningly held her there to chatter. This time, it seemed, she wanted fifteen dollars for a dozen bars of soap. The soap was worth all of five dollars, too, she insisted.

"How can I bully you into keeping up your account? You've drawn thirty-five dollars now, and you haven't deposited a cent. Don't you see that your entire account will soon be gone, at this rate?"

"Oh, no! Not all those beautiful four hundred dollars! The interest ought to cover my tiny drafts. By the way, I do get some interest some day, don't I? I forgot to ask," she said engagingly

"Oh, Lord yes, but — —"

"Don't sound so abysmal. The voice from the tombs went out when females stopped swooning. It must be dreadful to stay in a bank and have so much integrity and responsibility and everything. I'm glad I'm a butterfly. If I were a cashier—or whatever dreadfully imposing object it is that you are—I'd steal every lovely adorable dollar in sight, and go out on a day like this and blow in the whole thing. Pouf! Like that! Every cent!"

"And then go to jail."

"But it Makes Me Furious to Have Been Treated Like a Child, Fooled, Teased ——"

"Oh, of course. Entrancing! Delightful porch climbers and safe blowers for company. They must have such a sense of humor."

"There is nothing humorous about crime."

"There is nothing criminal about humor."

"Then you haven't been to a vaudeville show lately."

"Bless me, the man turns on one! But—don't be discouraged. Keep after me. Poor Marcella, she wants so dreadfully to save money, but the fates are against her. This divine day—the sky over the white stone of the Pennsylvania Station is like tight-drawn blue silk. The sunshine is in all the shop windows—on velvets and polished satinwood and sapphires and sleek black furs. I'm drunk with it. I've simply got to spend money. And—*voilà!*"

As she raced away the cage was tight about him, like a choking collar.

Her voice remained with him, a lyric voice, not mumbling or rasping like most voices, but softly ringing. His cautious diligence seemed folly to him in the memory of her polite impertinence, her cheerful unwisdom. He knew that he was right, and he was not in the least comforted by the knowledge. He went about for hours spiritually washing his hands of her—and not getting her off.

But the Monday after she came in proudly, laid down ten dollars, and boasted: "I did save some! I'm going to make a deposit!"

"That's great!" he shouted

He was aware that his normally thin voice had risen in such a clamor that the bookkeeper was staring at him, alarmed.

"You are nice," she meditated. "I hoped you would be. You make saving a pleasure. If you hadn't given me lots and lots of praise I should never have tried it again. And yet I suppose people keep bringing you hundreds and hundreds. I suppose you're about as much excited by the sight of ten dollars as a major general is by the sight of a second lieutenant. You have an amiable mind."

She shot out; as always, she left the conversation unfinished, palpitating, flying on by itself.

It occurred to Valory that this was the first time that a depositor had realized that he had any mind whatever. Even when they asked financial advice—which in sumptuous, wholesale amounts they did ask, regarding stock investing, lease breaking, mortgage buying and the price of theater tickets—they poked queries at him as though they were jabbing nickles into a slot.

She thought he had an amiable mind.

It was lucky he wasn't shopping with her. He would uxoriously follow her into every shop and buy everything she liked. But not for long, he wouldn't. He had, these years, saved four thousand, two hundred dollars. Account 112,761 would make that last about one week.

Then he was stern with himself. How unjust he was to this lovely, gentle woman. Here she was saving money, already learning habits of thrift. And he had done it. He, who had never touched her hand, had influenced her.

From Monday morning till two-seven Wednesday afternoon he went about so like a stick of radium that the irritated bookkeeper inquired: "What the devil you looking so virtuous about?"

At two-seven P. M., Wednesday the eighth, Miss Page trotted in, smiled upon him, and caroled: "I think I'll take out that ten dollars I put in, with two more dollars feebly clinging to it."

And this time the money was for tea to three girls at the St. Candido. She volunteered the inspiring tidings. She added: "I'm dreadfully trying. I have no idea of the value of money. I'm a parasite woman, aren't I?"

"You are," he growled.

He deliberately went to the telephone to order the florist to send some tea roses to Miss Clara Schweitz.

But after hours he stopped in the midst of running up items paid out, stalked to the president's desk, borrowed the Social Register, and looked up Page—Marcella. He found her.

Now Valory was not afraid of the Social Register. He had a perfectly good Rhode Island family. He knew a few people in the New York register, and his cousins, the Gingery girls—the wife of the major and the one who married the judge—were very much in the St. Paul register. But he had given some study to his own limitations. He knew that he was not likely ever to be anything more conspicuous than the cashier of the Palladium, or assistant cashier in some big bank downtown. Whereas Miss Page's father —— He looked again. Her father must be dead. But anyway —— Probably a big gun—surgeon, corporation counsel, that sort of thing.

Continued on Page 112

HUMANIZING INDUSTRY

By FORREST CRISSEY

This Photograph Shows a Mass Meeting of Strikers in Pennsylvania

OUT at the Canton Sheet Works I encountered a young man of almost boyish appearance who had a word of greeting for almost every workman who came within hailing distance. And it was as often as not that the men hailed him first.

"Who's that chap?" I asked a roller who was standing in line to get into the lunch room. "He seems to be popular out here."

"Him?" came the quick answer. "Well, I'll say first that he's a regular guy. Mighty near the top too. It don't matter what handle you give him he's a hummer of a steel man. But he knows something more than steel—and that's men! We've all seen the time when the man who knew steel from the mine to the finished product was the real thing in steel production. Such a man had the whole equipment for production right in his nut. He was a shark on materials and processes, and that was all that was necessary.

"But even an old-timer has a hunch now that there is something needed besides ore and scrap to get production in the steel business. This other thing is labor.

"This guy knows the thing behind labor—which is human nature—and knows it right down to the ground. We men can talk with him and know that he'll get us the first time. He speaks our lingo and can see things our way. When we want to get a line on where this company stands on anything that we're concerned in you bet we go to him. He'll look at it from our side of the fence and go the limit to get us anything that's fair and right. We figure that he belongs in our crowd about as much as if he wore jumpers and pushed sheets through the rollers along with the rest of the crew.

"If you ask me I'll say he's one of the reasons why the men here believe the company's on the square and trying to do the fair thing for the men. Of course there's others in this company off the same piece with him—but then, this company's different, anyhow. If I wanted to know how he got his slant of human nature I'd ask him—same as I would about anything else. That's one thing about him—you can go to him any time and spring anything that's on your chest—and no comeback."

The Treat-'Em-Rough Method

TAKING the roller's tip I put the question squarely to the young operating official. Here is his answer:

"I got my first lesson along the line of looking at workers of every sort as real human beings in a queer way when I was a boy in high school, and it gave me a jolt that'll last as long as I live. Being right in the heart of the steel country it was natural for me to feel that to become a high boss in a steel mill was about the biggest thing in the world. What helped to give me that feeling was the fact that the best friend our family had was a big man in one of the largest mills. I looked up to him as a kind of king.

"When he discovered that I was really set on becoming a steel man he took me under his wing, and I put in my vacations working directly under him. I was so keen about the business that when I had a holiday from school I'd show up at the mill and ask for something to do just for fun. That tickled him right down to the ground. The result was that before I finished high school I had served my apprenticeship at the mill and had my full papers.

"The Old Man, as we called him, belonged to the old school of steel superintendents. I guess that the motto 'Treat 'Em Rough' must have been put on the boards when he was getting his training—for he sure had it by heart and knew how to put the punch into it. When I speak of the old school I'm not drawing the inference that that style of manhandling has entirely gone out of fashion—for the truth is it hasn't. It's still there, and it's one of the things that make trouble. Now don't get the notion that any mill hand wants his boss to kiss him good morning; but I don't know any of 'em that are exactly hankering to be kicked or knocked stiff. They'd rather be told than biffed.

"But to get back to the story. One day just after I'd been made a straw boss the Old Man called me to help change the top of a blast furnace. That's a job which puts every man right up on his toes, for an idle blast furnace means a cost of almost two dollars a minute. There's no stopping to eat when a furnace is out of commission. Everybody is on the jump until it's working again. Besides, there's a lot of gas about the top of a blast stack, and the men are anxious to get out of it as soon as possible.

"One of the machinist's helpers on the job that day was some sort of a wop called Steve—a good man but about as slow in the uptake as a choked chimney. We were at least a hundred and fifty feet above the ground, on the circular iron stairs that wound up round the stack, and Steve was rolling a cigarette when the Old Man told him to go and get a certain tool. I knew that he wouldn't use it for at least fifteen minutes. Perhaps Steve knew that too. Anyhow, he made the mistake of standing still to finish rolling his cigarette after he had received his orders. That was plumb against all stack-fixing etiquette as taught in the Old Man's training school. And I'll admit that it was exasperating.

"Certainly it was the spark in the powder so far as the Old Man's temper was concerned. He exploded on the instant and biffed Steve on the jaw—a good hard one too. Of course he didn't think the man would go down under the blow—but he did. Went bumping down the stairs—until I made a jump and caught him! It was just in time too. The top of the blast-furnace stack is no place to stage a boxing bout. There's too much atmosphere between the platform and the landing place below.

"As I stopped the man from going over he looked up into my face with an expression like that of a wounded animal that expected to be killed the next instant. We drove right ahead until the top was finished—but the experience gave me such a jolt that I was wabbly on my pins for a long time. Evidently the Old Man was a bit scared for a second or two—but later I couldn't see that it made any particular impression on him. But the experience stuck in my mind. I promised myself that when I got to be boss it would not be that way with me.

"With me that was the beginning of a definite conviction that industry—at least the steel industry—wasn't going at the job of supervising men right; and that it would never get the right twist to it till it treated every man as if he were a human being with feeling, like any white-collared boss. The gratitude of that helper and his attitude toward me went a long way, perhaps, in shaping that conviction.

"Later I had another experience, of a different sort, that strengthened this idea. That was after I had become a department superintendent. A boring machine was in charge of a man we called Old Chris. There wasn't a better machinist in the shop. He knew his trade with an old-time thoroughness that isn't always easy to find these days. And he was steady, faithful and contented. The fact that he'd worked in the same shop for about fifteen years tells what sort of a man and workman he was.

"Well, one day Old Chris was out of luck—had one of those unaccountable mental slips that most men have at least once or twice in their lives. He was making a boring for a big pump into which a sleeve had to be fitted. On that sort of a job the trick is to bore the hole just big enough so that the sleeve can be slipped in. Then the turning of the sleeve sets it so that it can't budge. It was a neat job, but he had done harder ones a hundred times. This time, however, he somehow slipped in his calculations and when the bore was made he found that it was at least a sixteenth too large and the sleeve wouldn't stick.

"Now Old Chris knew that to spoil a valuable piece of work there in that shop was a capital crime and that scant consideration was given to anyone found guilty of such break. He had seen man after man fired on the instant, in the course of his experience, for spoiling work of much less value than the piece he had blundered on, which was worth about seventy-five dollars. That was the atmosphere of the school of discipline in which he had been trained and had seen his long years of service."

Old Chris Gets a Surprise

"AFTER staring at the piece for a few minutes Old Chris put on his hat and coat and said to his helper that he was too old a man to take the kind of talk that he heard others get and then be given his walking papers, so he was just going to leave and be done with it. When he failed to show up the third day I managed to get the story out of the helper. I told him to see Chris and ask him to come and have a talk with me. The next morning he appeared—as shamefaced a specimen as I ever saw.

"Somehow the look on his honest old face hit me rather hard. I thought of a lot of things as Chris was standing there with his cap in his hand and his head bent forward as if I were going to rip out at him and add to his humiliation. He knew that would be the regulation form and he had come to take his medicine. In that instant I recalled that he knew more about mechanics than I did—perhaps more than I should ever learn. Then I remembered that he was fifty-five and I was twenty-three, and his boss. Also it came to my mind that he had a family and that it might be a little difficult for him to land a good job again, at his age, if he were fired for spoiling work after being in a place where he had been employed for fifteen years. And all the time I realized that he was a good, substantial man.

"When I stepped forward, took him by the hand and said, 'I'm glad to see you, Chris,' he was all broken up. He didn't get over it in a minute either. We had a regular man-to-man talk. It did me good as well as him.

"Of course he went straight back to work at his machine. He had always been loyal—but from that instant his loyalty was of the most positive and constructive type. He kept both eyes—and his ears too—open for the management. And this without my saying another word to him. The influence he exerted among the men was wholesome and as steady as a compression spring. The men in our shop all respected him because he was a skilled machinist

and also because he was a square man. He had their confidence in every way and nothing that met with his disapproval got very far. He didn't have to carry tales in order to do the right thing and protect the management against any person or influence that was working against the good of the company. He just quietly nipped it in the bud by the force of his own influence. In the high-pressure war days that immediately followed I feel morally certain, all things considered, Old Chris was worth a hundred dollars a day to the company.

"This experience did just as much as the other one to impress me with the conviction that any employer, or any representative of an employer, who doesn't believe, heart and soul, in the treat-'em-right instead of the treat-'em-rough plan of workman supervision is behind the times and not up on his job. A lot of other experiences of a piece with these helped to fix my faith firmly in the man-to-man brand of treatment—but these two episodes were enough to set me on the right track. They were real and were typical of the two attitudes between which the modern-plant executive must take his pick. I hadn't had this gospel of humanizing industry taught or preached to me; I just worked it out for myself from actual experience and personal observation.

"When the company that I was with got into the shell game, about 1914, I held a good position, especially for a young fellow. The war pressure for high speed and big production not only turned the spotlight on the necessity of stimulating men to their highest production, but it also compelled the keenest competition in the matter of processes. The head of our works called me in one day and intimated that he believed that up in Cleveland they had the edge on us in the matter of forgings and that we could learn something from their shop practice in that line. Certainly there was no disputing the fact that their production records were to be envied. Personally I was of the opinion that the big boss had hit on our own weak spot and their strong one."

Leaders in the Industrial Procession

"THEREFORE I was told to go and get the information, and choose my own way of getting it. My salary as a foreman went on no matter how insignificant the job I might hold in any plant where I secured employment, and no limit was placed on my expense account. All that was asked of me was the information wanted. We were all making shells with which to fight the Hun, and in a sense it was not a competitive matter—for more munitions were needed than everybody in the whole country, working at capacity, could turn out. My first job was that of a common laborer. I hadn't any more than started before I discovered something in the atmosphere of the place that was different—strikingly different from any I had breathed before. It was as if I had unexpectedly come into a place about which I had done a good deal of day-dreaming. There was something about it that was familiar—because it had so many of the characteristics of the place that I had figured out as the ideal place of employment that would be evolved some time in the future.

"Now don't get me that I say I found it an ideal working atmosphere, but simply that I found enough of those elements and conditions that I had thought out as belonging to the right kind of a place in which to work to give me a good warm glow of interest and encouragement. And the big thing about it was the fact that these conditions were not, I soon discovered, accidents due to the individual progressiveness of one or two foremen or superintendents, but they were the results of a consistent company policy. They came down from the top of the organization!

"I knew that I had stumbled upon something so alive that I'd have to stay with it and do what I could to help work it out. Anyhow, I could be where I could watch others do it. This feeling grew as the management shoved me ahead through the line of minor supervisory positions, until I came to one more like that which I held in the company with which I was secretly connected. This brought me to a decision. I felt that I must either fish or cut bait. The result was that I decided to burn my bridges and cast my lot entirely with my new employers, and to do so at a sacrifice of one-half my salary. This was because I wanted to be with a company that was trying to work out a right and progressive human relationship with its men. I was willing to take my chances in getting on in that sort of a company.

"The first thing I did was to break off with the old company and pay them back the money they put into my work as a scout for information. I made it clear that my move was not a matter of money—and proved it by refusing to name a price at which I would go back to them.

"Then I had another nice little cleaning-up job to do—with the company to which I had hired as a laborer in order to get hold of their forging process. Well, I made a clean sweep of the whole situation, put all the cards on the table face up. I told 'em the experiences that had shown me the importance of the man-to-man stuff they were trying to work out with their men and that it was worth more than money to me to get in on it. Naturally they felt that the proof I was giving—in a sacrifice of salary—showed that I was their kind and belonged in their camp. And here I am—with more enthusiasm than when I started.

"Every man here has his own definition of what this spirit here means—my own happens to be something like this: A determination to work out a square and just relationship between the company and its employees as to all the human rights involved. When you call it humanizing industry you hit the nail on the head.

"Now don't imagine that I think we've got a snug little workingman's heaven here or that all our men are coöperative angels. I don't think a man in the whole organization has any such fool notion as that. I'm sorry for him if he has—for his feet are in the clouds, not on the ground, and he's going to get a jolt when he comes down to earth. But I do know that as time goes on a larger percentage of the men are coming to understand and appreciate what we are trying to do. Personally, the prize of far greater pay wouldn't be any temptation for me to pull out and go to some other place where they're still running on the old-school plan under which I got my first training. There are many others here in all ranks of the organization who, I'm sure, feel that way, for they prove their faith by their works, right along regularly.

"Any man who doesn't get more out of his employment than his pay isn't in the right place or else he isn't right himself. The plant that isn't more than a mere place to work to those employed in it is living below its privileges and opportunities. If such a plant isn't behind the industrial procession to-day it sure will be to-morrow, for things are moving faster than employers generally realize in the way of humanizing industry. It seems slow to many who are right up against the problems of that work in a practical way—and perhaps slower still to those who still stick to the old attitude that a man's labor is merely a commodity and that in his employment relationship a worker is to be considered as an animated piece of productive mechanism rather than as a human being with the same set of feelings, needs and natural rights as the foreman, the superintendent, the president and the stockholder."

The morning that the great national strike of steel workers went into effect found every executive of the company saying: "Now comes the test; here is where we find out whether the relationship we've been trying to build up will stand a real strain or is something that we've imagined existed when it wasn't there."

Loyal Workers Refuse to Strike

WELL, they got their answer—there was a complete appearance of the entire working force at the sheet-steel plant in Canton. One hundred per cent on roll call! And this, for various reasons, was the spot where anxiety was most sharply focused. The fact that during the day some of the men were driven away by pickets didn't impress the officials of the company.

The management held that no chances of endangering the men should be taken, and so they decided that a shutdown was in the line of safety first. But every measure taken by this company that touches labor or its conditions is discussed with the men, and nearly seventy per cent of the force came through the picket lines later and heard the officials. Then they passed a motion to return to work the next Saturday night—and passed it unanimously.

One of the workers put this crisp, pointed motion:

"Resolved, That our coworkers at the three other plants of the company located in Cleveland be informed that we are not on a strike at the Canton plant and know of no reason why we should be."

And the motion went through with a whoop. The management hasn't had any serious doubts since then that the bond between them and their men is real; that they have been building a relationship that will stand actual strain and that their six years of effort to get on a man-to-man footing with the company's employees has proved out handsomely already.

When a big strike is on and the approaches to a plant are littered with pickets the air is charged with a voltage that inclines even the visiting stranger to step high, wide and handsome in order not to set off the concealed dynamite with which the situation is planted. The workers themselves, understanding the dangers of such a line-up better than the outsider can possibly comprehend it, are still more alert and on their toes. The temper of the pickets becomes the acute element—the sparking point, so to speak. One of the pickets, at the

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Another View of the Same Mass Meeting

THE CARELESS WORLD

By Oscar Graeve

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS a new world for him, and a new life. Though at this hour of the afternoon the café was but half filled, Eric Copley found its atmosphere alien and disturbing. He had forgotten—rather he had never known—that there were men and women, but especially men, who spent part of the working day sitting round small tables, chatting, laughing, sipping from glasses or cups as if no better use could be made of life's precious moments. With Copley time and money had always been so mercilessly allied. But now that he had more money than he knew what to do with, and also more time, he could not learn how to telescope one into the other. The thought of the three empty months ahead of him came crashing upon him, appalling him. So it was he saw with a confused blending of envy and disapproval that these people of the café squandered time as easily and carelessly as on the seashore you let the sand slip through your fingers. He sighed. How different had been his own schooling!

Then he let his eyes come back to the girl who sat opposite him. All the while, even when he had been most engrossed in the scene round him, he had been terribly conscious of the girl. The consciousness of her ran like an undercurrent through his reflections. What was it Larry Porter had said?

"Look out for Vivian Wellcome. She's dangerous!" Yes, that is what he had said. Exactly that. But what did he mean by it? What did he mean by "dangerous"?

One never knew when to take Larry seriously. He was always light, inconsequential, satiric. Copley often wondered why he and Larry were friends—why Larry was really his one friend. Perhaps there was something in this theory of opposites. How well Larry would fit into this picture of smiling women, tinkling glasses and small chatter, where he, Eric, felt such an interloper! Larry would also know how to talk to this Vivian Wellcome, before whose bright beauty he sat dumb and spellbound.

The entire wall beside which their table was placed was covered with mirrors, and in a mirror Copley studied her covertly. Perhaps Larry had meant that she was dangerous simply because of her beauty. But was she as beautiful as all that? There was a sparkle about her, a quick animation, that was dazzling, but when her face was in repose—as it was now—irregularities showed. Hers at least was not a classic beauty—the nose was too saucily tilted, the lips too generous. But her coloring, a warm cream, a vivid red, was very lovely. And her eyes were as dark as her hair and heavily lashed, so that when she looked down the lashes swept enchantingly her smooth glowing cheek. And when she smiled you forgot to consider whether she was beautiful or not; you were entirely captured by her smile. She smiled as she caught Copley's eyes upon her.

"That isn't playing fair," she said. "You should never appraise a woman's appearance without giving her warning—giving her time to assume her most becoming expression—like this!"

And with that she rested her rounded little chin on one slim hand and threw back her head so that her eyes, half closed, gazed at him, dark blue and slumberous.

"That's the pose I do for Tillie Master's magazine covers."

"Are you a model?" he asked.

"I'm anything—anything that brings in an honest penny."

She looked so charming as she said it that Copley struggled to say something gallant, but failed miserably. He shrugged his shoulders philosophically, however, over his failure. After all she must know sooner or later that he wasn't a ladies' man. And then he found himself speculating as to whether she would ever care to know him better—whether either of them would ever know each other well enough to care what the real man or the real woman was like.

With one of the quick changes of mood which already he recognized as characteristic of her she dropped her hands in her lap, folded them and sat most demurely before him.

"This is all quite new to you, isn't it?" He nodded.

"You see, I've always had to work for a living—every day, every minute. At first I absolutely had to work as constantly as that, and afterward when I no longer had to I found I didn't know how to do anything else but work. I felt I never had time for—this!"

"Stay Here in New York—I'm Desperate for Some Money. Give Me the Job of Teaching You!"

With a blunt and awkward gesture he indicated the careless, idle crowd.

"Then it was so much the nicer of you to let me drag you round here from Mrs. Westbrook's, though it makes me feel as if I were wasting more of your valuable time." But then she shook her head at him. "Ah, but there's an inconsistency! If your time is so valuable, what were you doing at one of Mrs. Westbrook's afternoon teas?"

"Larry Porter took me there. He said I'd die of dry rot if I were just left hanging round. He had an idea I ought to go out and see life, meet people."

"Did you enjoy the sort of life you see and the sort of people you meet at Mrs. Westbrook's?" she asked derisively.

"I felt like a bull in a china shop—only I don't imagine a bull ever felt the incongruity of his position as much as I."

"But if you're always so terrifically busy, why do you need to seek people and life at—at the Mrs. Westbrooks'?"

He hesitated a moment and then said: "But I'm no longer busy."

She looked perplexed.

"I don't know that I understand. Larry told me you were something tremendously important with the Pine Street Trust Company."

"Oh, not so important; and if I was something I'm nothing now."

"But why?"

"Last week I asked for a leave of absence."

Copley to his surprise found that he was telling this girl, whom he had known no longer than two hours, things which he had intended telling no one.

"My doctor has frightened me into thinking I have nerves and has ordered me to take three months' rest."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said, and she said it with such sincerity that Copley found himself grateful for the balm she offered. But suddenly he stiffened. Perhaps this was the way in which she was dangerous—in the ready sympathy she offered men—and he wondered to how many men bidding for compassion she had said in just that tone: "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Damn Larry Porter, anyway! Why had Larry dropped this poison into his mind? But Vivian Wellcome's smile captured him again despite his suspicions.

"On second thought I don't know why I should feel sorry for you. Three months' rest. It sounds heavenly!"

"Oh, no!" he said quickly.

"Why not?"

"Well, as I said, I've never learned to play like the people round here—like you too, I imagine. I am absolutely out of place in this careless world of yours. I know nothing but business. I have no other interests. I haven't the slightest idea what to do with myself those three months."

Her eyes narrowed.

"And yet you have money enough to do anything you wish?"

"Yes—more money than I shall ever need."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm afraid then that I can't pity you. Why, you could hire somebody to teach you to play!"

"What an absurd idea!"

"Why is it absurd? It would be companionship you were buying—that's all—the companionship of someone who could teach you how those empty hours of which you stand so much in dread could best be occupied; who could instruct you in getting the proper sort of exercise and relaxation for a man who's threatened with nerves—walking, riding, golf, tennis—all sorts of delectable games. It would call for someone who could select the best plays for you and go to see them with you—who could pick out the best books—books you should know—and either make you read them or read them to you; who could dine with you in our best restaurants and point out the notables who frequent them, or go tearing round the country in a motor with you if you preferred that, stopping at the most delightful wayside inns for lunch or dinner. Why, it sounds perfectly simple!"

He smiled.

"It sounds perfectly wonderful! You almost make it seem possible."

"How much would you pay, O man of money, if you could get an instructor of the right sort?"

"I should say it would be worth two or three thousand dollars."

They were silent; Vivian Wellcome's eyes were reflective; once she started to speak, but checked herself with a quick movement of her lips.

"With money you can do everything," she said earnestly after the silence. "It opens all doors. It leads everywhere."

"It can, of course, lead everywhere," he admitted. "I am planning to travel round a bit. I leave for California on Tuesday."

"Oh," she said. He fancied there was a sudden, sharp disappointment in the way she said that "Oh!" and he also fancied that she looked suddenly crushed. Her shoulders slumped. Her flair had vanished. After a minute she looked at her wrist watch.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

He called for his check and paid it. In the mirror again as they stood up and he helped her on with her jacket, he saw how slim and youthful she was in her heavy knitted suit of a grayish-green tone and her red tam-o'-shanter and her vivid cheeks. She was a creature flaming with color and fire. He saw, too, with a little shudder of self-disgust how huge and ponderous he looked beside her—a dark shadow of a man, ungainly, crude, without the slightest knowledge of the careless world in which she dwelt.

Together they passed out of the café into the crisp February air. Dusk had fallen while they sat inside. The street lights glimmered. Fifth Avenue was filled with a pandemonium of traffic; the green busses lumbered by; automobiles ripped the night with their horns; and along the pavements, headed south, came surging a turgid black stream of workers from sweatshop and factory.

"Shall I get you a taxi?" asked Copley.

"No, I live near by."

He hesitated, and so humble was his look that Vivian Wellcome emerged sufficiently from the dark mood that enwrapped her to say: "You may walk home with me if you wish."

Without answering he fell into step beside her. At the corner they stood for a moment waiting for the rush of traffic to abate. As they stood there Copley wondered whether he should take her arm as they crossed. Finally he did. And ridiculous as it may seem he was thrilled with the touch of her soft arm, warm within his grasp. He was thrilled with the right he had claimed to steer her through the dangers of the traffic.

When they had safely crossed, however, she freed her arm from his clasp and walked apart from him, silent, infinitely remote. It seemed to him that she had become a different girl from the bright creature of the café. He was abject before this mood of hers. He wanted to say comforting things—why, he hardly knew! But he could think of nothing. He could not think of a word. Yet through this feeling of sympathy ran a thread of irritation that now—so near their moment of parting—she should show him this bleak and unresponsive side of her nature.

In silence they walked down Eighth Street past the little basement shops and restaurants with grotesque names and more grotesque signs. They crossed Sixth Avenue, wading through the black shadows cast by the Elevated. Behind the red-brick bulk of Jefferson Market Police Court they came to a little alley opening abruptly from the cross street—a dim little alley which sprang into being between a break in the line of buildings, flanked on one side by a grocery shop and on the other by one in the windows of which a few spare wintry blooms showed. At the alley opening Vivian Wellcome stopped.

"Here's where I live," she said.

"Here! Where?"

"Halfway down the alley," she smiled morosely at his astonishment. "Don't be so horrified. It's fairly all right. Come on along."

She led him through the break in the line of buildings and down along a narrow and unevenly flagged paving in front of a row of ancient red-brick houses with rusted-iron railings and scraggy trees shooting their bare branches from invisible patches of earth between the railings and the houses.

"It's—it's rather quaint," Copley said finally.

"Yes, quaint is always the word strangers use to conceal their true estimate of Sullivan Place," Vivian said, and added bitterly: "Oh, why can't you people of wealth be frank with us people of poverty? Tell us you loathe the holes we're forced to live in! Let us see your contempt of the makeshifts we're put to to keep up appearances."

"Why, I—I didn't ——" he stammered.

"No, I know you didn't," she said with swift apology, brushing her hand across her eyes. "I guess I'm tired out. The wealthy poseurs I see paraded before me at Mrs. Westbrook's teas always get me that way. That's why I asked you to take me away. You seemed as much out of it there as I was.

"Of course you do need a romantic eye to appreciate Sullivan Place. It really isn't half bad. The houses inside are quite delightful. Why, we even have modern plumbing, but that's a recent improvement. You must see our place some time. Come at five or so and I'll give you a cup of tea. Good night."

She gave him her hand. But before she entered the doorway of the house before which they stood she swung suddenly round and came back to him. She seized his coat lapels and gazed directly into his eyes with a certain urgent appeal in her own.

"Don't go to California!" she said. "Stay here in New York. I'm—I'm desperate for some money. Give me the job of teaching you how to play! Let me be your guide as to how those three empty months can best be filled!"

With that she turned and ran into the house, leaving Eric Copley standing there gazing at a closed door, too amazed, too suddenly stunned with amazement to move.

II

AS A LITTLE later, however, he walked uptown headed toward his apartment in Lexington Avenue he was filled with an unwonted sense of exhilaration. His step was brisker than in many a day. For the first time in weeks he had forgotten temporarily that he had nerves.

He was cursing now the cowardice which had prevented him asking Vivian Wellcome to have dinner with him. At dinner they could have entered more deeply into the delightful intricacies of that preposterous idea of hers. Of course she hadn't been serious, and yet she had seemed so very serious. The memory of her urgent eyes was with him as he walked. Could it be—could it really be possible that she had meant what she said?

Unfortunately this was the one night in the week that Larry always came to dine with him, but the complication could have been rearranged. He could have telephoned Larry. He could have asked Larry to come to-morrow night. He could have done one of a hundred and one things. No, it was his cowardice that had kept him from inviting her. It was this confounded diffidence of his—or was it simply ignorance where women were concerned?

It would be understating the case to say that Eric Copley had never known a woman like Vivian Wellcome, for he had never known any women except one. That one was his mother, and her death had left a gap which had never been filled. Fond as he had been of his mother, devoted as he had been, he wondered now if it were wise to let a mother play such a predominating part in a man's life. One's life should be better balanced, more rounded than when all the affections are centered in one person. Ah, but these were idle speculations now!

But since his mother's death he had found that the waters of loneliness were creeping in each year a little farther upon his isolation. He was not yet thirty-six, and yet he felt sometimes that before he became forty these waters would engulf him. Perhaps it was this which had made him, as he expressed it scoffingly, "a little jumpy." Perhaps the jumpiness was the result of the concentration which he had given to business, a concentration which—or so he thought—was his one escape from the loneliness.

Well, as one result of the concentration here he was, a little past thirty-five and he was rich—richer than he had ever dreamed he would be. But also partly because of that too closely sustained attention to business here he was, too, a victim of nerves cast adrift on the restless waves of time without the slightest idea as to how to combat them.

He reached the modest apartment building in Lexington Avenue where he had lived for the last twelve years and where he had stayed on since his mother's death. He remembered now how magnificent they had thought the apartment when he had first taken it and what an extravagant step it seemed at the time. But the Pine Street Trust Company had given him his first substantial raise both in salary and position, and after much discussion they—his mother and himself—had moved out of the cheap boarding house and here set up a household of their own. They had the comfortable feeling that they were saying farewell then to the severest strictures of poverty—and so they were. Eric himself had no idea, however, what a definite farewell

"What Does it Matter How Old One Is? I Think That Age Should be Measured in Intelligence, Not in Years. I'm Awfully Old in Common Sense"

it was. He had no idea that a dozen years later he would be an important factor in the organization which at that time he held in such awe—that he would arrive at that stage of good fortune when he was to be known in Wall Street as "one of Cortlandt Steel's young men."

He remembered, too, how delighted his mother had been that she was able to take her furniture out of storage, where it had been ever since his father's death had necessitated the breaking up of an earlier household.

In the living room of the apartment the old rosewood parlor set, heavily carved and covered with a dull-red tapestry, still stood as his mother had arranged it. That set had been her proudest possession. It had come from his grandfather or his great-grandfather—he never could remember which—and it was from a period of good taste, which made it valuable. But even in their days of greatest need, and there had been indeed days of very great need, they had clung to it. And in the room where she had placed them still stood the knickknacks of which his mother had been so fond—painted shells, souvenirs of seashore resorts they had visited; little marble statuettes, pudgy and thickset, of Victorian ladies and children with rolling hoops or baskets of marble flowers; dried grasses, dusty and faded, picked from the banks of some forgotten stream; gift books of verses bound in plush or padded leather. Copley did not know that modern taste demanded that all these be swept into the dust heap of oblivion. If he had known, it is doubtful if he would have cared.

He walked through the long, narrow hall of the old-fashioned apartment built on the railroad plan and thrust his head in the kitchen door.

"I'm home, Aunt Martha," he announced.

A rotund and smiling old woman, who beside the one kitchen window was nodding over a book, lifted her dim and affectionate eyes to him. She, too, was a relic of his mother's time. Her face was the color of wax and it was like wax modeled clumsily. It looked as if it had dried from lack of sunshine and air, and it was true Aunt Martha could rarely be persuaded to step outside into a terrifying world of rushing motors and clanging street cars. She had overcome her fear of the telephone sufficiently to order all the household requirements in that way in order to indulge her other and greater fear of the outside world.

"How're you feelin' to-night, Mr. Eric?" she asked.

"First-rate to-night."

It was the answer he invariably gave her—this time it was fairly truthful.

"You ought to get yourself a wife—that's what you ought to do, Mr. Eric, as I've told you a hundred times. Then you wouldn't have none of these nerves the doctor keeps talkin' about. When I was a girl young folks got married early and it kept 'em busy bustlin' and raisin' a family. You didn't hear no talk of nerves in them days, I can tell you."

It was too worn a theory of Aunt Martha's to need argument, so Copley dismissed it smilingly, as he had dismissed it smilingly a hundred times, and said: "Mr. Porter hasn't come yet?"

"No, he'll be late as usual, Mr. Eric. I allus plan to hold back supper half an hour when that young feller's comin'. He's a wild one if ever there was."

"Don't you approve of Mr. Porter, Aunt Martha?"

"He's the kind it don't matter whether you approve of or not. That one could get a smile from anything that wore petticoats, no matter how mad she was at him. I got some of that deviled roast beef he likes for to-night. I hope he ain't so late it gets all dried up on me."

Eric Copley was glad, too, that Larry was coming to-night. The exhilaration, the excitement of the afternoon were still upon him. To-night dining alone would have been particularly a dull affair. And he wanted to talk to Larry about—a sharp frown contracted his brows—he wanted to ask Larry what he meant by his damned gossip about Vivian Wellcome.

In the living room he sat in a huge chair tufted in yellow velvet, which was of no relation to the rosewood set, but belonged to a later and more vulgar generation. Sprawled there with his long legs outstretched, he tried to read the evening paper. But he couldn't read it. His eyes were on the mantel clock—a clock of onyx over whose top bronze horses went forever charging. What was she—Vivian Wellcome—doing at this hour? He tried to visualize her in that dim house in the dim alley, perhaps bending her glossy dark head over some pitifully inadequate meal which she had prepared herself. What a horror it was that a girl like Vivian Wellcome had to put up with such discomforts! What foolish conventionality was it that prevented a man with more money than he knew what to do with giving some of it where his heart demanded it be given?

Copley stirred restlessly. Why didn't Larry come? At least talking to him would be some relief. Eric found himself on edge again. With a sense of irritation he wondered if the jumpiness were returning. He dropped his newspaper and dug his fists violently into his eyes.

And some casual observer seeing Eric Copley at that moment might have compared him to a caged animal, some intense lithe animal, pulsating with warmth and restlessness, caged there in that ridiculously incongruous atmosphere of old furniture, faded and sentimental knickknacks, bound to a past of dead and outworn memories.

At last Larry came.

Larry if possible was to-night more Larrylike than ever He was ebullient with good spirits. His blue eyes were never clearer. His cheeks were ruddy and his slim, vigorous body was encased in a dinner suit and crisp white linen so that he looked like a young prince of good fortune.

"Another party?" grumbled Eric—he was still irritated at Larry's lateness

"Not a real party. I'm just going to call on Zora Wellcome."

"Zora? Who's Zora?"

"Vivian's little sister, and to my way of thinking little sister has it all over the famous Vivian. I'm going to get Zora to go out and dance somewhere. She dances like a streak. I knew you wouldn't mind if I tore away a bit early."

"How do you keep going this way, Larry?"

"One has to keep in step with the procession, Eric, otherwise you soon drop out."

"It's a good thing you're a child of wealth. Otherwise you'd never hold your job with the Pine Street Trust."

"What's the good of having Cortlandt Steel for an uncle if one doesn't take advantage of it? If I had to be, Eric, I'd probably be as industrious and model a young man as yourself. The trouble is you're too model a young man. I wish I could get you to join the procession."

"Why?"

"You're in a rut, my dear man. You shut yourself in this apartment of yours and never go out—except to business. No wonder your nerves are shot to pieces. People think that a chap breaks down because he attempts too much. There's nothing to that. My idea is that a fellow goes to pieces either because he does too little or because he does too much of one thing. Variety, Eric, that's what we need. My philosophy is a belief in the vaudeville of life—a potpourri of everything from a song-and-dance turn to a scrap of grand opera."

"Your philosophy is very different from mine, Larry. At least very different from my recent philosophy. I don't know that I have any philosophy left since—since last week. Why are we friends, do you suppose?"

Larry Porter's clear blue eyes became serious.

Presently after a little hesitation he said: "Oh, don't ask me to gush, old boy! I can't see any reason why you want my friendship, but I want yours—well, because you're my balance wheel. You're an eternal proof that there's a whole lot of decency left in a world gone mad with the craving for new sensations, new follies, new pleasures."

It was not until they were seated at the table and Aunt Martha had served them with some of the mulligatawny soup of which she was so justly proud that Eric ventured to bring in Vivian Wellcome's name again. It was Larry who gave him the opportunity.

"How did you enjoy Mrs. Westbrook's tea?" he asked.

"I was bewildered, Larry. What curious people! Did you enjoy it?"

"Oh, that sort of thing is amusing once in a while. I like to hear the lovely ladies in imported gowns and five-thousand-dollar pearl necklaces spout the latest and most radical ideas. Consistency's a jewel and all that, don't you know. But I missed you before the teapot even began to simmer. What happened to you?"

"Vivian Wellcome had a headache and asked me to take her away. We went to some near-by café and sat and talked."

"Vivian's up to her old tricks, isn't she? I suppose you told her your life's history, Eric. I warned you."

Eric leaned forward, frowning.

"What did you mean when you said that Vivian Wellcome was dangerous?"

She Denounced Him and Everything He Stood For; Everything That in Her Poor Befuddled Brain She Thought—Through Him—That America Stood For

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BUYING JEWELRY

By J. R. SPRAGUE

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

A SOUTHERN city recently decided to do something about profiteering. It is a fast-growing community; new industries have brought people from every section of the country to make the town their home. It is human nature for people to be dissatisfied with any new environment, and the newcomers found a good deal of fault. They were particularly severe with the local storekeepers. Letters began to be written to the newspapers stating that prices were much lower back home where the writer came from; complaints were made that clerks in the local stores were discourteous. One letter suggested that the way to get even with the grafting merchants would be for people to send away to mail-order houses and buy all their goods.

In order to get everybody satisfied and to turn the knockers into boosters the chamber of commerce organized a square-deal committee. This committee was composed of five representative men of the community, who met twice a week to hear complaints. Newspapers and posters invited everyone with grievances to come before the tribunal and tell his troubles.

The work of this square-deal committee was so successful that the chamber of commerce wondered why it had not thought of the plan sooner. Five calm business men in session could nearly always convince an indignant person that twenty-five cents is really the price of a linen collar, and that collars had gone up to that figure back home where the person came from. The committee patiently laid figures before indignant citizens to prove that the local shoe stores were no higher priced than shoe stores everywhere else; it showed by actual statistics that ice-cream sodas had gone up to fifteen cents all over the country. And the mere fact that there was someone ready to hear complaints had a soothing effect on people generally.

Fred Repents His Bargain

ONE day a man appeared before the square-deal committee with a real grievance. He had bought a diamond ring at a local jewelry store, paying for the bauble eighty dollars. It was a single stone in a plain gold setting and was intended to be used as an engagement ring. The jeweler had engraved inside without extra charge the inscription: "Fred to Jessie. Love Eternal. Mizpah. 1919."

The jeweler making the sale did not have an imposing-looking establishment; it was located on a side street and contained suitcases, revolvers and accordions as well as jewelry. The proprietor did not speak very good English, but he was a strong talker when it came to selling goods. If he had owned a stylish store up in the high-rent district and been able to talk a little more correctly perhaps he would not have made such strong statements. His method of selling was to get excited, talk loud and fast, using both hands, and guarantee that his price was ten per cent lower than any other store in the city. In selling the diamond ring for eighty dollars he even went further than that. He stated that if the same stone could be bought in any other store for less than a hundred dollars he would eat it.

The man who purchased the diamond ring lived in a small town fifty miles from the city and his train did not go out until evening. Having all day with nothing to do he thought he would see how good a bargain he had really got. He picked out a handsome jewelry store in the main business section, which looked solid and dependable on account of its big street clock and mahogany showcases, and walked in to get his diamond valued.

"How much is it worth?" he said to the salesman, handing out the ring in its little plush box.

The salesman was not very cordial; he did not even take the ring out of its case to look at it. "You didn't buy it here, did you?" he asked.

"Why, no; I didn't buy it in this store," replied the owner; "I just brought it in to get you to tell me how much it is worth."

"Oh, I guess it is worth what you paid for it," said the salesman lightly, and turned away to wait on a customer who wanted to get an alarm clock fixed.

This information was not at all satisfactory; the diamond owner wanted definite figures, not generalities. He sought another store, which looked as though it might be an authority on diamonds on account of its imposing window display of rings and la vallières, again producing his purchase and asking a clerk how much it was worth.

His reception here was even less cordial than at the other establishment. "If you wanted to buy a diamond, why didn't you come here in the first place?" the clerk demanded accusingly. "If you want to know whether you got swindled or not go ask some pawnbroker how much he will loan you on it."

Thus advised the diamond owner hunted up a pawnshop, which displayed in its show windows great bargains in unredeemed shotguns, cameras, diamond rings and talking machines. The pawnbroker looked earnestly at the stone through his eyeglass and measured it with a pair of calipers.

"I'll let you have thirty dollars on it," he finally said.

The young man recovered his precious trinket and hurried out of the place. At another pawnshop he was offered a forty-dollar loan, but the pawnbroker assured him that he would lose money unless the young man redeemed it, and the interest would be ten per cent a month.

Round a corner on a quiet street the young man took his ring out of his pocket and looked at it distrustfully. The stone which had appeared so important and desirable when he had bought it seemed small almost to meanness. It had a rough edge; it looked to be a little yellow; he thought he could see a flaw under one of the prongs; even the inscription engraved inside the band seemed foolish. He surely had been swindled. Walking resolutely back to the store where the purchase had been made he thumped the jewel down on the showcase.

"Give me back my eighty dollars," he said aggressively. "You skinned me."

It was an unfortunate approach. The jeweler did not like to be told that he had skinned someone; and besides it would be awkward to give back the money because it had already been paid to an insistent creditor who was threatening to bring suit. He was one of those unhappy business men who go through life only a jump or two ahead of their creditors. His excited method of selling goods was nothing compared with the violent way he acted in refusing to give back money.

"What's the matter with you?" he shrilled. "I sell you a nice ring, which so help me is worth much more than you pay me for it, and in two hours you bring it back and say I skinned you. I guess you think I keep a store just to amuse customers instead of to make an honest living."

"It's a fine honest living you make," retorted the customer sarcastically, "when you sell me a ring for eighty dollars that other jewelry stores won't even look at, and a pawnbroker will only lend forty dollars on."

It would be idle to report verbatim the rest of the proceedings of the business conference. The customer used the word "crook" no less than twelve times, while the merchant's favorite terms were "cheap skate" and "welsher." At length the customer played his trump card.

An Expert Called In

"I SEE by the papers there is a square-deal committee in this town to look out for birds like you," he said, "and I am going to report this swindle right now."

Off he went to make his complaint, and the jeweler went back to his workbench snorting indignantly into the watch he was repairing.

It happened to be the day on which the square-deal committee met, and when the young man stated that he was leaving town on the evening train the committee agreed to take his case up at once. The secretary phoned to the jeweler, who grudgingly agreed to come. He was still of the same mind about refunding money, but decided it would look bad if he refused to appear before a committee of his fellow business men.

The committee found it a hard case to handle. Neither of the two contestants appeared to be able to give unbiased testimony. The jeweler contended loudly that he had given good value and ought not to be worried by a cheap guy who no sooner bought a fine piece of goods than he got cold feet and wanted his money back. The young man kept interrupting the jeweler's testimony with slurring remarks.

He admitted that he had been a fool to buy anything from such a crook, but he intended to have justice. At length the chairman of the committee spoke up.

"We aren't getting anywhere in this matter," he said. "I suggest that we send for someone who is in better position to act as referee than any of us here. Suppose I call in Arthur Bagley."

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GHOSTS GO WEST

By Lloyd Osbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY MARION KEEN WAGNER

THAT afternoon when I entered the vast dining room of the Hotel Watteau-Victoria the very last person in the world I expected to see was Emily Frear. But as I stood in the doorway I saw her instantly, and the strange thing was that amid all those people and across all those intervening tables she saw me, our eyes meeting in a sudden and disturbing recognition. Then a waiter pounced on me, and by one of those incredible coincidences that can only be ascribed to Fate led me in Emily's direction, though, as a matter of fact, there were a dozen nearer places where he might have put me. But instead, guided by angels or devils—I hardly knew which at the moment—he bustled me toward a table adjoining hers beside the window.

She was alone and I was alone and it was not in human nature—my human nature at least—to sit down within talking distance of a lady I had loved and lost and eat buttered toast and wipe my buttered fingers on a napkin as though there were no such things as aching hearts or bitter, smarting memories. Not to speak to her, I mean, and affect a disdainful silence. No, that was impossible; and to turn and go was equally impossible. It would only justify her two-years-ago rejection by showing myself a boor. Accordingly, after giving my order, I moved over to her table and remarked in a tone I tried to make pleasantly casual: "Why, how do you do? What an unexpected pleasure to find you here!"

She looked up at me with a brilliant smile and put out her hand, murmuring with an enigmatic air which dimpled the corners of her mouth that she was glad I could call it a pleasure. Then indicating the vacant place opposite, she added: "You can join me if you like."

I hesitated. "Doesn't it seem rather a poor place for a burned child?" I said.

"Oh, it won't hurt the child!" she protested. "Besides it would be doing me a favor. I feel conspicuous here alone, and I know it's worrying the head waiter. When you have been driving a flivver all over Europe and sleeping in shell holes one gets out of touch with New York susceptibilities. Do sit down and save my life."

"Well, if you put it like that," I remarked. "What I meant, of course, was that I did not want to intrude myself on you, or anything of that kind, you know. After two years you are quite entitled to regard me as air—if you want to."

"Oh, don't be silly, George!" she exclaimed. "Sit down and turn the light of your countenance on a war-weary little person who is most awfully glad to see you."

"I hope I am not any sillier than usual," I said, sitting down and indicating the change in my circumstances to the waiter. "But I will admit it is a whirling kind of thing to meet you after so long, and you must not blame me if I seem confused and ——"

"Oh, I am whirling too," she interrupted, "and nothing I say for the next ten minutes must be used against me."

We gazed at each other, our eyes and thoughts busy with unsaid questions, and it struck me that even in two years one's memory of a person can become strangely blurred, no matter how passionately one may have loved that person in the past. Of course, in a general way Emily was unchanged; was still the same dark, willowy, slender girl, with the same delicately aquiline profile and the same impulsive, kissable mouth. But what had become curiously blurred to me in our two years' separation was the vividness I now seemed to rediscover; an underlying intensity and fineness; an air too sweet, too gentle to be called aristocratic, and yet which was indefinably highbred.

"I am afraid to offer you a penny for your thoughts, George," she said at last. "Am I as much changed as all that?"

"Do you really care what I think about anything?" I asked. "You never used to, you know." Then ashamed of my rudeness, I went on quickly: "Don't be offended; it sounded more disagreeable than I intended. What was running through my head was that we are both the ghosts of what we once were; that the you of two years ago and the I of two years ago are entirely different people. We think we are the same, but in reality we are not. It is impossible to put ourselves back in the same exact relation."

She laughed, murmuring something about a world war having intervened.

"Nobody can be the same after that," she remarked. "How could they be? We are not only ghosts—you and I—but we are ghosts who have been blown through the roof."

"And now after two years are meeting in midair?" I said.

"And having tea on the way."

We both smiled. I helped myself to some of her strawberry jam and took one of the cold squares of toast.

"I will make it up to you when mine comes," I said. "That aviator will be bringing it in a minute."

"Thank goodness, he is not the kind that drops bombs on your head or those horrible little arrows! You wouldn't be in such a hurry then, would you?"

She shivered as she spoke.

"How hellish it all was, George!" she added.

I nodded, trying to realize the incredibility that Emily had been through such things. The perfection of her tweed tailor-made, the saucy tilt of her very smart hat, her whole indescribable air of elegance and fashion all checked any possible visualization.

"At any rate a woman was free to admit she was afraid," I said. "We poor devils had to pretend we didn't care, and laugh and joke when our teeth were ready to chatter. That bluff at intrepidity, with two hundred shaky young doughboys looking at you—the officer superman, you know—was one of the nightmares of the war. Though don't think I am belittling the women, Emily. Looking back on it, the only really fearless people I can remember were some of those lanky Englishwomen with protruding teeth and ridiculous breeches who always said, 'Captain, I think I'll chawnce it,' when you tried to hold them back."

Emily smiled as though she seemed to share the recollection. After a pause, she asked: "You saw a lot of it, I suppose?"

"Was among the first over. Had the misfortune to join up with the Two Hundred and Ninety-first."

"Why misfortune, George?"

I laughed. "I was joking," I said. "The Two Hundred and Ninety-first was regarded as a crack corps—it was the old Sixty-sixth Connecticut—and there were times when we wished we were less crack, though we were proud of it, too, you know. Staff officers would say, 'I guess we had better stiffen the line here with the Two Hundred and Ninety-first,' or tell us cheerfully that we had been picked for the post of honor. It is a dubious thing to attract this kind of staff attention, and we used to look at one another with a sickly grin when these compliments were handed to us."

"But you came back all safe, George," she said. "And I am awfully, awfully glad."

"Thanks, I'm glad too."

"You needn't be horrid about it."

"Oh, I meant it is rather late in the day to be concerned about me, isn't it?"

Emily leaned her cheek on her hand and looked at me so oddly and searchingly that I was uncomfortable. The lights in her golden brown eyes were like specks of gold and deliciously ambiguous.

"Ghosts should try to make themselves agreeable," she said. "At least my ghost would like your ghost lots better if it did."

I abased myself, assuring her that nothing was more precious to my ghost than her ghost's approval. Would she deign to accept my ghost's humble apologies?

The arrival of the waiter just then with my tea and toast and strawberry jam left her acceptance in some doubt. But I was vaguely comforted by her solicitude about my cream and sugar. Nothing is more warming to the cockles of a bachelor's heart than to be served by a pretty woman. Visions rise before him; charming fantasies; soft, transparent feminine hands permanently his in a dreamy paradise.

"I went soon after you did," said Emily, breaking the spell. "I was a *chauffeuse* in the New York Women's F. A. M. K., Number Seventeen."

I pleaded for elucidation. I was so stupid as never to have heard of the F. A. M. K.

"First Aid Motor Kitchens," she replied. "We were always as close up to the front as we dared—hot soup and all that, you know, for the wounded when they were first brought in."

Visualization again failed me. I am afraid I must have seemed dreadfully unresponsive, sitting there munching my toast. Emotion often makes a man appear bemused and stolid. I sat there like a clod, while inside a little voice kept repeating: "I went soon after you did! I went soon after you did!"

Was there any connection, or was I just a presumptuous damned fool? And the dangers she must have been through! I shuddered.

"Didn't you know I had gone?" she inquired in a wounded tone.

I had to admit I had not.

"Nor cared specially?" she continued cruelly. "If I had loved a person very much and then had hated her—I think I should have still retained some interest in her movements. But then I am a woman. I can't wipe people off the slate in that splendid manly way."

"You are awfully unjust," I protested. "How was I to know you had gone? Besides ——"

"Besides what?"

"I thought ——"

I stopped, fearing to put it into words. Then I nerved myself to blurt it out in a sort of rush—in one of those sentences that sound unreal to your own ears: "I don't even know that you aren't Mrs. Vincent Hall."

Tableau! I guiltily regarding my plate; Emily, with heightened color and dilating eyes, regarding me.

"There Is No 'Couldn't' About It When Two People Love Each Other," I Said

"I am certainly flattered by the extraordinary interest you took in me," she exclaimed somewhat breathlessly. "I never set up to have a broken heart or a life forever ruined—as you did. Yet I did keep tab on the Two Hundred and Ninety-first, just to know whether you were alive or dead. Even a person who has been a fearful bother to you makes a sort of dent in one's brain—my brain, I mean. I should always be interested in the chauffeur who once ran over me, you know."

"It's a woman's privilege to be unreasonable, of course," I said. "My ghost concedes it to you like the little gentleman he is. But how was I to know anything, stuck over there practically without letters or papers. We were a fighting unit and it is no bragging to say we fit! You have wrung it from my modest breast—we fit and we fit, and the army post office never really caught up with us. What letters I did get never mentioned you—perhaps intentionally for all I know. I had not the faintest idea where you were or what you were doing till I dropped in on you here."

"That would sound better if you hadn't been back seven weeks," she retorted, amiably incredulous. "Not only did your battalion come back, but there was that picture of you in the paper. A lot of past history can be brought up to date in seven weeks, ghostie dear."

"Ghostie dear went down with the flu, Emily."

"Flu?"

"Why, I had hardly stepped off the gangplank before it got me! I nearly died of it. Don't you see how shaky I am? I was only let out yesterday with an awful warning to keep in the open air and do nothing but loaf. That is why I came in here for tea—because I suddenly felt so wabbly on the street. I am so weak and nervous that for two cents I could burst into loud wails at being so misjudged. For heaven's sake, please talk of something pleasant instead!"

"Something pleasant," she repeated with a rueful little air. "There is nothing pleasant left in the world—except real butter and white bread and—sheets."

"And you," I put in.

The golden brown eyes opened very wide. "Do I count as an attraction? I can hardly believe it when for seven weeks ——"

"Are you still harping on that?"

"Well, I certainly don't wish you to burst into those loud wails; but of course I am hurt—never to have asked or found out in all that time. I'll admit I had a craving to be remembered just a tiny bit."

"Yes," I said vaguely.

The dullness of my tone roused a flash of resentment. I had not meant it to sound chilling, but it did. Emily glanced at her gloves, lying on her reticule, and the continuance of our tête-à-tête seemed to hang by a hair.

"The trouble is you wouldn't believe the truth if I told it to you," I burst out hurriedly. "Things that actuate people tremendously are sometimes almost impossible to put into words. How can I explain to you in any kind of way that you would believe that I—I simply didn't dare to ask? That instead of indifference it was agonizingly the other way?

"I have been grinding with that suppressed question—that question I dared not ask—grinding with it for seven weeks in every conscious moment. I am grinding with it now, if you want to know."

"About me?"

My assent was almost inaudible.

"And Vincent?" Her voice, too, sank a little.

"That's what I meant," I said.

She looked out on Fifth Avenue as though in no haste to answer—a little poignantly, I thought, and with a droop of her shoulders that seemed to promise the very answer I had been dreading. It came over me afresh I had never seen her so exquisite; thought with a sort of despair how I had used to hold her in my arms and feel her panting breath against my cheek. Vin could never undo that, whether he were her husband or not—nor could she either. Yet what good was it to me if the memory of it rent me to pieces? There is surely no torment like the recollection of past delights.

"Would you really be sorry to hear I was married, George?" she asked, turning to me again.

"Oh, I don't know!" I exclaimed, goaded to sudden anger by the teasing playfulness of her tone and her more than evident willingness to leave me on tenterhooks. That she could thus make sport of my suffering struck me as abominably heartless.

"And they talk about the *femme incomprise*," she murmured with a little laugh. "Compared to the complicated male we are as simple as simple can be—just little jellyfishes of affection, longing to attach ourselves to the right rock."

It was impossible not to smile at the comparison. Angry as I was, I still retained a sense of humor, and it was touched sardonically by Emily's description of herself.

"Glistening little anemones of love," I remarked, expanding the idea with subdued mockery. "Beautiful, gleaming, glowing things in crystal pools, keeping the honest old rocks in a perpetual twitter."

"Well, we don't want to get stuck to the wrong rock," Emily went on. "That's what makes it such an anxious thing to be a jellyfish—I mean anemone; it sounds nicer—and some of the rocks are so quarrelsome and jealous and faultfinding that what can an anemone do sometimes but let the waves wash her to a new pool?"

"To Vin Hall's, for instance."

"You are just as horrid as ever," she said with a dangerous sweetness. "I was wondering all this time how we could have foozled things so, but now you are making me understand."

Compunction swelled within me. If this was to be our last talk together I did not want it to sink to such depths as these.

"I am sorry, Emily," I said. "It's frightful to think I may be talking to Vin's wife, and I hardly know what I am saying. For God's sake, put me out of my misery!"

"It would be easier if you didn't hate him so much."

"Who? Vin? Of course I hate him."

"And me, too, you mean, *mon cher petit homme!*"

"Oh, no!" I protested. "Exasperation if you like, but not hate. I am not one of those savage egoists who want to harm a woman for throwing them over or being unfaithful to them. With me it is the disillusionment—the sickening disillusionment—of finding an unworthy soul in such a lovely and adorable envelope. I am saying it badly, of course; it is hard to put such things into words; it is more the sense of an immense depression, of an ——"

"Is it really such a nice envelope as all that?" Emily interrupted with a glance of such undisguised pleasure that my exasperation leaped up afresh. She was mocking me, of course. The corners of her mouth—the honey corners I used to call them in the old days when they were mine to kiss—were trying to hold back a smile.

"And you can laugh!" I exclaimed bitterly. "Laugh over those poor dead ashes that even if they are extinct ought to retain some sacredness! I at least have some reverence for the love we used to have for each other. They are terribly precious ashes to me, Emily."

She gazed at me in chastened tenderness, struggling ineffectually not to smile. I smiled, too, in an embarrassed kind of way, catching in spite of myself the contagion of her merriment. Emily could always do what she liked with me; she had not wholly lost her power even now.

"Don't you realize we were both impossibly young and impossibly silly?" she remarked. "Isn't that a sufficient explanation of the mess we made of it all, without calling each other names? Please don't poke your toe in those poor old ashes and tell me so crossly it was all my fault. Why not remember only the sweetness of it—and try to forget the other? I am ready to forget if you are, George, dear."

But I would not accept this olive branch, suddenly suspecting as I did that it might precede the announcement of her marriage to Vin Hall. I don't know how I got that conviction into my head. Perhaps it was only my jaundiced fancy, but once there it spoiled everything. No olive branch should rob me of my right to feel abused. My rejoinder was as brutal as I could make it.

"You know very well what parted us," I said. "It was your heartlessness and disloyalty; it was your incorrigible vanity and love of admiration; it was your preference for a man who could offer you a splendid establishment and the entrée to Fifth Avenue and Newport. You simply went to the highest bidder—that's all."

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"West Somewhere! Mountains, Plains, Deserts; Spaciousness, Loneliness and Forests and Lakes and Snowy Peaks, With You and Me Gypsying Under the Stars"

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXII

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THE reappointment of a diplomatic representative to a post previously occupied by him, in the same capacity and with the same rank, was an occurrence sufficiently unusual to require some explanation. As a matter of fact there had been in our diplomatic history but one or two cases of the kind; for example, the reappointment of Baron—later Count—Brunnow, after the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, to the post of Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, which he had occupied before the outbreak of the Crimean War, his promotion to the rank of ambassador having taken place only much later. In my case it was not, as in his, a question of choosing the fittest person for renewing friendly relations after a war, but evidently a vague hope that my previous relations with the Japanese Government and my familiarity with political conditions in Japan, acquired during former prolonged sojourns in the country, might be of valuable assistance to me in endeavoring to prevent a threatened rupture, to the avoidance of which both Witte and Count Lamsdorf attached the greatest importance.

They were probably both fortified in this expectation by the knowledge of my previous attitude in regard to Far Eastern affairs, when on the eve of my departure for my first mission to Japan I had not hesitated to oppose in an elaborate memorandum the forward policy which was then in high favor at court. They may have conceived some misgivings as to my fitness for the task they expected me to accomplish when they found that in a new memorandum, which I had presented after my reappointment to Japan had become a fact, I had expressed views unwelcome to them, namely: That I held the scheme of the "pacific conquest" of Manchuria, through "pacific penetration" by means of railroads, banks, and so on, to be impracticable; that therefore the huge expenditure of treasure incurred in the pursuit of such a scheme did not seem to me to have been justifiable; but that now we were bound in duty to defend to the best of our ability the vast interests acquired and created by us in Manchuria at such onerous cost to the state.

Theater Street, Yokohama, Where the Mooie Houses are Located

Count Lamsdorf never mentioned the subject to me, but he began showing me a marked coldness, to which, I must say, I did not pay any attention, knowing the peculiarities of his character. He, however, caused to be communicated to me a copy of a memorandum which Witte had had drawn up controverting my arguments, as was but natural under the circumstances. It was only a year later, upon my return to Russia after the outbreak of the war, that I learned that serious endeavors had been unsuccessfully put forward to cause the Emperor to revoke my appointment to Japan and that I had unwittingly incurred the bitter enmity of both these statesmen, a circumstance of which the Japanese were well aware and which did not facilitate the conduct of the negotiations with which I was subsequently intrusted.

Another and a most important circumstance was kept from my knowledge before I started for my mission, though it concerned very closely the question of our relations with Japan. It appears that a new and erratic celestial body in the shape of a minor comet—if I be permitted to use such a simile—had suddenly made its appearance on the horizon and was preparing to invade the planetary system of the legitimate bureaucracy revolving round the throne, obviously threatening to cause most serious perturbations affecting the regular orbits of the major planets. When I was still in St. Petersburg this comet, then a mere nucleus, was not yet visible to the naked eye, and not being on intimate terms with the leading astronomers having charge of the empire's observatory, I was not aware of its near approach to our solar system and was to learn of its presence only on arrival in Tokio, when the new comet's tail had already spread over a wide expanse of the celestial vault, its end resting on the Yalu River dividing Manchuria from Korea.

This mysterious newcomer was none other than that Mr. Bezobrazoff who has become notorious all over the world as one of those who are supposed to have been guilty of having brought on the war with Japan. He has been accused of having been the leader of a gang of greedy adventurers eager to exploit a gigantic timber concession on the Korean bank of the Yalu River, regardless of the danger of an armed collision with Japan, which their doings were bound to provoke. It was rumored that this enterprise was looked upon with great favor in high places and that many influential personages, including some members of the reigning dynasty, had large pecuniary interests in the timber concession and in the hoped-for colossal returns of its successful exploitation. As all these vague rumors have been zealously spread by revolutionists and malcontents of every description and utilized as a handy weapon in the warfare waged against the monarchy which ultimately led to the destruction of the empire and the ruin of the nation, I feel impelled to throw such light as my personal knowledge will permit on this somewhat obscure affair, the importance of which has palpably been grossly exaggerated for purposes of propaganda.

To begin with, I am in a position to affirm positively that the question of the Yalu timber concession was never raised or even alluded to in the course of the negotiations preceding the outbreak of the war, as was but natural, considering that these negotiations were dealing with momentous questions of political supremacy, which if solved to mutual satisfaction or decided by force of arms would *eo ipso* have settled all such matters of comparative insignificance. Therefore the accusation of having been directly instrumental in bringing about the rupture with Japan, which has frequently been brought against the originator and promoters of the Yalu timber concession enterprise, necessarily falls to the ground. What is said here, however, is not by any means meant to palliate the dangerous and therefore under then existing circumstances really nefarious character of that enterprise—a subject to which I shall have to revert further on.

As far as the originator of the far-reaching plans in connection with the timber concession, Mr. Bezobrazoff, is concerned, I cannot speak from personal knowledge of his personality, his character or his political aims, as I never met him either before or after his brief spell of apparently omnipotent influence, all manifestations of which relate to the time between my departure from St. Petersburg and my return from Japan after the outbreak of the war. As far as my knowledge goes, no breath of scandal has ever touched the perfect honorability of his character or his reputation for personal integrity. He seems to have been one of those idealistic dreamers of political dreams who can hardly be blamed for entertaining seductive though impracticable visions of their country's exaltation and aggrandizement.

It appears—if such rumors as reached my ears on my return to Russia were to be believed—that he had submitted to the Emperor a grandiose plan of the acquisition for Russia in the Far East of an empire similar to Great Britain's Indian Empire, by a similar process of gradual expansion, begun and effected by an organization framed on the lines of the defunct East India Company, and the timber concession on the Yalu, obtained several years before that from the Korean Government by a merchant of Vladivostok, was to have served, so to speak, as an entering wedge.

The Emperor, seduced perhaps by the patriotic fervor with which Bezobrazoff may have developed his arguments in favor of a policy that seemed to promise a vast expansion of territory and a great accretion to the empire's power, which would redound to the glory of his reign, was said to have taken up the tempter's idea with alacrity and to have given his plans every possible support, against the advice of all the leading ministers of state, with the sole exception of the Minister of the Interior, Plehve—a bitter enemy of Witte—who may have looked upon possible complications in the Far East as a useful diversion of public attention from the growing discontent and revolutionary unrest at home. Of course

the realization of Bezobrazoff's scheme could not be undertaken without the command of very considerable funds. To obtain such funds from the state treasury was not to be thought of, because Witte, as Minister of Finance, would never have consented to it, though he may under pressure from above have occasionally placed at Bezobrazoff's disposal comparatively insignificant sums.

The main financial support had therefore to be sought from other sources: voluntary contributions from the private means of august personages—and it was rumored that there had been one or two such cases—and principally, of course, distribution of shares of the projected enterprise among wealthy society people belonging to the court circle or others ambitious of improving their standing in the eyes of the court by becoming shareholders in an enterprise looked upon with favor by the Sovereign. But it seems to me hardly credible that any one of these possessors of superfluous wealth who had placed part of it in shares of Bezobrazoff's enterprise, which presented all the characteristics of a political adventure rather than of a sound financial speculation, could have counted upon any, let alone colossal, returns from investments in such an obviously wildcat scheme. My belief is that these people were acting either under the influence of some patriotic delusion or from motives of snobbish subserviency to a fad which they knew to be in momentary favor in high quarters. But they could hardly be said to have deserved the obloquy heaped on them as reckless speculators willing to sacrifice their country's interests and welfare to their sordid greed. It is, however, quite within the bounds of possibility, and in fact likely enough, that they should have become themselves objects of exploitation by such shady or merely needy characters as are apt to turn up wherever doubtful politico-financial schemes seem to offer fair chances for easy money to be made.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Tame Pigeons in the Temple

The meteoric appearance in our bureaucratic heaven of an erratic luminary, whose career was as short-lived as it was dazzlingly brilliant, produced nevertheless a most disastrous effect by deflecting the orbit of the leading planet of our solar system from its sphere of power and usefulness into a formally higher region of honorific impotence, thereby depriving the nation at a critical moment in the country's history of the services of the only statesman whose firm grasp of the rudder could have steered the ship of state through the breakers, though they were partly of his own creation, into the safe haven of peace. But this is a subject to be touched upon later in connection with the development of events after my arrival in Japan.

Our departure from Europe unavoidably suffered some delay from the necessity partly of preparing for an unexpected new change of residence, partly of combining my plans with those of Mr. Iswolsky, who was under orders not to leave Japan before my arrival. At last, in the beginning of March, we were able to start, and after a delightful passage through the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean we reached our destination on April 12, 1903. Steaming up the Bay of Kobe we found the whole Japanese fleet at anchor in the roadstead. Captain Roussin, our naval agent and an old friend of mine, who had come to meet us, explained that the Japanese fleet had been gathered there for the purpose of being reviewed by the Emperor, who was temporarily in residence at Kioto, the ancient capital of Japan, at about an hour's distance by rail from Kobe. He also brought me a letter from Mr. Iswolsky informing me that it had been arranged that we were both to have our audiences with the Emperor at Kioto, for the presentation of our letters, his of recall and mine of credence, and that he was awaiting my arrival at Tokio for the transfer to me of the legation, his family having already left for Kioto.

I thereupon made up my mind to proceed alone to Yokohama and Tokio and to send my family to Kioto, there to await my return. Having seen them off to the station I went with Captain Roussin to pay a visit to the captain of the Askold, one of our fastest cruisers, sent by Admiral Alexieff from Port Arthur to be present at the imperial review. After luncheon the captain took us on shore in his steam cutter and on the way he offered to give me a chance to have a good look at the Japanese fleet, which presented indeed a very imposing sight. While we were creeping along up and down the lines of the fleet at a modest gait of some five or six knots an hour I was much struck by the smart appearance and extraordinary speed of the double-funneled Japanese steam cutters which were flitting to and fro between the ships and the shore. It occurred to me to ask the captain of the Askold what he thought of the Japanese fleet.

He replied that the material part of the Japanese Navy seemed to be excellent indeed, but that he had his doubts as to the personnel's coming up to the mark as regards the handling of their ships. This was the same captain who, little more than a year later, at the time of the ill-fated sortie of our fleet from Port Arthur, was compelled—evidently on account of the not unskillful handling of the Japanese fleet—to seek shelter in a neutral port. It seems to me that undervaluation of the enemy's forces and efficiency, so common at the time among naval as well as military authorities, had not a little to do with, and in fact was one of the main causes of our defeat in the war, just as our supercilious assurance that tiny Japan would never dare to attack the Russian colossus helped to bring it on.

Captain Roussin, however, one of the ablest officers of our navy and a man of great intelligence and sound judgment, who had listened in silence, with a sarcastic smile playing on his lips, to my conversation with the captain of the Askold, did not by any means share the latter's superficial views. What he told me of the organization of the Japanese Navy, the condition of its fighting units and the thorough efficiency of its personnel, together with some unspoken but in his mind palpably entertained misgivings as to the conditions prevailing in our own fleet, gave me food for most serious and very painful reflections in regard

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PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

A Temple in Yokohama

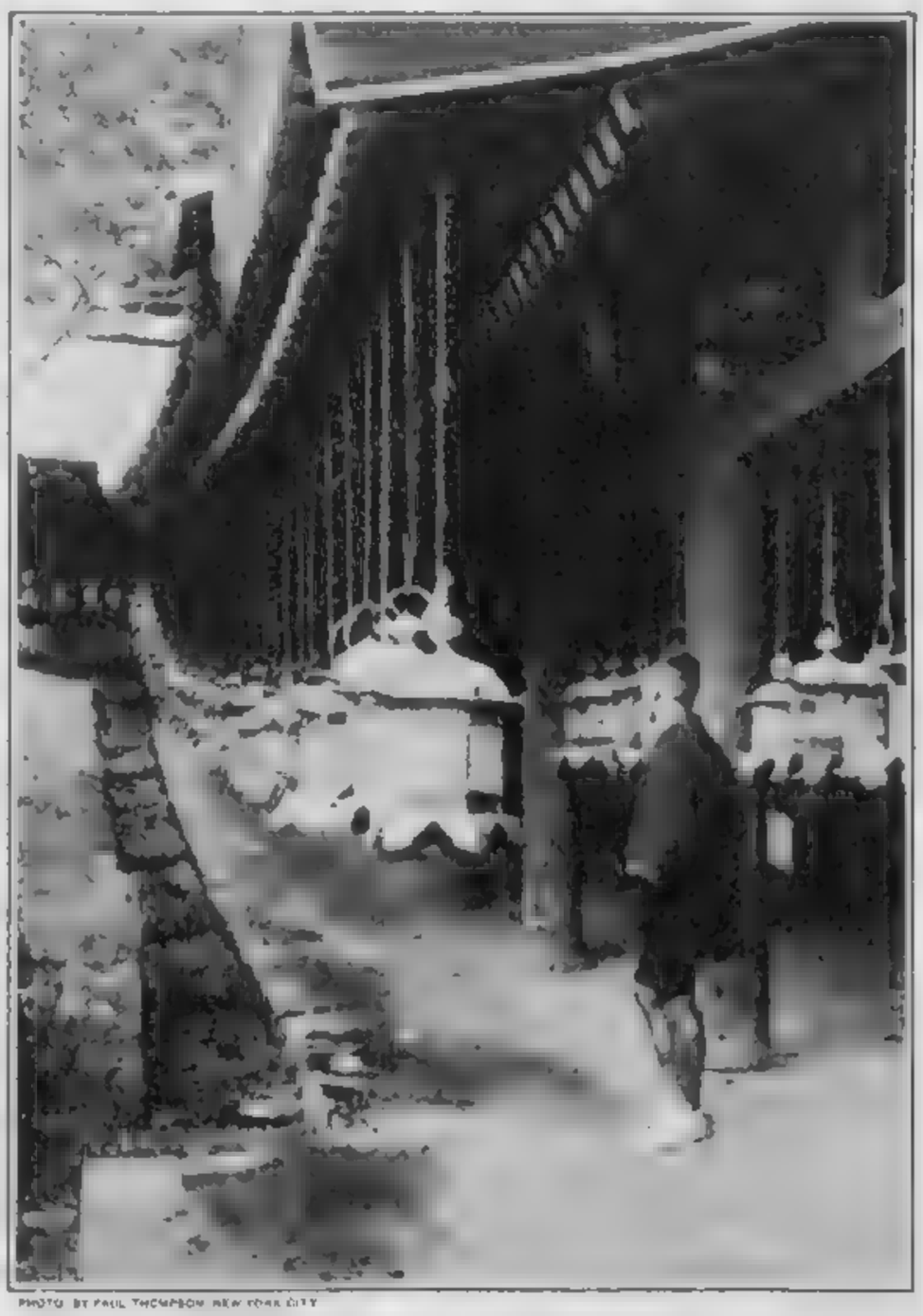

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Hanging Lanterns in a Tokio Temple

MAD HACK HENDERSON

All Day This Column Plodded Forward Slowly—Not More Than Two and One-Half Miles an Hour, But Forward

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

HIST there! Hist! S-s-s-s-t!" This stream of sibilant warning came unheralded out of the darkness of a desert landscape. "Don't you hist at me, durn you!" protested a voice that affected to scorn precaution and yet was sufficiently muffled that it expressed hot sarcasm without at the same time carrying more than the half dozen paces which separated the second speaker from the first.

The minatory whisperings ceased. For a moment silence—tense, tingling silence—reigned in the swimming dusk of the night. Then a boot heel crunched in gravel, a twig snapped underfoot and the sounds of laborious human breathing were wafted up the side of a barren knoll, proclaiming to the alert watcher upon its top that someone scrambled stealthily up to him. Yet the sentry peered not back in the direction of those stealthy creeping sounds, but forward—southward at a faint, floating, paler patch in the gloom and beyond to where the sable shadows that were Mexico piled themselves higher.

"See anything?" panted a voice from close behind after the lapse of an interval.

"You reckon I got cat eyes?," grouched the sentry.

"Hear anything, Dave?"

"You better b'lieve I heard something, Hack!"

A radiant, whimsical moon chose this moment to wheel out from behind a patch of cloud and flood all the scene with a soft silvery illumination that picked out high spots and threw low ones into contrasting obscurities that were more impenetrable than before. Among other features of the land, effulgent Luna revealed this hillock and upon the top of it two United States cavalrymen armed with saber, rifle and pistol, and with campaign hats upon their heads. Seasoned scouts as they were, expert in the tricks and the treacheries of desert night as of the desert day in this inhospitable area, they were lured into staring curiously upon the pale beauty of the scene, even though realizing that their presence in this exposed spot had suddenly become conspicuous. The air whined above them sharply.

"Umpah!" murmured Hack, and slid downward behind the crest with a suddenness that loosed small avalanches of rolling gravel.

"Wha'd' I tell you?" demanded Dave, duplicating the maneuver.

The crack of a rifle echoed lazily out of the south.

"Bullet got here first," commented Hack. "Must 'a' been a good piece off—half a mile perhaps. Where's 'e, you think? 'Bout on Sentinel Rock, huh?"

"And picked us out here on the knob. Good eyesight, but rotten shootin' as usual."

"It was the flash of the moonlight on our rifle barrels. Durned if this don't get my goatee, bein' sniped at by them spiggoties all the time, and ain't allowed to snipe back. How long is it since one of 'em killed old Snakes right out from under me, the best darn *caballo* a man ever threw a leg over?"

"Yeh," agreed Trooper David Galloway, "and that's what makes patrol work on this sector class as an extra-hazardous occupation. But—snipe back? Why, Hack, I'm surprised at you! That's the sovereign domain of our sister republic, Mexico, over there, with whom and which we are at peace. Ain't you had that mentioned to you a number of times?"

"I ain't a-proposin' to snipe back," argued Hack. "I'm just going over there to Sentinel Rock and gather that bird. I been wanting to get me a Villista for quite some little time anyhow, and now's the chance."

"You'll get you a stretch in Leavenworth's about what you'll get you. Know what they're handing the boys that sets off on one of these little private wars?"

"Any change'd be a relief," affirmed Hack recklessly. "I'm fed up to the back teeth on this patrol stuff and due for a little excitement, Dave, and I'm goin' to crawl out yonder and get it."

"And what does the captain say, Hack?" reminded Dave in tones of gentle chiding. "'Patience, men, patience—and self-control'?"

"Self-control? Sure! I'm not going to kill him. I'm going to bring him in."

"Then you've got to have a whole armful of affidavits to prove that he was sniping. 'This here old Hack Henderson from E Troop,' the court's going to say. 'What's his reputation for truth and veracity?' And they're going to find out that for truth his reputation isn't hardly up to middling, and as for veracity, some says he will and some says he won't, so six months in the guard and two-thirds of your pay took away—that's about where you're going to get off. And it might be Leavenworth. Everybody's so darn touchy about this border thing."

"That good old squarehead, Jorgenson, won't be along here for two hours yet," opined the undeterred Hack, glancing at his wrist but referring to his sergeant. "We can mop off the top of Sentinel Rock and be back here in three-quarters of an hour if you don't mind a little wading. The river's lower'n I ever saw it."

"But suppose there's six men up there instead of one?"

"Villistas? Carranzistas? Make it a whole dozen of 'em, all one kind or half and half, and us two can bring 'em in. I can take care of eleven and a half, Dave, and you're good for half a spig any time you're feelin' fit—you know that, buddy."

"You big blowhard! If it wasn't just to take care of you and bring you back safe and help you lie out of the mess I wouldn't go along at all," professed indignant Trooper Galloway. "Besides, they'll turn him loose with apologies."

"That'll be up to them," declared Hack. "I'll turn him in with his rifle hot in his hand—the man that tried to murder a United States cavalryman on United States soil."

"Yeh!" grunted Dave.

The two men descended the hillock in silence, made sure that their horses were safely tethered, left their sabers upon their saddles—for the saber is a mounted man's weapon if it is anybody's, which begins to be a question—and, rifles in hand, sneaked southward into darkness and uncertainty, crouching low in the mesquite and flitting across sand bars or wading shallow currents only at spots where friendly shadows of towering bush or upturned formations made concealment sure.

Sentinel Rock stuck up like a thumb one hundred feet above the surrounding wash on the southern lip of the Rio Grande. It was a favorite spot for the lookouts of smugglers or horse thieves, and such a lookout—when he felt himself safe from discovery or attack—could seldom resist a cowardly shot at the cavalry patrols whose lonely figures were often visible from it. Access to the summit was by a single rocky path, and this path the two troopers gained and negotiated in absolute silence. At its end they surprised a fat Mexican engaged in fighting off the chill and boredom of the night by squatting over a tiny fire so screened by stones that not a hint of its existence could go out to the watchers across the border.

"Hands up, *muchacho!*" announced Hack.

"*Los gringos!*" exclaimed the astonished man, and leaped toward his gun, but Dave beat him to the weapon.

"You shot at me, you damn spig!" accused Hack.

"No sabe!" expostulated the fellow with a lip that pouted sullenly beneath a ragged, drooping mustache.

"You sabe this, all right!" suggested Hack, and sank the muzzle of his rifle an uncomfortable inch into the soft girth of the man. At the same time he motioned that the uplifted hands should be raised higher. They were.

Dave skillfully removed a bandoleer of cartridges that diagonaled the prisoner's chest and souvenired also a nasty-looking knife the handle of which protruded from a sheath worn inside the fellow's breeches.

"I reckon this guy figured he was some bad *hombre*," reflected Hack, and motioned the man down the trail. He went, muttering.

All had been so easy that at the bottom of the descent Hack's chest expanded and his egotism preened a feather.

"It's just as soft as that," he gloated, recalling David Galloway's doubts. "It ain't more than twenty minutes till we'll be back to the post."

"Wait till we're back before you hold any victory parade," twitted Dave. "I don't figure this spig would be out here all alone. They're gregarious devils—if you get me."

There was no time to discern whether Hack apprehended his fellow trooper's recourse to the vocabulary of the higher learning, for suddenly there came to each a feeling as of other persons round them in the darkness which massed at the screened foot of the rock. Instinctively the two men halted and commanded their prisoner to do likewise.

"You'll never be back on post," said a voice out of the night, speaking excellent English with a Chihuahua accent.

"What the ——" began Hack, and did not finish. A circle of dark forms surrounded them. Hack fired from the hip and somebody groaned. Dave fired also and strategically stepped behind his prisoner. Other rifles made remark and the prisoner sank suddenly down with a cry of grieved reproach. There was a struggle in the shadows, with bodies hurling themselves by squads upon the two troopers.

"Look out, Dave," warned Hack, "they'll be knifin' us!"

Dave's only answer was a gurgling sound, for one man sat upon his legs, a hard knee was on his belt buckle and talonlike fingers compressed his throat.

"A centipede's got me!" grunted Hack a few seconds later, fighting hard against numberless legs and arms grappling him or pummeling or kicking. "Wonder they don't knife us and be done!"

Dawn crept in softly over a range of black and yellow hills and disclosed the dying embers of a camp fire beside a rock in the bottom of a dry gulch—dry except that in the slight excavation at the back of the rock there was moisture in the gravel and at its very bottom water gathered slowly, a cupful at a time. A score of hobbled horses nosed about, sucking at oozing spots in the creek bottom or browsing off the tenderer ends of bushes. About the smoldering fire were as many sleeping men, mostly barefoot, all ragged, a shirt and pants their uniform, with here and there a frayed khaki coat with old brass buttons on it. All lay pillowed on their saddles, with sombreros protecting their faces. Two sentries leaned upon their rifles, smoking cigarettes meditatively and glancing occasionally at their prisoners.

Hack lay on his side, hands bound behind him, feet also lashed at the ankles, face pitted by the gravel in which his cheek had been pillowed, his red hair matted in dried red stains upon his brow and temples. He wakened slowly, confusedly, as one who is bewildered at finding himself alive, and flexed his stiffened muscles as his bonds permitted. His body was full of shooting agonies. There was a contusion on the side of his face where the butt of a gun had kissed him. By a movement that probably only a bow-legged cavalryman could have accomplished Hack achieved a sitting posture. With woebegone countenance turned first this way and that, he took in, detail by detail, the slumbering group, the hobbled horses, the unfamiliar surroundings and the naked ugliness of rocky hills and sand-strewn plain that not even the purple hues of early dawn could soften into beauty. As memory rushed full tide upon him an expression of chagrin added itself to the record already written upon Hack's grotesquely distorted countenance—chagrin and deep humility. But when he noted the sentries watching him with black malevolence in their glances his spirit flamed and his blue eyes glowed at them angrily. Then he smiled disdainfully—at them, at himself and at his plight—and swayed over where Dave, bent like a boomerang, snored on regardless.

"He's beat up some, but his musical organ ain't destroyed," Hack comforted himself. By a two-heeled poke of his lashed legs he managed to kick Dave into wakefulness. The second trooper roused with a sarcastic sneer.

"Yeh!" he recalled, gulping and licking his parched lips into that degree of pliability necessary for conversation. "Yeh! You was the bird that was going to gather that spig and be back on post in three-quarters of an hour!"

"I'll take him back yet," persisted Hack stubbornly. "Which one is he, you reckon?"

"Yeh, you will not" grouched Dave. "For one thing, he isn't here, having been kind of spoiled for prisoner purposes by some of his own friends while I was necessarily using him for a breastwork."

"Then I'll get one in his place," boasted Hack. "I'm not going back there empty-handed, you can betcher life!"

"Shut up, you big bull tosser!" snapped Dave impatiently. "Far as I read the morning communiqué, you're not going back at all. Look at this movie actor bearing down upon us."

Dave's speech had reference to a young man from among the group who slumbered round the fire. At the first sound of conversation from the prisoners he had roused and gazed across at them intently. Now he got to his feet and poised a sombrero bearing much gold cord ostentatiously upon his head. Hack got an eyeful of this personage with a single glance. "Head pirate!" he muttered to Dave. "Classy-looking spig at that!"

The young man's features were regular, attractively oval, and within a day or two had been smooth shaven except for the upper lip. His complexion was swart yellow. His costume was not a uniform, but the short velvet jacket and embroidered trousers of the Mexican gallant, with a wide red sash about his middle, in the knot of which a sheathed knife was thrust, while the holster of an automatic pistol appeared upon his hip as he advanced to a position between the two sentries and stood twirling his mustaches in a pose of picturesque nonchalance.

"*Buenos días*, general!" ventured Hack.

"You are polite," replied the general and produced the makings of a cigarette.

Hack grinned through cracked and bleeding lips as frankly confessing that his was a situation where politeness was indicated, as the doctors say. "What's the idea, not knifing us?"

"We hold you for the ransom," replied the debonair bandit, the light of cunning and cupidity mingling in his eye.

"The ransom?" murmured Hack, a look of surprise speedily giving way to one of amusement. "For the ransom!" And he laughed outright. "Ha, ha—Dave!" And he managed that double-heeled poke at Dave again. "Laugh! Laugh your durn head off! They're holding us for the ransom."

"You find it funny," observed the general, and blew a ring of smoke into the soft morning air, just a shade of resentfulness in his manner.

"You been reading about them two young aviators," explained Hack indulgently. "But you got the wrong kind, general. Take us back and swap us for a boot-looey at the least if you want to get a ransom." The idea was so preposterous that Trooper Henderson went off in laughter again. "What's the quotations on buck privates?" he resumed as if arguing with himself. "Nothing! No quotations! They ain't listed on the board at all. Uncle Sam gets 'em for nothing but wages—and darned little of that.

(Continued on Page 119)

"These Man I Know Ver' Well! Juan. These Man One Ver' Bad Hombre! He Steal My Father Goat"

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

"You Were Beastly Rude," Charity Retorted. "Any Yankee Who Comes to This Village Shall Have Butter if I Can Get It for Him; and What More Can I Say Than That?"

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

x

THE duchess glanced at Dorothy Lingard as the door opened, and the latter nodded reassurance and moved a step forward.

"I wasn't quite sure it was you, sergeant," Dorothy said with a winning smile.

She pointed her comment with an approving glance at his London clothes, and was appeased by his shy acceptance of her gracious reception. His murmured answer and his sidelong drop into the chair to which she waved appeared to her to be embarrassed perception of her new cordiality, but the duchess saw that their guest had been profoundly moved and was hardly conscious of his surroundings. She realized that Dorothy's greeting, correct to a delicate shade, had been wasted. She watched this young man with effortless intentness and nodded sympathetically at his random answers to her apparently casual questions.

When tea came she poured, while Tim Parfitt handed it about with the perfect manner of the trained professional. When he had finished he seated himself by the side of the duchess and almost grinned as he saw Dorothy's brows jump up in involuntary protest. She turned the edge of a shoulder to him and asked Roger if the banqueting hall was all that he had expected. He nodded, hardly seeming to hear, and this tribute of awed silence soothed her irritation. She encouraged with another smile and said that she would have liked to play cicerone herself.

"Sergeant Hill," Tim Parfitt broke in, "is the best listener ever I had, and many's the parties I've shown over the house in the old days. The Crécy banneret is gone, I see, Miss Lingard, all but a bit of rag along the staff, and the Agincourt banner is rotting fast."

"It was man to man in those days," the duchess said, looking at Dorothy; "and you Lingards always did your share."

Dorothy sat up straight. "Tim," she cried, "this room was open on show days too. Tell us about it."

Tim grinned with pleasure and rose as easily as if his leg was flesh. "This library," he said, sweeping his arms about, "is remarkable rather for its perfect symmetry than for its dimensions. Its frieze is by an unknown artist of the Stuart period, but the animated figures in low relief will bear close examination. The chimney piece of carved wood is undoubtedly from the hand of Grinling Gibbons himself. The clusters of grapes cut from pearwood are a perfect example of that artist at his best. The leather hangings ——"

Tim stopped short. The hangings had been removed.

"Just pretend they are here," the duchess said, smiling. But Tim could not remember now, and he sat down a little crestfallen.

Dorothy took up the running. "No Lingard," she cried, "ever looked at a book when he could be outdoors; nor read when he could ride. There is one precious lot of volumes in tooled morocco in a glass case, left by some degenerate ancestor; and all the rest are about horses and dogs and hounds and sport. There's Jorrocks, and Whyte-Melville, and Hawley Smart, and that lot over there stretching yards is Nat Gould of course."

"Bravo, Dorothy!" the duchess said, but Roger was in no mood for irreverence, even from the so friendly Dorothy. He had by degrees come to himself, and he now plunged into the practical in order that he might firmly establish himself as volunteer clerk of the estate.

"I went over to the timber camp this morning, Miss Lingard," he said. "I've arranged for all the camp waste. It goes to the pigs at St. Dyfrigs."

"A jolly good idea," she commended. "It will make a lot of difference to the people. Give it to them."

"Oh, no," Roger said. "They should pay the bare cost." He waited for the lifting of the lids which asked what business it was of his; but she only asked why.

"Because every scheme should be self-supporting," he answered.

"St. Dyfrigs Park is not in business," she declared.

"It should be," he answered.

He was astonished and pleased when she promptly agreed.

"Mr. Hill," she explained to the duchess, "is helping Charity Turle and me out with the farm and the accounts."

"Need we worry you about wages, Miss Lingard?" asked the placated Tim, with the first sign of embarrassment which he had shown. "Couldn't I put it all up to Mr. Hill?"

Dorothy flushed a little, looked at Sergeant Kellie Hill, then bent forward toward her one-time footman. "Tim," she said slowly, "you've just seen all those rotting banners. There are nine there. You know that this manor was held direct from the crown and furnished one hundred bowmen at the King's command. Your ancestor was very likely an archer under mine at Crécy and Agincourt. It is so with the tenants and the cottagers. They have been Lingard people since Saxon times. And now you want a business relation, just a cold business relation, and come and go, and wages paid and no more. Perhaps you are right. But I ——" She paused. A lump in the throat obstructed.

"We'll wait, miss," Tim said eagerly. "I can hold them back until the American comes."

The duchess, surprised by Dorothy's prompt and thorough acceptance of advice, and touched by her emotion, promptly intervened. "That idea does you credit, Tim," she said, "but it is not fair to the American or to yourselves. Let him take over a contented estate where everything goes smoothly. You take now what is justly due—that is, the official wages and hours. What do you say to that, Dorothy?"

"Thank you, duchess," Dorothy said quietly. "I can see the old ties broken, Tim, because I must. But I can't do it myself. Yes, if Mr. Hill ——"

"Oh, of course," Roger eagerly exclaimed. "To-morrow, any time, Mr. Parfitt, at the Turle cottage"

The duchess rose.

"Whatever you two arrange," said Dorothy, "will be all right."

Tim went over to her and humbly apologized for having troubled her. The duchess astonished Roger by asking him to Dundry Towers for the week-end. She had two other Canadians coming, she explained, and none was asked for his own pleasure; on the contrary, the invitation was practical. Everyone knew that the duke had bought large landed properties in Canada. He was eager to learn all that he could from those who knew the country. Of course Roger had to accept.

The duchess called out: "Didn't I see a letter for Miss Turle? Mr. Hill could take it."

"It's a dead letter," was Dorothy's answer.

Half an hour later Roger was on the hilltop, absent-minded, dreaming, conscious that he was fast held at last in the thrall of an immemorial past. He walked through waist-high bracken and came to a large imbedded rock. In its shade a girl was digging a fern from the side of a tiny spring, and her hands were plastered with soft mud. She looked up at him, he down at her. "Miss Elliott!" he said at length, staring at her sane and simple white blouse and rough skirt.

"Sergeant Hill!" she said, on all fours, staring at his civilian clothes.

"You know my name," they remarked together.

"I got yours from the post office," she cried.

"I got yours from the police," he explained.

She rose nimbly at that.

"It's all I got," he hastened to assure her. "They refused your age."

"Your age is five years," she said, gazing at him curiously. "When I was that age I believed that a bear might rush from any bush, and my eyes were round and scared, just like yours."

"A girl behind a rock—just as terrifying."

He drew out his handkerchief and dropped it to the side of the spring, but she continued her steady gaze. It was not impertinent, nor did it embarrass him; rather, it seemed impersonal to him and unconscious in her; and seemed to compel an explanation from him.

"I've seen the past," he said.

"Not your own," she answered, smiling. "It might have shocked you more, but it would have surprised you less."

He pointed to the spring and then to her hands, and she washed them and dried them on his handkerchief.

"Come here," he said. He led her only a few steps.

"See that house?" he said, pointing to the chimneys of St. Dyfrigs Manor House far below. "There's a hall there behind—a hall, it seems to me, as big as a field, ages older than the other part, with some of the old Saxon stones left, and always repaired as it had been built. It has no ceiling, but great oak beams, rough hewn, cross high up. See that little knob? They call that a lantern. It's a tiny tower. It sticks up from the peaked roof. It covers what was once a hole open to the sky where the smoke rolled out from the big fire in the middle of the hall. There's a great chimney piece thirty feet high, of stone, with Tudor roses cut in it and a boar's head—the crest of the Lingards. There are little flags and pennants brought back from the wars by Lingards. Lingards built the hall in the time of Edward the Confessor, and they've been there ever since. There's a girl there—the last of her English race—and because she's a girl she has to turn out.

She must give all this up. She must hand over all this splendid past and slip away ——"

"He's come!" Miss Elliott was excited. She bent forward, poised on tiptoe and looked eagerly at Roger. "Is he married? Or not the right sort? It is hard on her."

Roger stood gazing down at the distant house, and went on speaking almost as though to himself.

"Suppose he came," he said. "She'd marry him, I dare say. That's the English way. She'd be right. She'd be saving a past that belongs to her for herself and her children. But what about him? He would have the American idea, wouldn't he? He might like her a lot; or not. That wouldn't matter. What would matter is how much she liked him. He wouldn't know. He might never know. He'd be sure of only one thing: That she was marrying the property."

"She would marry him," Miss Elliott confirmed. "And you are right, he might never know." She was puzzled, yet moved to sympathy by his profound yet repressed feeling.

"If he came and she did not know who he was," he went on, "she would refuse him, even if she liked him. He would seem to have nothing to offer but himself. That way wouldn't be fair to her."

A smile flickered across Miss Elliott's lips. She bent forward and flung an eager, questioning glance.

"Nor any other fair to you, Roger Lingard," she said softly.

He turned on her with an angry look, which was nevertheless an admission that she had guessed aright. Her eyes drooped. A slow pink stole over her whole face and her neck, and even down the opening of her blouse.

"I'm sorry," she murmured. "I didn't know. I wasn't sure. I just tried you. And your look answered."

A long silence. Then he said abruptly: "They know down there too." He pointed toward the chimneys. "If I give myself away to you, how much more surely to them? You're straight anyhow. You tell me you know. They are suddenly all honey and sugar. They treat me as an equal, and a duchess asks me to her house. That's crooked."

This sudden conviction that they knew cut him deep.

"I don't believe it," Miss Elliott announced flatly.

The scowl on his face lightened at her confident words. She had no ground for them, but she had to comfort him.

"Would you care ——" she said with a pretty hesitation. "I do not wish to intrude, but if I knew just what happened. . . . You said things to me you couldn't possibly have said to them."

So he told her everything. They strolled back to the rock, on which his handkerchief was drying, and she listened with the eagerness that any girl must give to a story so absorbing. In the end she gave judgment.

"Tim Parfitt's presence settles it," she declared. She was not sure, but Roger was so miserable that she had to say it. "They were kind to two soldiers. They do not know."

He wheeled and looked into her eyes, doubting, questioning. She met his gaze as directly as though she were absolutely certain of the truth of his words. She smiled and nodded reassurance.

"You are fooling them, you know," she reminded him, and she eyed him slantwise with an effort to express reproof. "Any girl would want to pay you out."

"It is not the same thing!" he cried hotly. "I mean only good to her—to everybody. But her pretense not to know me would be a fraud—just that—and would let me out."

Miss Elliott nipped a laugh before it was even a smile. "Let you out of what?" she asked.

Roger flushed and turned away impatiently. "It would," she continued with a not unpleasant note of malice in her voice, "leave you free for Charity. Oh, don't look so angry. It isn't personal; it's the estate."

She teased, but her banter was marked by tact and charged with sympathy. She was extraordinarily exhilarated by her discovery, and frankly showed the pleasure she felt in his confidence. She made him admit that he was glad he had been found out and that it was a relief and a help to talk about it to her. She encouraged him to match himself against the beautiful duchess.

"Five minutes with Her Grace," she said, "will show you. If she does know who you are and if she does plan to marry you to Miss Lingard you should be able to see the trap and keep out of it. The bait—what a shame to call beautiful Miss Lingard bait ——"

Miss Elliott paused, became reflective and gazed into the distance.

"Well?" Roger prompted.

"The bait," she said slowly, "is enticing. Miss Lingard is very attractive, I should say."

"Yes," Roger admitted, eying Miss Elliott's sane and simple dress in a kind of wonder. It changed her so utterly. It inspired confidence; and how greatly it became her!

"But then," she added pensively, "so is Charity, from all accounts."

"Yes," Roger somberly agreed.

She picked up her fern and they walked together toward the house; and Miss Elliott suddenly broke into peals of laughter.

Roger seized a stick and viciously struck the heads off from thistles.

"You are a rose," she murmured as they parted. "Which shall pluck you?"

He strode angrily away.

XI

IN THE absence of all means of conveyance Roger Lingard walked to the home of the Duke and Duchess of Cloyne. With the friendly courtesy of the countryside a girl driving a milk cart gave him a lift of three miles. She had had a dancing school in Bristol, she told him, before the war, but now got up at five every morning, groomed three cart horses, milked two cows, and had gained thirteen pounds in weight. Everybody now had dancing fever in towns, she said, and she could go back and make a lot of money, but she was going to stick it out on the land. Not that she cared a lot for the country, but her boy was not coming back from France to insurance; they were going to be married as soon as peace came, and get a bit of land somehow

"They all want it," Roger said. "Does he know farming?"

"No," she answered with a proud smile; "but I do."

Roger thought of the bent backs of the French peasants who sweated a living from a few acres, and of the prematurely aged women bowed by ceaseless labor. He looked at the strong supple figure of this girl with the burnt cheeks, and something of his thought must have appeared in his face.

"I know," she said with a sober confidence; "sixteen hours a day for both of us; but he can never sit on a stool again and figure premiums. We choose it."

He shook hands and wished her well when their ways parted, but he shook his head afterward. So many soldiers had land hunger, and in the awful trenches dreamed of farming as a paradise; and they had little capital and no experience. How could his estate help these land-hungry comrades? That was what he was trying to find out.

A rural postgirl with a bag of letters came booming along at a four-and-a-half-mile pace.

"Come along!" she cried, slapping him affably on the shoulder where the metal letters spelled his regiment.

He laughed and marched by her side.

"You're going Dundry Towers way?"

She chuckled with pleasure when he nodded assent, and turned arch bovine eyes on him with all the wheedling power of village coquetry. Some people were in luck's way, she declared; they would get their letters to-day after all. As for her, she couldn't take them. It was five mile out of

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"Five Minutes With Her Grace Will Show You. If She Does Plan to Marry You to Miss Lingard You Should be Able to See the Trap and Get Out of It"

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Where Capital is Going

INDUSTRIAL enterprises are raising more new capital through the sale of stocks at the present time than ever before in their history. But the direction which new investment capital takes is highly suggestive. The second greatest industry in the country, railroad transportation, receives practically none of this nourishing flood. Railroads now depend for their very life upon Government's grudging bounty, upon a guaranty over which congressional committees and diverse private interests wrangle endlessly. Like a sick giant, too large and sprawling to be easily moved, the helpless railroad industry is surrounded by scores of vociferous and contradictory advisers, each with a plan to solve the difficulty.

But no plans are needed when it comes to automobiles, rubber, tires, oil, sugar, candy, tobacco, hotels, musical instruments, motion pictures, merchandising and the like. Let concerns in these and kindred fields but offer stock for sale and the public pocketbook is opened wide. Considering only companies of the larger sort, well over a billion dollars of new industrial stocks, both common and preferred, have been disposed of since the beginning of the year. The railroads have been able to sell less than half a billion securities altogether, consisting almost entirely of bonds. New issues of railroad stocks are simply unheard of nowadays. Investors have almost forgotten that such things exist.

Nor are such utilities as street railways much if any better off. The great and essential industry of urban transportation has been so exclusively engaged with earning enough to remain alive that it has given no thought to the expansion which is impossible without new capital. Yet how can other industries prosper if railroads and street-car lines are allowed to starve? Surely the automobile has not yet reached a point where it can wholly displace the railroad. If the stoppage of railroad growth continues the time cannot be far removed when other industries will suddenly and disastrously find themselves in a strait-jacket.

Ordinarily a persistently increasing demand is met by an increasing supply. If we take as examples automobiles, musical instruments, sugar, candy and motion pictures, we find that these industries are expanding by leaps and bounds. Consumption increases, but so does production. The tendency is reflected clearly in the new financing, both off and on the New York Stock Exchange, and in the relative activities of the stocks that are listed there. It may shock old-timers to watch speculators madly buying and selling shares in candy, motion-picture and talking-machine companies instead of the former railroad favorites—Reading, Union Pacific, Northwestern, and the like. But such speculation merely indicates the present trend of capital.

Of course capital is going where profits may be had; or where its owners think they may be had. There are no doubt many other reasons for the growth of the various industries previously mentioned—reaction from wartime economy, increasing wealth, rising standards of living, increasing education and what not—but whatever causes explain the growing demand for the products themselves, one factor is common to these concerns that are so popular with the investor: There is no artificial limitation upon their profits; no deadening legislation or regulation to kill the initiative of their managers.

You can tax a man against his will to make up deficits in government-owned or controlled railroads; but you cannot force him to invest his savings in railroads if he does not like the way they are managed or their prospects. Just as long as there remain industries which are free to make profits, all the capital except that supplied by the Government will flow into them. Men may vote for government ownership of railroads and say they believe in it theoretically, but they will silently invest their free capital where there is the least interference and regulation.

If the Government took over and financed every form of industry, then investors would have no choice and the Government would have to supply all capital, either through taxation or the sale of its own bonds. But if the way in which the railroads have been developed and brought up to date under government tutelage is any criterion of the rapidity and efficiency with which all forms of production will be expanded to meet increased consumptive demands under complete government control of industry—then heaven save us from such a fate!

Seeing Red in Print

THE economic salvation of our foreign-labor element, which to industrial harmony bears the analogy of iron filings to the magnet, must rest ultimately upon enlightenment. Ivan the ironworker must be taught to understand that every time he bellows "My rights!" from a corner curbstone in this home of the free and, as he believes, easy he must tacitly add in equitable deference to Brown, the other fellow, "and my duties." Brown, it is true, depends upon Ivan for plumbing fixtures. But just as surely does Ivan depend upon Brown for wage computation—a little factor no less mighty in Ivan's life than is sanitation in Brown's.

And the fact that the ironworkers are unionized and the clerks are not alters their relationship of mutual obligation not a jot.

It may be that Ivan does not comprehend that. Perhaps he has inverted unwittingly that aphorism about "right" and "might." Perhaps, indeed, Ivan's mental processes are even incapable of assimilating the principle, as immutable economically as it is physically, that for every action there is an equal, corresponding and opposite reaction. He might exude the sweat of fear rather than that of oratory if convincingly told that in digging a pirate cache for the gold of his unreasonable demands he is in reality excavating an abysmal pitfall for himself.

Perhaps on only a relative yesterday did he learn to pronounce the sonorous words now so pregnant with meaning for him. And too often, unfortunately, his textbook has been the red-and-yellow rags that in our own and foreign tongues parade unashamed, wearing the decorous garments of newspapers.

It cannot be gainsaid that the printed word carries with it, particularly to the benighted, a conviction not always justified by fact. In the hands of the self-propagandist a typesetting machine is, like a little knowledge, dangerous. With specious argument and a gullible audience the radical agitator, given access to the type fonts, is armed figuratively with the ax of his selfish ambition, to be used liberally on the dear old unorganized public. "Off with its head!"

It is from the white-hot pages of the red press that either in their mother languages or in simple—all too simple—English many of our foreign laborers are deriving their eternal verities. With them, seeing verily is believing, especially if they see it in print. They are lamentably typocredulous. They cannot be expected to sift the sophistic chaff from the argumentative wheat. The very oppression elsewhere that has sent them industrial refugees to our shores bespeaks their lack of education.

Why, then, inasmuch as our gates are paradisaically open to them, shall we not go more energetically about the business of labeling truth and falsehood clearly for them?

Throughout the war Americanization committees did much to combat pernicious doctrinaires who would have scattered the bacilli of disaffection over the land. Here in present-day unrest is a new stimulus for the efforts of all Americanizers. Recently the Boston Chamber of Commerce inaugurated an elaborate program for the metamorphosis of aliens into citizens. The city was divided into fourteen districts in each of which a committee, formed mainly of English-speaking representatives of the various races in the district, is undertaking to canvass and convert to Americanism everyone ten years of age or older who cannot speak, read or write English. Community centers, song festivals, mass meetings, weekly reports and competitive medals, with the invaluable evening school, are the means to the end.

During the investigation of conditions among the Pittsburgh steel strikers a member of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor startled the newspapers into headlines by suggesting legislation that would compel aliens who are paid in our coin to learn its English equivalent for E Pluribus Unum. At a specified time after the impartial hostess of the harbor had welcomed them—the senator mentioned the liberal lapse of five years—non-English-speaking aliens would be deported. Why would not some such a law supply a practical corrective for the situation existent in one steel plant of nearly five thousand employees where sixty-five per cent of them speak only foreign languages?

It will not be irrelevant here to consider a method adopted unofficially at Camp Upton, when forty-two races and creeds were donning khaki, to persuade indifferent foreigners to attend faithfully the English classes. These sessions were not part of the military curriculum and—held perforce during free hours—they did not draw with all the attraction of mess call.

One night a company commander assembled all his non-English-speaking rookies and with an interpreter for each race represented he spoke tersely to this effect: "The best reason I know why every last man of you should learn to speak English is that when you reach the Front your commands will be given in English. If you can't understand those commands, if you don't know enough to keep your heads down when you're told to"—he paused impressively—"you'll be killed." Then having waited for the interpreters to overtake him he concluded more to the immediate point: "Furthermore, any man who misses an English class or any part of one hereafter will do K. P. duty a week for each offense. And after three offenses he'll be court-martialed for insubordination."

This, someone may object, was wartime discipline, high-handed army procedure. Very well—it was kid-gloveless. But wasn't it for the soldier's good in the end? Maybe it is time in civil life to get off our kid gloves and get down to our knuckles.

Direct Action Versus Inaction

By SHERMAN ROGERS

WITH approximately three hundred strikes in effect throughout the United States and Canada, involving hundreds of thousands of men, and several strikes authorized that would mean actual disaster if carried into effect, the revolutionary movement has reached the stage where it is high time for every liberty-loving American who still believes in the Constitution to consider seriously the present industrial situation.

As miners, longshoremen, machinists, shipbuilders, car shopmen and railroad employees have sparred for an opening that would give them an opportunity to deliver a paralyzing blow to American industry the average of employers, bankers and professional men in all walks of life has become highly alarmed over the amazing growth of the revolutionary movement in this country. There is nothing surprising about the success of the extreme radicals to those who have clearly followed the actions of the recognized leaders of the I. W. W. Syndicalist movement since July 1, 1917. There isn't the slightest question regarding the actual disruptive intentions of the crafty unprincipled leaders of the fifteen direct-action factions now struggling for control in the United States. Each one of these revolutionary bodies is striving for the same goal—namely, the dictatorship of the proletariat. Each organization has deep-seated hatred for the other direct-action bodies, so far as its individual affairs are concerned, but is shrewd enough to work in the strictest harmony in all their concentrated campaigns on the fancied enemy—Big Business.

The Effect of Imaginary Wrongs

ONE of the most astounding phases of the present revolutionary epidemic is the lamentable lack of interest manifested by patriotic citizens in attempting to solve the underlying causes of the intense discontent and unrest that are sweeping over the entire country, threatening the very foundations of the American social structure.

Every American citizen recognizing the responsibilities of citizenship is extremely vigorous in his denunciation of the entire revolutionary direct-action movement. Yet before we condemn the rank and file of the militant organization we should take into careful consideration the specific reasons that cause the average workingman to lose his regard for long-cherished American ideals of democracy, to embrace the destructive principles of direct action. In the first place we must recognize the indisputable fact that practically every toiler in America is subjected daily to the wild misrepresentations of an army of the most skillfully directed revolutionary agitators that ever fanned the flames of discontent on American soil.

Incredible as it may seem, there is practically no one taking the time or the trouble to contradict the sweeping inflammatory statements made by those provocateurs of unrest. If one word in every ten uttered by them was true no workingman could be blamed for becoming a dyed-in-the-wool revolutionist. If capital was the cold-blooded, merciless, scheming monster pictured by radicals, and if capital as a rule was actually netting the fabulous profits that revolutionary agitators emphatically charge, it would be high time for a change in the industrial system of the United States.

The rank and file of labor are embracing revolutionary doctrines because they have become absolutely convinced that the wages they receive are only a small pittance of the amount they actually earn Hundreds of workingmen have personally told me that they were making the highest wages they had ever received, and would be perfectly satisfied with their weekly pay envelope if they thought it represented a fair portion of their actual earnings. These same men were openly avowed revolutionists because they said radical organizers had convinced them that they were not receiving more than fifteen per cent of their net earnings.

In other words, the American laborer is not becoming radical because of an unfavorable existing industrial condition, but for an imaginary grievance that he believes actually exists. Even though he may be entirely wrong in his deductions—and in nine cases out of ten he is—if he actually believes he is being robbed right and left it creates the same feeling of revolt in his breast as if he were in fact being outrageously cheated.

Boring From Within

TO REALIZE the scope and power of the present nation-wide movement to bring about the dictatorship of the proletariat it is necessary to outline briefly the activities of its leaders during the past two years. The I. W. W. has existed in its present malignant form since it was organized, in 1904. There has never been anything secret about its avowed intention of overthrowing the present form of government; in fact open rebellion is the essence of the I. W. W. preamble, which has been openly distributed in millions of pamphlets during the past fifteen years and is still being distributed. There had, however, always existed a great deal of controversy between the I. W. W. leaders as to the most effective course to pursue in bringing about their much-heralded revolution.

In 1911 William Z. Foster, who was at that time a very prominent member of the I. W. W. and secretary of the Syndicalist League of North America, emphatically took the stand that the proper method for the I. W. W. to acquire control in the United States was to have its members give up the idea of a dual organization, join the American Federation of Labor, revolutionize that conservative body by boring from within, and thereby gain control of the entire labor movement of America. Foster had been offered the nomination for the office of editor of the

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THE CROSS PULL

XVIII

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

KINNEY and Moran sat on the edge of the rims above the cabin and Flash sprawled near them. He eyed Kinney suspiciously each time he spoke or shifted his position. Ever since finding the girl, Flash's outlook on life had been gradually swinging back to the one he had held before Moran had left him at the Bar T ranch. Since Moran's arrival at the cabin the change had been even more pronounced. Flash himself was unconscious of this change, it being the very natural consequence of his renewed association with man; but it was noticeable to Moran. His attitude toward men was now more that of dog than wolf. He did not fear Kinney, but he resented his presence here, his intrusion into the life that had been so full and complete for Flash before he came.

The one joy Kinney's arrival had brought to him was that Moran's horses accompanied the old man.

These old favorites had thrilled Flash with all the old pride and responsibility of the days long past when he had wrangled them night after night for Moran. Since Kinney had turned them out the evening before Flash had guarded them zealously, holding Kinney's horses along with Moran's on a meadow a mile or more from the cabin. The horses had been tired from the long trip across the Wapiti Divide and had alternately fed and rested quietly without attempting to leave. This had slightly disappointed him, for he craved one of the long chases after the runaways. From where he lay he could see them grazing on the open meadow.

"War Times, Girl! War Times!" He Said. "The Injuns Have Got Their Signal Fires Going All Through the Hills"

Kinney and Moran spoke but little. Both men were thinking of Betty's father, who had so recently found his last resting place near the cabin he had built so long ago. Teton Jackson's secret was buried with him. Aside from these three at the cabin—and Nash—no man had knowledge that this quiet, successful New York business man was the wild rider of the Tetons whose daring had been proverbial almost half a century before. Kinney seemed to know all about the other's past, and Moran once more recalled the rumors which linked the old man beside him with Teton Jackson's band.

"He was my friend," Kinney said after a long and thoughtful silence. "As a boy he was wilder than a hawk—but square. Ideas were different then. All men throwed a pretty wide loop those days. Looking back, I can see that way maybe wasn't the best—but rustling was what you might call a common profession then. Lots of the men who own big outfits in this country to-day started in business years ago with nothing but a long rope and a running iron. Half the countryside stood in with Teton Jackson then. He was just about the king of this whole country. I've heard men link his name along with the riffraff they say is holed up back in here somewheres. That's all wrong. If they're here at all it's because this country affords a thousand natural places where a man can hide away, not because they was connected in any way with him. He wouldn't have let a gang of those petty-larceny murderers light out here at all when he was running things. They're of a different breed from him. Don't make any mistakes, son, in your judgment of that little girl's father. Teton Jackson was a man."

Moran laid his hand on the old man's arm.

"His name doesn't need any defense," he said. "He changed sides when he saw that his former game was wrong. He played that end even better than the first. But I'm glad you told me all this, Dad."

Flash had been gazing steadily in one direction. Moran eventually noted this concentration and turned his eyes in the same direction. The horses were quiet and he knew that it was something else that held the dog's interest for so long.

He looked on beyond the horses, down the valley which widened where each new stream flowed in. Five miles below it opened onto the meadows of the Thoroughfare, one green strip of which was visible. A lazy ribbon of smoke ascended, twisting oddly about as the shifting breezes caught it.

Moran turned his glasses on the spot.

"A camp," he said. "It's behind the point of a spur and I can't see the camp itself, but I saw a man haze the horses out onto the meadow. It's a big outfit. There were more than thirty horses in the string. I'll go down and see who they are."

"It won't hurt any to find out," Kinney agreed.

Moran called Flash and started for the camp. When they passed the horses Flash looked them over until satisfied that all were there, then followed on after Moran. When they neared the other camp he was vastly uneasy at crossing the trails of so many men. He knew from the fact that Moran held to the open bottoms and used no caution in his approach that he expected to find none but friends. Hard experience in the old days at the Bar T had taught Flash many things. He knew that he must be with some man in order to be safe from others. When alone all men shot at him on sight. Therefore he did not forge ahead for a first view of the camp as most dogs would have done, but turned the corner of the spur a few feet behind Moran.

Several men who lounged there eyed them curiously as they approached. While Moran was still fifty yards away one of them rolled over and set his toe against a large blackened coffeepot, pushing it into the edge of the smoldering fire. Distances are far in the Western hills and the first thought is that any approaching stranger should be fed. The man's move had been almost an unconscious one from long experience. They all nodded a greeting as Moran came up, and another man pulled a tarp from over the remains of their noonday meal.

"Thanks, boys, but I've fed," Moran declined. He sat down cross-legged and rolled a cigarette from the makings which one of them offered him.

One of them questioned Moran as to the likelihood of their finding many bear in this locality, and they all discussed that topic with enthusiasm.

"I've always lived in Vermont," said the man who had pushed the coffeepot. "I'd like to kill a bear."

Moran glanced at him in surprise. His instinctive move to warm the coffee had identified him with the West. The courtesy of an Easterner might have been as instantaneous, but it would never have taken just that form. The leathery complexions and sun-squinted eyes indicated that these men had spent their lives in the open.

This was no sporting camp. Holsters, belts and guns were old with wear, as were their clothes. Every saddle which straddled a log nearby carried a battered saddle scabbard, and the rifle butts which protruded from them were all the same—30-40 carbines. For some reason they wished him to believe that their object was solely that of hunting bear.

(Continued on Page 32)

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Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

Moran smiled at them and they knew that here was a man of their own kind; one who knew they lied. But no man volunteered any information as to the real reason of their presence here or inquired the reason for his own.

"Fine dog," said he of the coffeepot, and they turned and looked admiringly at Flash.

"Part wolf—most wolf," he qualified. He stretched forth his hand to Flash. "Come here, boy!" he ordered.

Flash avoided the hand and moved stiffly away.

"He's more or less peculiar and set in his ways," Moran explained. "I raised him and he never lets any man handle him but me."

"He'd soon make up with me," the other persisted "I'd like to own that dog. I've got a pack horse," he suggested. "He's about as wicked looking as your wolf. He can kick, strike, buck and bite at the same time. But man! He's built! And he sure can tote a pack—weighs eleven hundred lean and was raised in the hills."

"Of Vermont?" Moran mildly queried.

"Bull's-eye!" the would-be Vermonter said regretfully. "Will you swap?"

Moran shook his head.

"He can't be bought," he said.

One of the men leaped suddenly to his feet and crossed to the point of the spur. After looking up the meadow he turned hurriedly to a picketed horse and led him back to the log which held the saddles.

"Horses pulling out?" Moran inquired, as he jerked a saddle from the log and threw it on the horse.

"Out of sight," the other admitted. "I forgot it was my turn to wrangle."

"I'll save you a trip," Moran offered.

He walked with Flash to the point of the hill and pointed up the meadow.

"Horses! Horses!" he said. "Go get 'em, boy! Go bring 'em in!"

He swung his arm and Flash raced away in the direction which he pointed out. There were numerous horse tracks in the meadow, but they all led one way. A quarter of a mile beyond he found many spots where the long grass was mashed flat and he knew that after feeding they had bedded down here for a rest. One broad trail led away from here, heading straight up the meadow, and he followed it.

The men watched until he appeared but a swift-moving speck against the green. The pine-clad hills closed in upon the ever-narrowing valley until the timber pinched out the last slender tongue of open meadow. The speck vanished among the trees.

"There's a game trail there that leads on up the hills," the wrangler commented. "He's on their trail all right. We came in that way and they're taking their back track out. Someone will have to ride herd on those willow tails every living second or they'll leave us all afoot."

Twenty minutes later Moran pointed. The horses fled from the timber and swept straight down the meadow, well bunched and running smoothly. It was a picture which appealed to these men as no other could have done. Each laggard was heeled in turn and each one laid his ears and lashed out with vicious heels as he felt the teeth. As he brought them abreast of the camp Flash veered widely to the right and forged ahead, then inclined toward the leaders and forced them to the left. He held this point of vantage and wheeled them in a circle; then a smaller circle and a smaller until they milled in one spot and at last stood while he sped around them, driving back any bunch quitter who made a break to leave.

The men watched this exhibition and their faces expressed unqualified approval. The alleged Vermonter turned to Moran.

"I've got your number," he said. "You're Clark Moran. I never laid eyes on that dog before to-day, but I've heard many a bunk-house yarn from men who have seen him work. I heard he turned killer on Wind River and that a wolfer trailed him clear back to the Bar T ranch of the Grey Bull and that they shot him there. It's my belief that they didn't shoot deep enough and that he got away. That lobo look; that wolf droop at his hips and that sliding gait of his; those yellow eyes and the way he handles stock.

"You say yourself he's a one-man dog. There's only one like that. I'll bet my spurs he's the champion of the Grey Bull—Flash."

"You've guessed it," said Moran. "Funny how the news filters into an out-of-the-way place like Vermont."

"It is for a fact," the other admitted.

Moran's mind had been working on a solution of the reason for these eight men's presence here under pretense of hunting bear and he thought he had fathomed it at last.

"I'm going to ask you one question, Vermont," he said.

The man answered readily to the name—thus are new nicknames easily acquired in this land of loose nomenclature.

"I'll answer it," he promised.

"I'm no man hunter," said Moran. "But I think I know what you're looking for and there's at least a chance that I can help you find it. You're a marshal, a ranger or a sheriff. Do you mind telling me which one?"

All eyes turned to Vermont for guidance, seeking a clew as to how to answer it, and from this Moran knew that Vermont was the man in charge.

Vermont turned back his leather vest and exposed a marshal's badge.

"U. S.," he said. "I've deputized these other boys."

XIX

HAVING milled the horses to his satisfaction, Flash came back to camp and sat down close to Moran, listening gravely while the men discussed the real purpose of their hunt. Moran was no man hunter, as he had told Vermont. It was something which ordinarily held no appeal for him, this tracking down his fellow men. But Moran loved this hundred-mile stretch of wilderness, almost untouched by the hand of man, in which he had spent so many pleasant months in the past few years. It was for him the most beautiful land in creation, the wonder spot of the world. The fact that it had become the stronghold of murderers and thieves was in itself a sufficient justification for his helping to stamp them out. Primarily it was something more than that, something even deeper and stronger—his love for Betty—which had led him to commit himself to this course.

Many times a day a wave of pure savagery possessed him as he thought of the fate which would have been hers but for Flash. At such times he was filled with a desire to crush and kill that matched the most ruthless strain in Flash. He reached out his hand and rested it on the dog's head.

"Flash, old boy," he said, "the gulf between us isn't so very wide after all."

Vermont smiled understandingly.

"Not so very," he agreed. "Take them as a whole, and dogs aren't so bad—not much worse than men."

"What was your particular reason for thinking your men were up in here?" Moran inquired. "Merely the rumors to that effect?"

"Not altogether," said Vermont. "There's an Eastern man, a lawyer, who is leagued with them. He's been suspected of planning and financing one or two escapes. It couldn't be proved. He's too smooth for that. His fees seem to be in the nature of a percentage rake-off on every crime. There's no law to prevent his taking money to defend these men in the event of their being caught. Once or twice a year he takes a hunt—maybe he hunts the same way we are hunting bear. Anyway, this is where he hunts. Take that along with all those rumors about the gang that's holed up in here—well, they sent me in to look for a man

(Continued on Page 34)

"I'm No Man Hunter," Said Moran. "But I Think I Know What You're Looking for and There's at Least a Chance That I Can Help You Find It"

Said young Idaho to venerable Vermont:

"HOWD'Y, distant brother, you've sure surprised me some. You know I had a notion that these old-time Eastern States were not so up and coming as they are. But now I find I haven't got a corner on all of Uncle Sam's fine scenery. And they do say Vermont granite builds the biggest monuments all over the U. S. A. Friend Vermont, I apologize, and to prove it offer you this Owl Cigar."

"Accepted," said Vermont. "We'll pledge our friendship with this mighty mellow smoke.

"I'll give you credit, young Western Pioneer, for many things. Your growing mines and agriculture are bound to make you wealthier still. And your Shoshone Falls and splendid mountains will always bring you many Eastern visitors."

* * *

AMONG THE widely different tastes of all the States we found a common one—an uncommon liking for the Owl Cigar. But that's no wonder! What smoker doesn't welcome a mellow fragrance that never changes—that's downright dependable. Of course you know the reason for Owl and White Owl's dependability—the nearly $3,000,000 Owl leaf reserve maintained by the General Cigar Co., Inc.

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(Continued from Page 32)

who is wanted on a Federal charge, with instructions to investigate any others I could find."

"Nash!" Moran exclaimed.

"Absolutely," said Vermont. "That's the man! Even if we'd find him prowling round up here we couldn't touch him. Any man has the right to do that. I've never seen him—wouldn't know him if I did. Would you?"

"I certainly would!" Moran stated. Many things were now quite clear to him. He had wondered how these men who had attacked the girl managed to live through the long winter and spring when the passes were blocked with snow. They could kill enough meat in the fall to last them through—it would freeze and keep—but they would need other things. These were marked men and they could not easily appear in the towns and buy supplies. They could go in and out themselves, revisiting old haunts when the hunt for them had died down. They might raid and rob and get back to the hills unseen, but they could not supply so large a number of men with food except through outside help. Nash's connection with them pointed to the identity of this outside man—Brent. Moran recalled his frequent absences from home, the isolation of his cabin in the little blind basin from which a deep gorge led far back into the hills. A few trips with a pack train in the summer and fall would solve the problem of winter food. He explained this to Vermont.

"Very likely," he returned. "What's your idea of the best way to locate them?"

"Track them down with Flash," said Moran.

"But he's no trail hound," Vermont objected. "Collies, shepherds and the wolf breeds won't hold a trail."

"That's because they're trained for other things," Moran pointed out. "It's harder to teach them to hold a trail than it is to train a hound whose natural inclination already leans that way—but it can be done."

"But it will take a month to train him." Vermont was not convinced.

"Not more than two days," Moran corrected. "Three at the outside. A hound wouldn't do at all. You'll need a silent trailer for this job, a dog broken to track at the end of a leash. One that will lead you up to them without a sound. His actions will tell us when we're close to them—when he catches the body scent ahead. We can start breaking Flash on a friendly trail—yours."

Vermont looked doubtful.

"I know considerable about dogs myself," he said. "I don't relish having that wolf turned loose on any trail of mine. That breed of a dog don't know when to quit."

"One more reason for keeping him in leash," Moran explained. "When we overtake you he'll see that there's no resulting fight. He'll soon learn that we're not following a trail to kill whatever we find at the end of it. He'll get the point after a few tryouts—learn that this tracking of men is only a friendly sport. Then we'll have less trouble handling him when we finally put him on the trail we want."

"It's worth a trial," Vermont decided. He was a man of action. "Let's start right now," he said.

Moran shook his head.

"In the morning," he returned. "I'm going to send him on an errand now and have him guard my horses to-night."

Moran wrote a note on a leaf of his notebook, rolled it round the elk-hide collar and fastened it with a pin. At the first sight of Moran's notebook Flash was alert. He knew what this meant, and with the knowledge came a wave of longing to be with the girl. He moved up to Moran and watched him excitedly.

"Go!" said Moran. "Go!" He waved his arm and Flash was off.

The men watched him turn up a side valley, running at top speed.

"He's an all-round dog," said Vermont.

Flash raced straight to the cabin, stopping but once and that time only to assure himself that the horses were all there. He burst into the cabin with a rush and leaped joyously round the girl. Never since finding her had he been away from her for so long a time. Then, too, there had been a certain strain attached to meeting so many men suddenly. During his outlawry he had been forced to avoid all men; of late he had avoided all but Betty and Moran. Even Kinney's presence was distasteful. He could not drop back into the old ways so completely in so short a time. He was glad to be away from them all and back home alone with her.

Betty read the note and held out her hand to Flash.

"Oh, I wish he hadn't decided to go into this thing," she said. "I'm afraid for him, Flash. I want him to be here with me. I miss him—miss him every living second he's away. It's all true, Flash—every word. I don't mind confessing it so shamelessly to you. How is it all going to come out?"

When Kinney arrived Flash dropped down to look over the horses. He spent most of the night in the cabin, but made frequent trips to make sure of the safety of the stock. Once they left, intending to cross out over the divide, but he drove them back. Half an hour before daylight Betty attached a note to his collar and sent him back to Moran.

"Take care of him, Flash. Bring him back to me. Go, boy! Take it to Moran. Go!"

Flash departed swiftly. When he had neared the other camp he was shy about approaching it. Even though he had been among them the day before, these men might shoot. He circled uphill behind it and slipped down through the timber. Figures moved about in the gray dawn. A fire blazed up. He heard Moran's voice and made a silent dash for him. The first they knew of his presence was when Moran stooped down to take the note. Each man greeted him warmly. It is almost an invariable rule that an indoor man of soft habits has little appreciation for the practical work of the staunch, half-savage breeds of outdoor dogs, while the outdoor man has a corresponding lack of interest in the parlor tricks of indoor dogs. There was not a man in the posse who did not envy Moran's ownership of this great gray wolf dog.

Immediately after breakfast Flash was launched upon his new course in training. Vermont left camp half an hour ahead of Moran, who spent the intervening time reinforcing the dog's collar with a second strip of elk hide. He attached to this a heavy rawhide thong to serve as a leash. Flash did not relish the proceeding in the least and submitted to it only because Moran willed it so. It brought memories of the tedious hours long ago when he had been chained to some one spot or other, unable to chase jacks or otherwise amuse himself.

Moran led him from camp, taking a course diagonal to the one Vermont had chosen. At first they traveled with considerable difficulty. Moran had fastened the thong to his heavy belt, and Flash persistently refused to learn that he could not swing out to the side and pass on the opposite side of a tree. Moran, instead of following round, which appeared the more simple course, pulled Flash back each time to his own side of the tree. This was to teach him more quickly that they must both follow the same course. Flash quite often started off at a tangent to investigate anything that happened to interest him.

A snowshoe hare, whose coat was in the course of transition from the pure white of winter to the dark gray of summer and which was now splotched with maltese and white, leaped from his bed and started away. Flash was after him with one leap which threw him flat at the end of his leash and jerked Moran to his knees, his back jarred by this lurch at his belt. Progress was slow and erratic for the first mile, much easier the second, and from then on they proceeded without difficulty. Flash had learned that it was better for all concerned if he chose the same route as Moran.

Moran commenced circling when three miles from camp. Every few feet he stooped and examined the ground narrowly. He persisted in this course until it was impressed upon Flash that he was searching for something. His ears, eyes and nose informed him that there was nothing of interest in their immediate neighborhood, so he was not much concerned. However, Moran's behavior at last roused his own interest and he watched him curiously, wondering what this thing could be for which Moran sought so long.

They neared a low ridge, the prearranged spot where Moran was to find Vermont's fresh trail. When within a hundred yards of the crest Flash caught the scent and knew one of the men from the camp had passed less than an hour before. He did not in any way connect this with the thing for which Moran still hunted. As they topped the ridge Moran pointed triumphantly at the plain print of a boot in the gravelly soil. Flash sniffed it critically, but it told him nothing which he had not known for the past five minutes. Moran turned down the ridge on the tracks. They were of small consequence to Flash, and it was some time before he fully realized that they interested Moran. Had they been those of a stranger he would have known this sooner, as his own quickened interest would have rendered him more alert. There seemed no good reason why Moran should trail this friend whom he had seen so recently. The one outstanding fact remained that—whatever the reason—Moran was deliberately tracking him.

Once sure of this, Flash began to help, unconsciously at first, then with deliberate intent.

The trail was an easy one for a tracker of Moran's ability, but he lost it intentionally time after time. As he veered away from it and circled to pick it up Flash moved back to it. At first he did this without thought that he was helping Moran. Each time he was lavishly praised. Later he sensed that Moran required his help. He was not surprised that his master seemed to have difficulty in working out this trail. There is one bit of knowledge which comes to but few animals: only the grizzly and a few of the more intelligent dogs who have hunted much with man or have been hunted by him seem to know that man follows a trail not by scent but by the sight of the tracks. All animals know that their back track is a source of menace and they watch it. When followed many of them double and twist, exercising every ingenuity known to them to break their trail. Close study will prove conclusively that they have broken it to confuse the nose, but not the eye. The grizzly and a few renegade dogs have the sagacity to cross territory which leaves no tracks, working for invisibility without regard for scent when trailed by man.

There was no longer the slightest doubt that Moran was following this man. Flash bristled slightly. Only one possible reason occurred to him. Men who were apparently friends one moment sometimes fought the next. Moran had fought with Brent. Flash had seen many sudden quarrels spring up at the Bar T ranch. Even when these disputes had not culminated in a physical clash the voices had frequently been hoarse with anger—much as dogs are prone to snarl, even if there is no resulting fight. Not that Flash retained any precise recollection of every such event, but their cumulative effect had implanted the knowledge that even friends disagreed among themselves.

Moran showed no anger, and this puzzled Flash. In spite of that the longer they followed the trail the more Flash's distrust of the other man deepened. At last he caught the body scent and snarled. They found Vermont seated in the center of an open park, and Flash bristled fiercely. Vermont hailed them joyously and Moran answered him in kind. There seemed to be no hostility between these two, but Flash's doubt still persisted and he walked stiffly as they approached and never once took his eyes from the man they had tracked until Moran sat down a few feet away and rolled a cigarette. Then Flash relaxed and his indifference to Vermont returned.

XX

LATE in the afternoon Kinney rode into camp, leading Moran's favorite saddle horse as the note had asked. He brought also the news that Harmon was camped some five miles east of the cabin. He had seen the pack train winding down a ridge and later had located the horses grazing on a meadow. With the aid of his glasses he had identified them as Harmon's string.

Moran had speculated over the possible number of men they would find when Flash led them to their retreat. There might be many, and it was certain that they were desperate—men who would never surrender. He had put another proposition to Vermont to which he had at last agreed. Harmon's opportune arrival simplified the carrying out of this plan. As a consequence, when Kinney left it was with the promise that he would visit the ranger's camp on the following day. He carried both a letter and a verbal message from Moran. The letter was for the owner of the Bar T ranch, asking for the services of as many men as could be spared for the next two weeks. The verbal message was for Harmon, asking that he undertake the long trip to the Bar T and bring the others back.

Moran knew that both requests would be granted at once. Those men to whom he appealed were friends of long standing. Harmon and the Bar T boys would stay in a separate camp until their help was needed.

Shortly after Kinney's departure Flash grew restless. He longed for the girl and the quiet of the cabin. Moran noticed it and once more sent him off, a note fastened to his collar. Even if he had not, Flash would have soon slipped away.

The following morning he reappeared at the camp at daylight and his training was resumed. After the first experience on the previous day he had tracked Vermont no less than half a dozen additional times—enough so that he was heartily tired of it. This mode of traveling at the end of a leash bored him exceedingly.

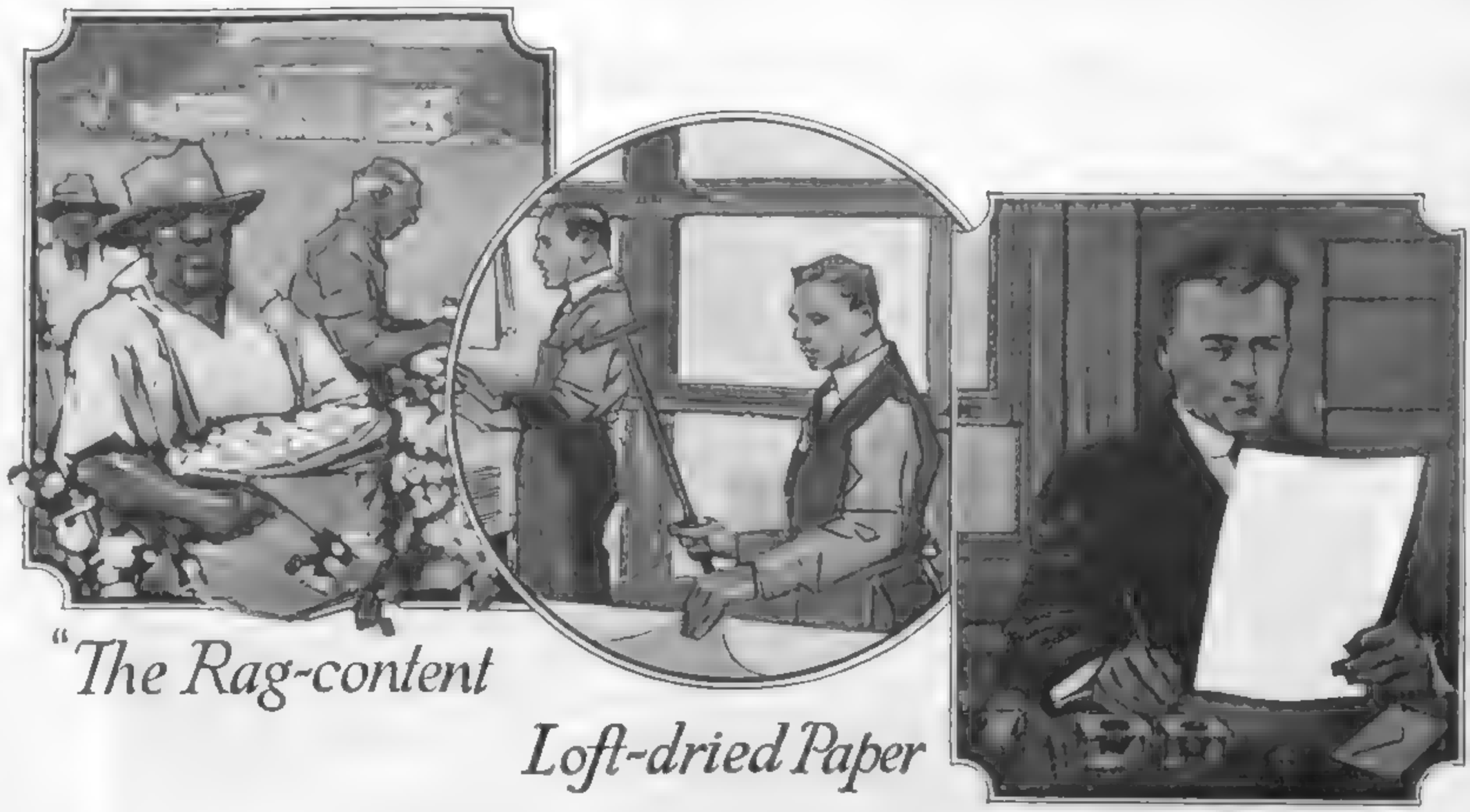
The second day was spent in the same way as the first, except that they tracked many different men. He had now learned what Moran desired, and on each new trail he increased the amount of help until at last he took the lead altogether, following the tracks at the limit of his leash. Every period of trailing was preceded by one of circling and hunting in the timber. These invariably terminated at the trail of some man, and Flash soon discovered that it was for men that Moran was hunting. Once sure of this, he started at the first trace of man scent, tugging at the end of the thong.

Of all the things which Moran had taught him he cared for this the least. Perhaps it was because of the restraining thong. Whatever the reason, he deemed it a vastly stupid game without point or end, this trailing of a man, and finding him only to start out almost at once in search of another. If he had considered only his own inclinations he would have avoided rather than have sought them. He held to this business for the one reason that it pleased Moran, whose praise was so well worth working for. By the end of the second day he would follow any trail on which Moran started him.

The morning of the third day Moran and Vermont rode away from camp shortly after Flash returned from spending the night at the cabin.

Moran knew the country as well as any man and he had gone over it in his mind, first eliminating all places which seemed unsuitable for sheltering the men they sought. Some were discarded for one reason and some for another. The full length of the Wapiti Divide was the first to go. Hunters scoured the Shoshone slope every fall and frequently came across and worked along the near side. If the camp had been there it would have been discovered by

(Continued on Page 169)



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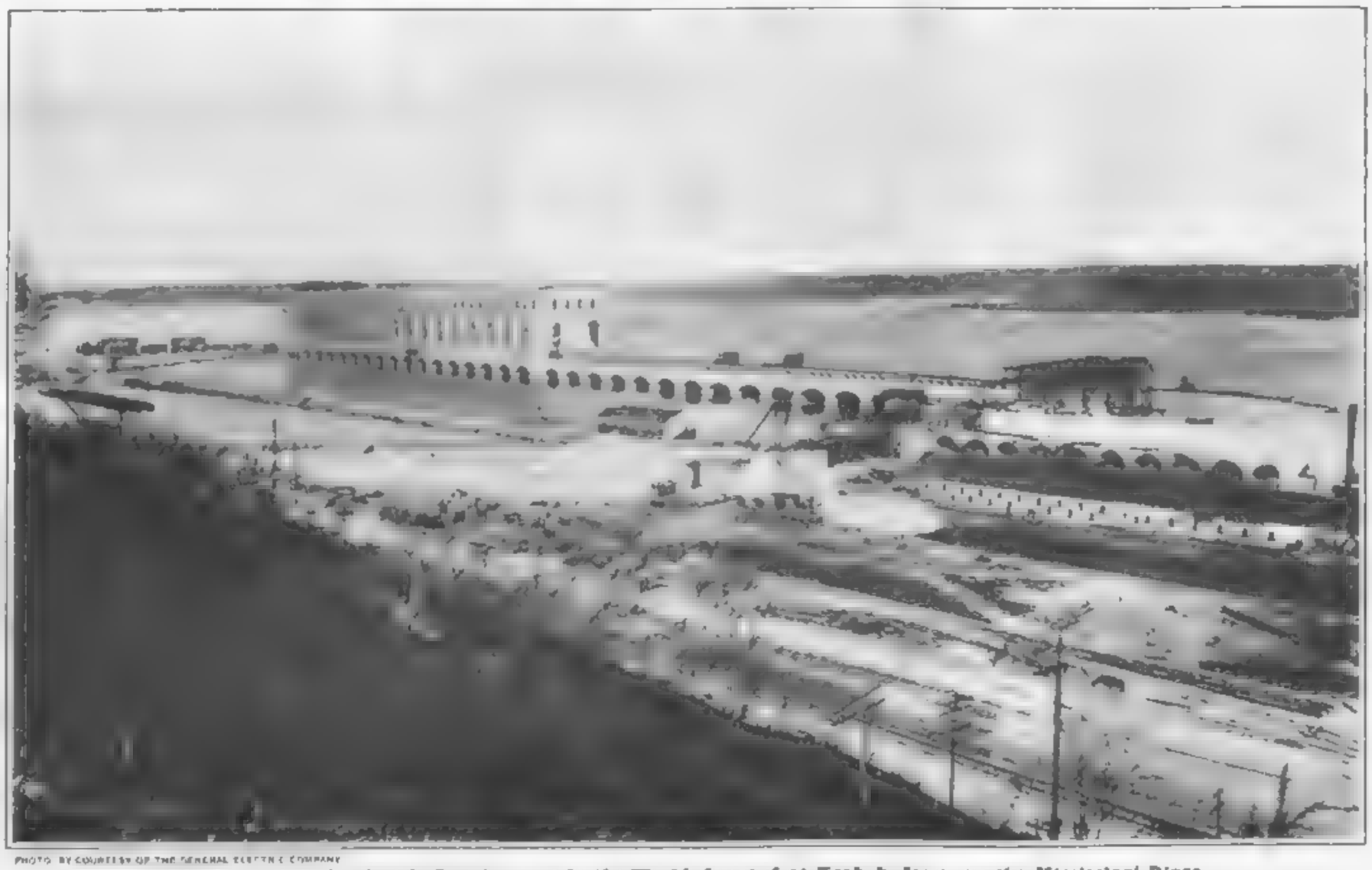

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The Largest Hydroelectric Development in the World, Located at Keokuk, Iowa, on the Mississippi River

The records show that in producing our bituminous coal we employ about 1.21 men per annum per thousand tons of coal mined. In the transportation of each thousand tons of coal the services of 1.02 men are required to work a year. In handling and firing each thousand tons of coal in our central steam stations we further require the services of half a man, so that the total labor required in the production and consumption of every thousand tons of bituminous coal, on a basis of one year's time, is 2.73 men.

Now practice has shown that in this country a thousand tons of steam coal produce approximately 128 horse power for a year of time. As a consequence it is evident that if we were to develop all our available 40,000,000 water horse power and put the same into service we should do away with the necessity of mining 312,500,000 tons of coal a year. If we carry the thought a little further we discover that in the mining, hauling and utilization of this vast quantity of coal we must employ 853,125 workers of one kind and another. But to operate the 40,000,000 available water horse power we should need only 45,000 men. Therefore we are able to reduce the matter to the substantial fact that the harnessing of all our water power would release more than 800,000 men for other work than mining and handling coal. Stated another way, we may say that for every 49 hydroelectric horse power we develop and utilize, one man is released from a mine, railroad or power plant.

Coal has been our principal source of power, but as the years pass this fuel is rapidly being exhausted. The use of water power, unlike coal, does not reduce the total supply. Engineering knowledge, coupled to a study of Nature's laws, has greatly increased the efficiency that may be had from water-power developments. In earlier days the engineer considered himself lucky if he could succeed in utilizing 35 per cent of the actual power in the minimum flow of a stream. To-day an able engineer using direct-connected hydraulic turbines of modern design can get effective service from 90 per cent of the actual power in the flow of the stream.

The art of using water power, of course, is not new. The Chinese employed crude wheels on the Yellow River, and the Hamites on the Nile three thousand years ago. The power thus generated was used principally for grinding corn. Undershot wheels were used until the middle of the eighteenth century, when John Smeaton showed that if the bucket wheel were changed into an overshot form its efficiency could be nearly doubled—that is, increased from 35 per cent to more than 60 per cent. The overshot wheels were built of great size. One in the Isle of Man built in 1865, and said to be still operating, is 72 feet in diameter and develops 150 horse power. A number of overshot wheels are still being used to furnish power for old mills in New York State. An interesting example of this type of wheel is the Burden water wheel at Troy, New York. It is constructed of iron, and is 60 feet in diameter. It has a horse-power capacity of about 200, and was installed to operate compressed-air blowers in the manufacture of iron.

It might be interesting to people who relish stories of engineering achievement if I stopped here long enough to tell of the use of impulse wheels in India, Egypt and Syria; of how the first radial outward-flow turbine was installed in France in 1827; of the work of Henschel, who built the earliest type of axial-discharge turbine in 1837; of how the city of Lowell and many other New England towns owe their early prosperity very largely to the water-power developments, for cotton manufacturing, on the Merrimac and other rivers; of the development of the mighty power of Niagara Falls, which commenced in 1861; then of how water power was applied for driving dynamos, and finally how, in 1882, the first hydroelectric central station to be built in the United States was erected at Appleton, Wisconsin. However, let us pass over this epoch of engineering romance, retaining only the thought that the earlier peoples of the world seemed content to use a certain type of machine for several thousand years, when suddenly there came an awakening, and now not only does the succeeding generation refuse to copy its forbears but the same generation insists on constant change. In a thousand years hence how will mankind regard the achievements of to-day?

Nothing should give us more satisfaction when we look into the future, bearing in mind the rapid depletion of our coal and oil, than this amazing story of hydroelectric development. Investigators estimate that the total water power of the world represents about 700,000,000 horse power. When the greater part of this is finally developed considerable relief will be afforded to all nations in their fuel demands. Here in the United States even now, assuming that one hydraulic horse power corresponds to an annual coal consumption of eight tons, it follows that our present use of developed water power is saving us about 56,000,000 tons of coal annually. In its distribution our water power seems to have been wisely located by Nature. The Pacific Coast is practically without coal except a little in the state of Washington, yet California contains more water power than any other state.

Aside from the important saving in fuel that results, there are many other good reasons why the people of this country should give careful thought to hydroelectric developments. The loss to the United States each year from floods amounts to several hundred million dollars. Power developments on our inland waterways will materially reduce the number of floods and the damage done. Such developments will greatly benefit many communities by increasing the efficiency of river navigation and by making many streams that are not now navigable into waterways of commercial value. Every dam that is built should be constructed of adequate height to permit of possible hydroelectric development. As an example of how thought may be given to both navigation and power let me cite the case of the hydroelectric development at Keokuk, Iowa. In this instance the Federal Government granted a private company the privilege of constructing a dam clear across the Mississippi River, the result being a huge power development as well as a notable river improvement.

The exercise of proper engineering skill will give us power from the waters of our various canals, and in the case of municipal water-supply systems the opportunity is immense. One of our important cities had to go more than two hundred miles for its water, and decided to utilize the flow of this water for the generation of electric power. As a consequence of this unique scheme it is estimated the sale of the energy produced at the power stations placed along the route of the aqueduct will take care of all the bonds and interest charges on both the water system and the entire hydroelectric installation.

The opportunity for using water power on our farms is also great. Not only can the electricity so generated be easily distributed to scattered buildings, but this practice reduces fire risk in an industry where fire-fighting appliances are limited. In many districts there are small streams whose wasted energy might easily be developed and applied to doing the hard labor on the adjacent farms. A number of individual farmers acting together might find such a venture both possible and profitable, for small water-power plants to-day are relatively inexpensive.

Out in the Far West the mighty rivers are being made to furnish power to irrigate the arid lands of the neighboring plains. One great project in Arizona will open up more than a quarter of a million acres for cultivation and useful production.

Perhaps no greater field for hydroelectric power exists than in connection with the operation of the nation's railroads. Especially is this true in the mountainous regions of our Western States. One authority estimates that 5,000,000 horse power would be required to electrify the 50,000 miles of railroad in these Western States, or less than one-fifth of the total hydroelectric power that it is possible to develop in the territory traversed by these railroads. As a start in the right direction one road is operating 440 miles of its main line with power generated in near-by hydroelectric stations.

America's Place in the Air

THE airplane belongs to the United States by right of discovery. Langley perceived the principle of mechanical flight in heavier-than-air machines, and the Wrights demonstrated the practicability of the idea. Congressional indifference and ridicule from a large portion of the

(Continued on Page 39)

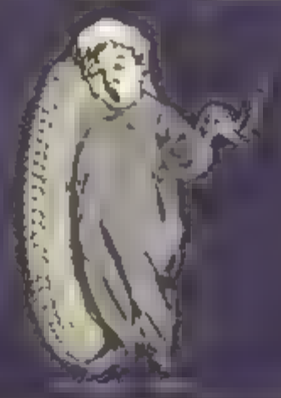
LET us see what grounds we have for believing the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world.

Well, take the matter of *long life* alone: Isn't it a conspicuous fact that it is almost impossible to "kill" a Hupmobile?

And, when you stop to think of it, isn't long life—which means, of course, long-continued, satisfactory service—a matter of prime importance?

Here, undoubtedly, you have one very good reason why our belief has now become practically a public conviction.

FISK
CORD TIRES



The Square Deal is Born and Bred Into Fisk Tires

FISK STANDARDS are high—to realize it compare Fisk Cords with any other cord tire. Big, even for over-sized tires, well made and good-looking in every detail; you expect uncommon mileage from such tires and you get it.

The Ideal of The Fisk Rubber Company is to be "the best concern in the world to work for and the squarest concern in existence to do business with."

Next Time—BUY FISK
From Your Dealer

(Continued from Page 36)

American public caused the Wright brothers to turn to Europe for sympathetic support. This gave European nations an early lead over us in aviation. In 1917, when America entered the war, we made huge appropriations for aircraft in an effort to catch up with the rest of the world. Soon we had developed a new industry employing upward of a half million men. We had built a manufacturing organization unequaled of its kind in all the world. On that historic day when the last gun was fired in France, American airplane factories had struck their pace, and there were 686 more planes at our chief port of embarkation than could be loaded.

Then came the signing of the Armistice. The Government immediately canceled contracts for aircraft construction amounting to about one billion dollars. The supplementary factories—motor, furniture and other plants—reverted at once to their established and profitable lines of business. But the bona-fide airplane industry, with $100,000,000 invested, could not get out from under so easily. The only thing left for these manufacturers was to stick to their initial endeavor, in the hope that commercial aviation would soon become self-supporting. In the light of present events this appears to have been a false hope. After the war ended France continued airplane construction on a war basis up to March, 1919. Her aircraft industry thus encouraged is now in splendid position to go ahead on a peace basis. As early as 1917 Great Britain foresaw the necessity of commercial aëronautical development and appointed a committee on civil aërial transport. The findings of this committee are now being used as the basis for financial and legislative encouragement to the aircraft people. English production of airplanes was not shut off suddenly, and even now it is reported that the output is being held at 250 machines each month.

The important European nations have recognized the fact that the airplane industry in each country cannot successfully bridge the gap from war to peace without some measure of encouragement. Here in the United States this truth has not been conceded. The treaty of peace with Germany denies that country the privilege of constructing aircraft for six months after the signing of the pact. Under the terms of existing legislation here in our own country the United States and Germany will be in about the same position next year, with the odds slightly favoring the Teutons.

An examination of our airplane companies uncovers the following situation: One concern in Northern Ohio has stopped all work and is in the course of liquidation. A company in Massachusetts employed 1200 hands last year. At the present time, because of no orders, the only employees are the officers of the company. The corporation is holding its investment dormant awaiting early developments. A large company, with a capitalization of nearly $10,000,000, operating in New Jersey and New York, in November, 1918, employed 15,008 people. The total present force numbers less than 500 persons, 450 of whom are engaged in the final accounting of war contracts. Another big corporation, which operated eight plants and employed 17,850 people in 1918, now has but 760 men on its pay roll. Only two of the eight plants are being operated at all. Of the remaining aircraft companies three are manufacturing other products, two are awaiting developments in the Government's plans and three have already liquidated.

So much for the present demoralized condition of the aircraft industry in America. The question naturally arises: What will be the consequences of our peacetime indifference to this great new art? The German admiral on surrendering his ships to the British commander remarked: "You may throw them all into the scrap heap; the future lies with the submarine and the airplane." Great Britain has expressed her dependence upon the use of aircraft for coast defense. One authority says: "The power of the plane of to-day will compare to that of the future only as a motorcycle compares to the most powerful tank."

France has commenced the organization of aërial ports, to establish communication by dirigibles and airplanes between France, North Africa, Dakar and South America, and to operate transversal lines in France running from east to west. State aid will be accorded such enterprises. In Japan an air postal service has been inaugurated between Tokio and Osaka. It is announced from Rome that an aërial mail service has been initiated in the Island of Sardinia. Germany has twelve air routes in operation. On the Berlin-Hamburg route there are four aërial expresses each day, the journey averaging two hours and eleven minutes. All the German lines are operated by the Deutsche Luft Rederie, a combine of various German aeronautical firms. Return tickets are valid for thirty days. The traveling charges are as follows: Berlin-Hamburg, 450 marks one way, or 700 marks for the round trip; Berlin-Breslau, 500 for single passage, 750 for round trip; Berlin-Weimar, 450 single, 700 round trip. A flying kit and motor transport to and from the airdrome are included in the cost of the ticket. The total weight of passenger and luggage is limited, the thin man scoring against the portly passenger. On the Berlin-Weimar route 538 flights were made in a little more than two months. During the same period 262 flights were made between Berlin and Hamburg. Besides passengers, mails and parcels are also carried. Here we have an up-to-the-minute example of German efficiency in bringing about the fusion of all her existing commercial aviation companies. What she is doing could not have been accomplished by individual concerns working alone.

The Teutons are also planning a regular airship service between Berlin, Odense, Copenhagen and Stockholm, with the object of assuming the leading aërial position in Scandinavia, as against British and French rivals. Information comes from Zurich stating that the Krupps, of Essen, have constructed a gas turbine, one of the main advantages of which is to give airplanes an almost noiseless flight. Giant airplanes capable of carrying sixty-four persons have been propelled by the new motor. All of which is interesting in view of the fact that a clause in the peace treaty lays down that no airships shall be kept by Germany.

But Great Britain is the spot on which to focus attention when considering the future development of aviation. The British Government has offered prizes aggregating $340,000 for efficiency and safety in airplanes to be shown in an aircraft safety competition which the government will hold March 1, 1920. All entrants must be British. Great London journals are pushing the game. One paper has offered $50,000 for airplane reliability shown in flights to India. One of the reasons given for this contest is that "the future defense of British India frontiers will rest chiefly in the air." Another paper recently endeavored to show how the airplane can be used in

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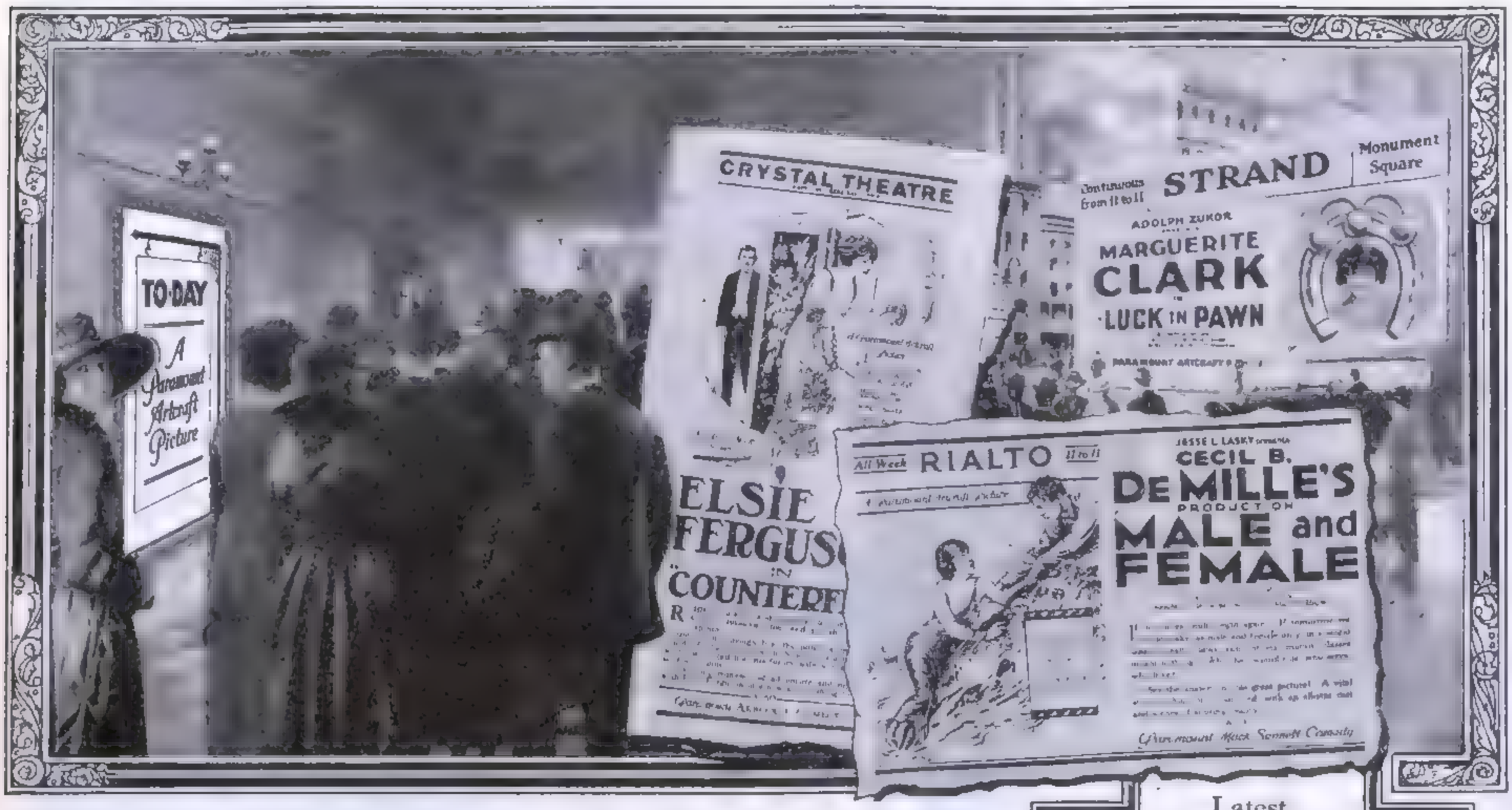
PHOTO BY N. LAZARNICK, NEW YORK

The First United States Air Mail Post Office in This Country, at Queens, Long Island

PHOTO BY N. LAZARNICK, NEW YORK

Loading the United States Mail in Airplanes at New York, Bound for Washington, D. C.



So that you may know —

MOTION picture fans are divided into two huge groups,—those who have to pay admission and *see* a picture before they know whether it is good—and those who know *before* they pay!

There are millions in the latter group who have caught on to this profitable idea.

Have you?

The simple, relentless logic of it is this—

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They represent AAA entertainment, and it is worth millions of dollars to us to keep our word to you whenever and wherever you attend a theatre.

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Vivian Martin *in* "HIS OFFICIAL FIANCÉE"
Wallace Reid *in* "HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A."
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STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

Tombstone's Wild Oats—By Frederick R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

They Rustled Stock. They Drove Whole Herds Over the Boundary

IN THE good old days of Indians and bad men the roaring town of Tombstone had a man for breakfast every morning, and there were mornings when the number ran as high as half a dozen.

That is the way the old-timers speak of it, and there is a fond pride in their voices when they allude to the subject, the same sort of pride one betrays when he tells of the wild oats sowed by a gray-haired friend during his lusty youth. For Tombstone has settled down to middle-age conventionality and is peaceable enough to-day for any man.

But in the early eighties! Apaches were raiding; claim jumpers were battling; road agents were robbing stages; bad men were slaying one another in the streets; and take it altogether life was stepping to a lively tune.

Geronimo's naked warriors were industrious. Now they would steal upon a pair of miners doing assessment work within sight of town. Now they would bag a teamster on the road from Tucson; or raid a ranch; or attack the laborers who were laying the water company's pipe line to the Huachucas. Hardly a week passed but a party of hard-eyed horsemen rode out from Tombstone with their rifles across their saddle bows escorting a wagon which had been sent to bring in the bodies of the latest victims.

In the two years following the first rush from Tucson to the rich silver district which Ed Schiefflin had discovered there was much claim jumping, and claim jumping in those days always meant shooting. Some properties were taken and retaken several times, each occasion being accompanied by bloodshed. Surveying parties marched into the foothills of the Mule Mountains under escort of companies of riflemen; in more than one instance they laid out boundary lines and established corner monuments after pitched battles, each with its own formidable casualty list.

What with the murders by the savages and these affrays—together with such natural hazards of disease and accident as accompany any new mining camp—the foothill graveyard out beyond the north end of the wide main street was booming like the town—and now there came a more potent factor in stimulating mortuary statistics.

The bad men took possession of Tombstone.

They came from all over the West, for railroads and telegraph lines were bringing a new order of things from the Missouri to the Rio Grande, and those who would live by the forty-five hastened to ride away from sight of jails and churches, seeking this new haven down by the border.

One by one they drifted across the flaring southwestern deserts—from California, Montana, Colorado, Kansas and New Mexico—with their grim mouths tight shut against all questions and their big revolvers dangling beside their thighs. The hair of some of them was gray from many winters and their faces deeply lined, and some were boys with down on their smooth cheeks. But once his hand started moving toward his pistol every man of them was deadlier than a bull rattlesnake.

No man challenged them on their arrival. The town was too busy to heed their presence. The one-story buildings which lined the wide streets were packed to the doors with customers; saloons, dance halls and gambling houses roared on through day and night; the stores were open at all hours. The wide sidewalks under the wooden awnings which ran the length of every block were crowded from wall to gutter with men intent on getting wealth or spending it.

The bad men mingled with those sidewalk throngs; they dropped into the Bird Cage Opera House, where painted women sang in voices that clanged like brazen gongs; they took their places before the gambling tables of the Crystal Palace, where girls were oftentimes to be found dealing faro; they joined the long lines before the bars and drank the stinging whisky which the wagon trains had brought from Tucson. And they met one another.

It was like the meeting of strange dogs which bristle on sight and often fly at one another's throats to settle the question of supremacy. Their big-caliber revolvers spat streams of fire in the roadways and bellowed in the dance halls. And gradually among the ranks of the survivors there came a gradation in their badness. Several loomed far above the others—Jack Ringold, Frank Stilwell, Zwing Hunt, the Clanton brothers and Billy Grounds. They were he-wolves. And there was Curly Bill, the worst of all. He might be said to rule them.

They settled down to business, which is to say they started to do the best they could for themselves according to their separate capacities for doing evil unto others.

They rustled stock. They drove whole herds over the boundary from Mexico. They pillaged the ranches, which were now coming into the adjacent country—stealing horses, altering brands and slaying whoever interfered with them, all with the boldness of medieval border raiders. They took a hand in the claim jumping. They robbed the stage.

Hardly a day passed without a holdup on the Tucson road—and when the railway went through, on the road to Benson. Shotgun guards and drivers were killed; occasionally a passenger or two got a bullet. And the bad men spent the money quite openly over the bars in Tombstone. The rustlers even fell into the custom of wearing gray-white breeches as a sort of uniform.

One day while he was deputy United States marshal William Breckenbridge got word that Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds were camped in an adobe cabin down at the Stockton ranch. He took three men with him to get the desperadoes. Of the battle that followed the posse's arrival the old-timers give a description, meticulous as to where each man stood and how each shot was fired. Hunt held down one door of the adobe and Grounds the other. The former killed one man and dropped two others badly wounded before the last of these shot him through the lungs. Breckenbridge fought it out with Grounds and, when he finally exterminated the bad man with a charge of buckshot, looked round to find himself the only one of the six left on his feet. The incident slowed up the stage-robbing industry for the time being.

And then Wyatt Earp killed Curly Bill. At any rate written history—and some of the old-timers—give him credit for so doing. One or two men of probity state that they have met the old outlaw since that time down in Mexico. But if Wyatt Earp did not do the killing, one thing is sure—the Earp brothers drove Curly Bill out of the country, which amounts to the same and brings a new turn to the story.

From this time the figures of the Earp brothers loom large in the foreground. Whatever else may be said of them, they were bold men and there was something Homeric in their violence.

Wyatt, Virgil, Morgan and Jim—the first three were active in the wild events which followed their incumbency to power. California knew them in their boyhood, and during their manhood years they wandered over the West from mining camp to cow town until they came to Tombstone from Dodge, Kansas. They brought a record with them.

Back in the seventies in the time of the trail herds Dodge was a howling cow town. There was a period of its existence when the punchers used to indulge in the pastime of shooting up the place. But there were a great many of these frolicsome riders and too much wanton revolver shooting is sure to breed trouble if it is combined with hard liquor, gambling and a tough floating population. The prominent business men of Dodge watched the hectic consequences of this lawlessness over their faro layouts with speculative eyes and came to the conclusion that killings were becoming altogether too promiscuous. The town—they said—needed a business administration, and forthwith they selected Bat Masterson as marshal. He established—and enforced—a rule which amounted to this:

If a man pulled his gun he did it at his own peril. Whoever fired a shot within the town limits—whether he did it for sport or murder—faced arrest.

Resistance followed. There were nights when the main street echoed with the roaring of firearms. But by the force of his personality and by his remarkable ability at the quick draw Bat Masterson subdued the rebels. It came about that of what killing was done he did his full share—which greatly diminished the death list.

Wyatt and Virgil Earp succeeded Bat Masterson in this office and carried out their administrations with a boldness which left them famous. With the coroner behind them they were lords of the high justice, the middle and the low—and they sustained their positions by good straight shooting.

At such times as they were not performing their functions as peace officers they were dealing faro, and when the imminence of a less interesting era was made apparent by the dwindling of the trail herds and the increase of dry farmers they left the good old cow town along with many other professional gamblers. They arrived in Tombstone in the days when Curly Bill and his gang were rampant and they went to dealing faro in the Oriental. They found many a friend—and some enemies—from those years in Western Kansas among the more adventurous element in the new town. Former buffalo hunters, teamsters, quiet-spoken gamblers and two-gun men sat before their layouts and talked over bygones with them.

And then came the departure of Curly Bill—for the great hereafter or Mexico.

The community was grateful. And with the gratitude was mingled admiration begotten by Wyatt and Virgil Earp's prowess in such matters. There was an election at about this time. Virgil was chosen town marshal and Wyatt got the appointment of deputy United States marshal soon afterward. Old friends and new rallied round them. Of these were Doc Holliday, a tubercular gunman with the irascible disposition which some invalids own, who had drifted hither from Colorado; the Clanton brothers; Frank Stilwell, who robbed the stage and stole horses for a living; Jack Ringold, a disciple of Curly Bill's; Frank Leslie, a handsome young murderer who wore his hair long and decked himself out in fringed buckskin; these and others like them.

It was a time when the old spoils system was recognized in its pristine simplicity. If you trained with the victorious political faction you either wore a star or had someone who did wear a star backing you. If you trained with the minority you were pretty sure sooner or later to have your

name engrossed on a warrant. In such an era it was as well to vote wisely, else—in the vernacular—you were "short" in your home town, which meant you could not go back there.

How much the Earps knew of what their henchmen did is beyond the telling in this story. An official history of Arizona published under the auspices of the state legislature and written by Major McClintock, an old Westerner, states that first and last they were accused of about fifty per cent of the robberies which took place in the town. It is, however, altogether possible that their cognizance of such matters was no greater than many a city official to-day holds of crimes committed in his bailiwick. When one comes to analyze police politics he finds they have not changed much since the time of the Crusades. Desire for power has always blinded reformers to the misdeeds of their followers. One thing is certain—the Earps did protect their friends and some of those friends were using very much the same methods the Apaches employed in making a living.

To a certain extent this was necessary. What one might call the highly respectable element of the town was busy at its own affairs. Mine owners and merchants were deeply engrossed in getting rich. And unless he liked gun fighting a man would have to be a good deal of a busybody to give the town marshal anything more tangible than his best wishes in the way of support. It was up to that official to look out for himself. At any time when complications followed his attempt to arrest a lawbreaker he could depend upon the average citizen—to get outside the line of fire.

And the gun fighters were eager to get into the game. They were right on hand to make a stand in front of the enemy if need be—but preferably to murder the foe from behind, which was ever the way with the Western bad man.

There were determined men of another breed in Tombstone and the surrounding country, men who had outfought Apaches and desperadoes on many an occasion—dead shots who owned high moral courage; such men as John Slaughter, who had established his ranch down on the Mexican line long before Ed Schieffiin came into the country, and had driven the savages away from his neighborhood. But these old-timers were not enlisted under the Earp banner, and the town's new rulers had only the other element for retainers.

So now Frank Stilwell robbed stages on the Bisbee road until the drivers got to know his voice quite well, and swaggered through the Tombstone dance halls bestowing the rings he had stripped from the fingers of women passengers upon his latest favorite. Ike and Billy Clanton enlarged their herds in the San Pedro Valley with cattle and horses from other men's ranges and sold beef with other men's brands to Tombstone butchers. Frank Leslie slew his victims in the most ignoble fashion and jumped their claims or took unto himself their women. And take it altogether, the whole crew from Doc Holliday on down did what they could to bring popular disfavor upon the heads of the new peace officers. But if their followers were lacking the quality of moral courage, that cannot be said of the Earp brothers. And not long after they took the reins in their strong hands an occasion rose wherein they proved their mettle. Wyatt in particular showed that he was made of stern stuff. It came about as a result of the reforms under the new régime.

After the manner of their Dodge administration the brothers ruled in Tombstone. They forbade the practice of shooting up the town. Who sought to take possession of a dance hall according to the old custom, which consisted of driving out the inmates with drawn revolvers and extinguishing the lights with forty-five-caliber slugs, was forthwith arrested. To ride a horse into a saloon and order drinks for all hands meant jail and a heavy fine. To slay a gambler or make a gun play in a gambling house when luck was running bad resulted in prosecution.

Virgil Earp attended to these matters, and after several incidents wherein he disarmed ugly men whose friends stood by eager to let daylight into the new marshal he owned a certain amount of prestige. It is only fair to remark in passing that he had a disposition—in ticklish cases—to shoot first and ask questions afterward, but that was recognized as an officer's inalienable right in those rude days.

Now this new order of things did not meet universal popular favor in Tombstone. There were always three or four hundred miners off shift on the streets; and while a large percentage of them were peaceable men, there was a boisterous element. This element and the cowboys, who had been in the habit of celebrating their town comings after the good old fashion, felt resentful. An occasional killing of one of their number with the invariable verdict from a carefully picked coroner's jury—"Met his death while resisting an officer in performance of his duty"—made the resentment general. The miners and cowboys said that Tombstone was being run by a bunch of murderers in the interest of the gamblers.

Opposition to the administration began to crystallize. Affairs reached the point where in a twentieth-century community reformers would be preparing to circulate recall petitions. But in the early eighties they did things more directly, and instead of the recall they had the showdown. The recalcitrants eagerly awaited its coming.

It came. And its origin was in Charleston. Charleston was eleven miles across the hills from Tombstone down by the San Pedro River. There was a mill there and the cowboys from the country round came in to spend their money.

Jim Burnett was justice of the peace. Early in the town's history he had seceded from the county of Pima because the supervisors over in Tucson refused to allow him certain fees.

"Hereafter," so he wrote the board, "the justice court in Charleston will look after itself." Which it did.

Once the court dragged Jack Harrer from his horse, when that enthusiastic stockman was celebrating his arrival by bombarding the town, and fined the prisoner fifty head of three-year-old steers. And once—it is a matter of record—a coroner's jury under his instruction rendered the verdict: "Served the Mexican right for getting in front of the gun."

Things always moved swiftly in Charleston. There is a tale of a saloon keeper who buried his wife in the morning, killed a man at high noon and took unto himself a new bride before evening. If that story is not true—and old-timers vouch for it—it is at least indicative of the trend of life in the town. And to Charleston came those followers of Curly Bill who did not get on with the Earps. Several of them became men of influence down here on the San Pedro. Hither flocked those boisterous spirits who

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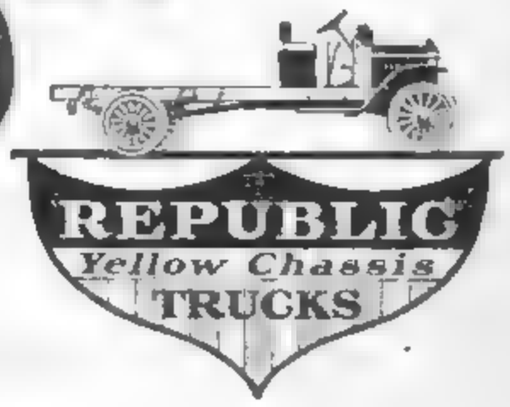
"Looks Like We're Up Against It, Kid, But We'll Play It Out J'long as We Got Chips Left"

REPUBLIC TRUCKS



As a business man, your decision to invest in some particular truck naturally will be based on the experience of other users. The 60,000 Republic Trucks now in service represent the greatest truck preference in the world. It stands to reason that this preference could not be founded on anything but the most satisfactory experience recorded by the owners of *any* motor truck.

Republic Motor Truck Co. Inc., Alma, Michigan

REPUBLIC
Yellow Chassis
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National Truck Shows

New York, 8th Coast Artillery Armory, January 3 to 10

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ESSEX MOTORS

Know Why 20,000 Owners

In 10 Months It Set a Mark, New in Motor Sales

Champion the Essex

Unknown a year ago, the Essex has set a world's sales record.

It has established a distinct new type among the fine cars of motordom. Today, more than 20,000 are in service.

Yet there is no secret back of the Essex triumph.

It Won on Quality Minus Useless Weight

It made the issue on finest car qualities without useless weight or size.

That issue is uppermost today. For nimbleness, convenience in crowded traffic and economy of upkeep and operation are more important now than ever.

And with the Essex you sacrifice no pleasure, comfort or performance ability that the large, high-priced car can give. Judge it by trial. Match its speed, power and riding ease with any.

Then answer if Essex has not proved great size and weight needless to fine car quality.

Big Car Owners Now Turn to Essex

Of the legion who know and praise Essex performance, none express more satisfaction than former owners of large, costly cars.

Skeptics at first, they now appreciate the way Essex combines light car advantages, with the qualities of comfort and flexible performance, they knew and formerly considered exclusive in their big cars.

They take joy in its revelation of liveliness and handling ease.

And now time has proved how Essex retains those wanted qualities of silence, smoothness and power even after hardest service. Many have driven their Essex cars 16,000 to 18,000 miles—some more than 20,000—without any repairs whatever. Such proofs should convince all of Essex endurance. Because of the thousands of cars concerned it is as convincing as a three year test with a smaller number of cars.

Small Size Now No Bar To Supreme Performance

You will never class the Essex with other light-weight cars. For one thing, its appearance instantly stamps it superior. You recognize the finest upholstery, fittings and detail, that can be put into a car.

But the important difference is revealed only in action.

You can match some of the Essex qualities in other cars. You can get its speed, its power, even its endurance. But not at its price, nor with its light car advantages of low upkeep and operating cost.

You can get a car its weight. But there you will find no comparison with its performance.

If you want what the Essex offers you have no other choice. That is why it has become so popular.

What car can show more speed? What car can match its performance in the touring hazards of hills and rugged roads? The list is limited to those that are larger, heavier and that cost much more.

These are reasons owners always compare Essex performance with costly cars noted for such qualities.

The Essex requires little attention. Long acquaintance improves your esteem and affection for it.

The Demand Grows With Every Car Delivered

Every Essex delivered goes forth to make new friends. We know scores of instances of communities that champion the Essex as a result of what one car has shown.

Thus the list multiplies faster than production can be increased. We have extended the factories time and again, but always the production lags behind demand. You can see that by the number already delivered and by the present sales exceeding 100 cars a day.

Can you think of another car in sales preference or real value that offers such attractive reasons for its choice?

(101)

(Continued from Page 42)

craved more freedom of action on pay day than the mining town afforded.

Guns blazed in Charleston whenever the spirit moved. The young fellow who was ditch tender for the company had to give up his lantern when he made his nightly trip of inspection, because as surely as that light showed up on the sidehill there was bound to be someone down in the street who just naturally could not resist taking a shot at it.

So while dissatisfaction was crystallizing among the miners in Tombstone, a keen rancor against the Earps was developing here in Charleston, which was the state of affairs when Johnny Behind the Deuce brought matters to a crisis by killing an engineer from the mill.

Johnny Behind the Deuce was an under-sized, scrawny specimen of the genus which is popularly known as "tinhorn," a sort of free-lance gambler usually to be found sitting in at a poker game. The engineer was a big man and abusive. There was a game in which these two participated, and when he had lost his wages to Johnny Behind the Deuce the engineer sought solace first in vituperation, then in physical maltreatment. Johnny Behind the Deuce shot the engineer. Charleston's constable took the slayer into custody. The rustlers and other exiles from Tombstone knew the prisoner for a friend of the Earps, so they decided to lynch him. They sent one of their number after a reata for that purpose.

The constable learned what was going on. He commandeered a buckboard and a team of mules, put Johnny Behind the Deuce aboard and started the animals on the dead run for Tombstone. When the man who had been sent for the reata returned, the rustlers set out after the prisoner and found they were five minutes too late. They saddled up and started in pursuit. The road wound along the lower levels between the foothills of the Mule Mountains. There were two or three dry washes to cross, some sharp grades to negotiate and several fine stretches that were nearly level—rough road, admirably suited for making a wild race wilder.

And this was a wild race. The constable and the prisoner were just getting nicely started when they heard a fusillade of revolver shots behind them. They glanced over their shoulders and saw more than fifty horsemen coming on at that gait which is best described in the vernacular as "burning the wind."

From time to time one of these riders would lean forward and "throw down" his revolver. Then the occupants of the buckboard would hear the whine of a forty-five slug and a moment later the report of the distant weapon would reach their ears.

The mules heard these things too. What with the noise of the firearms and the long whoops of the pursuers they were in a frenzy; they threw their long ears flat back and entered into the spirit of the occasion by running away. The constable, who was a cool man and a good driver, centered his energies on guiding them round the turns and let it go at that.

Now as the miles of tawny landscape flashed behind them the two fugitives saw that they were being overhauled. And the pursuers found that they were gaining; their yells came louder down the wind; they roweled their lathered cow ponies and they gained still more on the buckboard.

The constable negotiated the dry wash beyond Robbers Rock on two wheels, and as the light vehicle was reeling along the easy grade on the other side the prisoner took another look behind. He notified his captor that the wild riders were not much more than four hundred yards away. They came to a stretch of level road. The mules were doing a little better now and they clattered down into the next dry wash with an abandon which all but ended matters. The outer wheels went over the high-cut bank, but by the grace of good luck and marvelous driving the buckboard was kept right side up.

The lynching party had made a short cut and now they appeared between the rolling hills not more than two hundred yards behind. Johnny Behind the Deuce reported the state of affairs. The constable answered without turning his head.

"Looks like we're up against it, kid," said he, "but we'll play it out s'long as we got chips left."

Three miles outside of Tombstone stood an adobe building wherein a venturesome saloon keeper had installed himself, a barrel of that remarkable whisky known as "Kill Me Quick" and sufficient arms to maintain possession against road agents. The sign on this establishment's front wall said:

LAST CHANCE

It was a lucky chance for Johnny Behind the Deuce. For Jack McCann, who owned a fast mare, was exercising her out here this afternoon preparatory for a race against some cow ponies down on the San Pedro next week. He had trotted her down the road and was about to head her toward the saloon for her burst of speed when he saw the buckboard coming over a rise.

The mules were fagged. The constable was lashing them with might and main. The lynching party was within a hundred yards.

There Were Nights When the Main Street Echoed With the Roaring of Firearms

As Jack McCann surveyed this spectacle, which was so rapidly approaching him, the constable waved his hand. The situation was too tight to permit wasting time. McCann ranged his mare alongside the buckboard as soon as it drew up, and before the driver had begun to explain he cried: "Jump on, kid!"

Johnny Behind the Deuce leaped on the mare's back. The constable pulled off the road as the lynching party came thundering by with a whoop and halloo. He peered through the dust which the ponies' hoofs had stirred up and saw the mare fading away in the direction of Tombstone with her two riders.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. That hour was the dullest of the twenty-four in the gambling houses, for the evening shift was on its way to work and the day shift had not yet come off. The Earps were dealing faro in the Oriental.

To the onlooker who does not know its hazards faro is a funereal game. The dealer slides one card and then a second from the box. The case keeper moves a button or two on his rack. The dealer in the meantime is paying winners and collecting chips from losers, all with the utmost listlessness. In his high chair above them all the lookout leans back with every external sign of world-weary indifference and the players settle a little lower on their stools. There was about as much animation in the Oriental that afternoon as there is in a country church on a hot Sunday morning—less in fact, for there was no preacher present.

Into the peaceful quiet came the sound of hoof beats from the street. It stopped abruptly. Two men burst through the front door on a run. The players looked round and the faro dealers dropped their right hands toward the open drawers where they kept their loaded pistols. Jack McCann and Johnny Behind the Deuce had arrived.

But before the prisoner finished his story—to which he did not devote more than twenty words or so—a man ran into the Oriental with the tidings that the miners who were coming off shift were arming themselves as fast as they left the cages. The rustlers had ridden up the hill and were gathering reenforcements. Wyatt Earp at once took charge of the affair. He was a medium-sized man with a drooping sandy mustache.

"We'll close up, boys," he said.

The show-down had come.

Wyatt, Virgil, Morgan and Jim took counsel. Doc Holliday advised with them. A handful of their supporters stood by waiting their decision. All others left—the neighborhood was no healthy place for noncombatants.

The Oriental gambling house stood on Tombstone's main street at the intersection of a cross street. Because of its size it would be a hard place to defend against so formidable a mob as this which was now moving down the hill. Several doors north on the main street and on the opposite side there was a bowling alley. Its narrowness gave that building a strategic value. They took Johnny Behind the Deuce there and set guards at both ends.

Wyatt Earp remained alone out in the middle of the main street just below the corner. He held a double-barreled shotgun over the crook of his arm.

The ugly sound which rises from a mob came into the deserted thoroughfare—the swift tramp of many feet, the growl of many voices. More than three hundred miners, the majority of whom were armed with rifles from the company's arsenal, and the fifty-odd members of the Charleston lynching party swept into Toughnut Street, turned the corner and rushed down the cross street toward the Oriental. They reached the intersection of the main street, and as they faced the closed doors of the Oriental their left flank was toward Wyatt Earp. They filled the roadway and the front ranks surged upon the sidewalk toward the gambling house.

Then someone who had seen the prisoner taken to the bowling alley shouted the tidings. The throng changed front in the instant and faced the solitary guard who stood there a few yards before them.

Wyatt Earp shifted his shotgun into his two hands and held it as a trap shooter does when he is waiting for the clay pigeons to rise. In the moment of discovery the mob had checked itself, confronting him as one man confronts another when the two are bitter enemies and the meeting is entirely unexpected. There followed a brief sharp surge forward. It emanated from the rear ranks and moved in a wave toward the front. There it stopped. And there passed a flash of time during which the man and the mob eyed each other.

That was no ordinary lynching party such as some communities see in these days. Its numbers included men who had outfought Apaches, highwaymen and posses; men who were accustomed to killing their fellow beings and inured to facing death. And the hatred of the Earp brothers, which had been brewing during all these months, was white hot now within them.

"Come on!" called Wyatt Earp, and added an epithet.

Above the mass of tossing heads the muzzles of rifles were bobbing up and down. The trampling of their feet and the shuffling of their packed bodies made a dull undernote. Shouts rose from many quarters.

"Go on!"

"Get him!"

"Now, boys!"

Wyatt Earp threw back his head and repeated his challenge.

"Come on!" He flung an oath at them. "Sure you can get me! But"—he gave them the supreme insult of that wild period's profanity—"the first one that makes a move, I'll get him. Who's the man?"

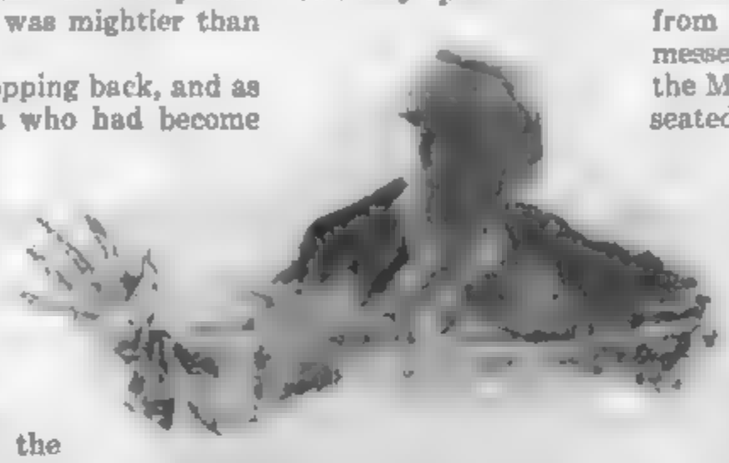
Those who saw him that afternoon say that his face was white—so white that his drooping mustache seemed dark in contrast. His eyes gleamed like ice when the sun is shining on it. And he had the look of a man who has put his life behind him; a man who is waiting for just one thing before he dies—to select the ones whom he will take with him.

The cries behind redoubled and the crowding increased in the rear. Some leaped on the backs of those before them. But the men in the front ranks—some of them were bold men and deadly—withstood the pressure. They held their eyes on that grim white face or watched the two muzzles of that shotgun which he swept back and forth across their gaze with hypnotic effect.

It was a fine large moment. Any one of them could have got him at the first shot. There was no chance of missing, and scores yearned to get him. Undoubtedly he had attained that pitch where he yearned for them to do it. And being thus to all intents a dead man—save only that he retained the faculty of killing—he was mightier than all of them.

The men in the front ranks were dropping back, and as these escaped his presence the others who had become exposed to it struggled against the pressure of their fellows who would keep them in that position. Some of the cooler spirits were beginning to slip away. Now the contagion of indifference spread. The mob was melting.

In the meantime one or two members of the Earp faction had procured a team and wagon. As soon as the lynchers had dispersed they stowed the prisoner into the vehicle. They set out for Tucson with a heavy guard. But there was no pursuit. The reaction which follows perfervid enthusiasm of this sort had settled down upon the miners and cowboys. Johnny Behind the Deuce was tried before the district court and—as was to be expected—he was acquitted.



Johnny Behind the Deuce Shot the Engineer

But now as time went on dissensions came among the followers of the Earp brothers. Jack Ringold fell out with the leaders and took the path of previous exiles to Charleston. This disciple of Curly Bill had a rather formidable following of his own among the rustlers and bad men, and the Earps deemed it worth their while to seek him out. The brothers and Doc Holliday rode over to the neighboring town one morning.

A bridge crossed the San Pedro River and Charleston's main street led away from its farther approach. When the Earp party came to the stream Jack Ringold appeared on the opposite side. Unlike the old Horatius, whose deed we all used to declaim when we were schoolboys, the rebel had no friends to stand on either hand. He was pacing back and forth across the plank roadway with his palms resting on the butts of his two revolvers. But no one could tell what forces might be lying in ambush under the cover of the adobe buildings just behind him. The Earp party halted. Ringold called across to them.

"Come on, boys!" he shouted. "It's fine on this side."

The invitation was too evidently sincere. The invited ones showed good sound sense by turning their horses and riding back to Tombstone.

But Jack Ringold left the shelter of Charleston one day not long afterward and went over toward the Dragoons on some dubious errand or other. At hot noonday he unsaddled his horse and sat down to rest under a tree—and someone shot him down from behind.

For this deed Frank Leslie claimed what he was pleased to term the credit. And though he walked the streets of Tombstone every day while men were discussing the murder, no one ever tried to bring him to account for it—excepting a rustler by the name of Claiborne.

This man, who was a pretty good shot, came to Tombstone with the avowed determination of slaying Leslie, but fell himself in the duel that followed. The affair took place on the same corner where Wyatt Earp had outfaced the mob of miners.

The killing of Jack Ringold, however, left a bad taste in men's mouths, and because they had profited from it the Earps were held responsible by many who had heretofore sided with them. And in the meantime the county of Cochise had been established. Tombstone was made the county seat. Johnny Behan, an old-timer and an Indian fighter, was the first sheriff. He was hostile to the city administration from the beginning. Nor was that all. Lawyers came into the town, and henceforth—provided the dead man's friends had money—killing an opponent no longer settled a dispute. There remained such complications as indictment, sworn testimony and the jury. The good old days were passing.

Sheriff Johnny Behan charged the Earps with participation in robberies and willful cognizance of murders. It was about as far as he did go as a public official. The brothers issued profane and pointed defiance and went on dealing faro. About this time Frank Stilwell quarreled with the Earps and hastily departed from Tombstone. And henceforth until the wind-up of the ugly affairs that followed he remained at large, awaiting his opportunity for revenge.

Sheriff Behan was trying to get some good charge to bring against the brothers, and various lawyers—some of them widely known throughout the Southwest—were anxiously waiting opportunity to appear as special prosecutors, when the Benson stage was held up.

The Benson stage had been robbed often enough before, but this time the crime brought far-reaching consequences. Bud Phillpots was driver and Bob Paul, afterward United States marshal, was shotgun messenger. There was a large currency shipment—some eighty thousand dollars—in the express box. The stage was full inside and one passenger, a Mexican, was riding on top. For some reason or other Bob Paul had taken the reins and Phillpots was sitting in his place. As the vehicle came to the top of a hill the robbers showed themselves.

The old-timers speak of the conduct of the highwaymen with profane contempt, for instead of shooting a horse or two they opened fire on Bud Phillpots, whom they believed from his position to be the messenger. They killed him and the Mexican passenger, who was seated behind him. But the team took fright at the noise and ran away and the eighty thousand dollars went on up the road in a cloud of dust.

Johnny Behan, the sheriff, said that the Earp brothers sent Doc Holliday out with the Clanton brothers to commit the crime. Ike Clanton said that he was rustling cattle at the time down in Mexico and accused the Earps of sole responsibility. The Earps in turn stated that the Clanton boys were the bandits. And that began the Earp-Clanton feud. It did not last long, but there was plenty happening while it was going on.

The Clanton brothers, Ike and Billy, betook themselves to their ranch down in the San Pedro Valley and gathered their friends round them. Frank and Tom McLowery were prominent among these allies. And now the statement was made in Tombstone that the members of this faction had promised to shoot the Earps on sight.

One October evening Ike Clanton came to town with Tom McLowery, and Virgil Earp arrested the pair on the charge of disturbing the peace. He did it on the main street and disarmed them easily enough. The justice of the peace, whose name was Spicer, fined the prisoners fifty dollars. The next morning these two defendants went to the O. K. corral on Fremont Street, where they had put up their horses the night before, and there they met Billy Clanton and Frank McLowery. All four were leading their ponies out of the gate when Wyatt, Virgil and Morgan Earp, together with Doc Holliday, confronted them.

"Hands up!" Wyatt ordered.

The shooting began at once. Holliday killed Tom McLowery, who was unarmed, at the first volley. Billy Clanton fell mortally wounded, but continued shooting up to his last gasp. Frank McLowery got a bullet through his pistol hand, but shifted his weapon to the other hand and kept on firing until Morgan Earp, who had fallen with a ball through his shoulder, killed him from where he lay. Ike Clanton jumped a high fence and fled. Within a half hour or so Justice of the Peace Spicer held an examination behind closed doors and exonerated the slayers on the ground that they had done the thing in performance of their duty as officers.

Friends of the Clantons had money. Someone retained lawyers to assist in prosecuting the Earps. The sheriff saw his opportunity and became active getting testimony. And then while the town was seething with gossip concerning the coming trial Frank Stilwell stole into Tombstone with a half-breed and slew Morgan Earp, who was playing billiards at the time. The murder accomplished, Stilwell took a fast horse and rode to Tucson. The half-breed fled to the Dragoon Mountains. The next day the three surviving Earp brothers and Doc Holliday started to California with Morgan's body. At dusk that evening the train reached Tucson. Ike Clanton was in the town, out on bail awaiting trial for a stage robbery, and Frank Stilwell was there. It was no more than natural that the Earps should keep a sharp lookout when the locomotive stopped at the station.

Their vigilance was rewarded. Frank Stilwell came slipping through the shadows just as the train was pulling out. The passengers in the Pullman were startled by a crackling of revolver shots from the rear platform. Directly afterward the Earps came back inside and took their seats. And Tucson was given something to talk about that evening by the discovery of Frank Stilwell's body riddled with bullets beside the track.

The Earp party held council in the Pullman and determined to return to Tombstone. Leaving Virgil to complete the journey with Morgan's body, the two other brothers and Doc Holliday left the train at a way station and flagged a freight which took them back to Benson. Here they procured horses and rode to the town which they had ruled ever since the passing of Curly Bill.

Sheriff Johnny Behan received telegraphic advices from Tucson to arrest them. He found the trio some time in the afternoon. They had got their effects together and sent them ahead on a wagon. They were themselves on horseback, about to set forth for Colorado. Wyatt looked down upon the sheriff as the latter came up.

"Listen!" he said. "Don't you even look as if you wanted to arrest us!"

And with that the three rode down the main street. They passed the saloons and gambling houses and men came flocking from the doors to see them go by. At the running walk the horses came on three abreast; the faces of the riders were set; their eyes swept the crowds on the sidewalks. They went on by. They turned the corner into the road that leads to the Dragoons. That was the last that Tombstone ever saw of them. They stopped at Pete Spence's ranch, where the half-breed was working who had been with Frank Stilwell on the evening of Morgan's murder, and a cowboy found the man's body the next morning. They rode on across wide flats and through great dark mountain ranges, eastward and to the north, until they came into Colorado. When the governor of Arizona sent a requisition for them Colorado's executive refused to honor it.

After the departure of these bold men outlawry took on a new lease of life in Southeastern Arizona. Cattle rustling, stage robbery and murder went on throughout Cochise County. But at last the people found a strong man to whom the law stood for something more than a means of personal power. They chose for sheriff John Slaughter, who had been waging war for years on his own account against Apaches and bad men. But the story of how he brought the enforcement of the statutes into Tombstone is too long to tell here, though it is a stirring tale and colorful. Tombstone to-day stands just as it was back in those wild days of the early eighties. The buildings are unchanged. You may see them all and see the streets as they looked when pistols flamed and men died hard out in the roadway. But other crowds walk those streets now. And sometimes on an evening you will see automobiles going down the block with family parties on their way for a spin along the Benson road where the Clanton boys, Frank Stilwell, Jack Ringold and the other bad men used to rob the stages in daytime. On such an evening should you travel down that highway you may see the leaping light of a bonfire, round which a group of young people are toasting marshmallows—on the summit of the knoll where Ed Schiefflin hid from the passing Apaches!

Tombstone is peaceable enough to-day for any man—so peaceable that one finds it hard to believe there was a time when the town had a man—or more—for breakfast every morning.

Author's Note—It is stated by some excellent authorities that the passing of Curly Bill occurred after the killing of Billy Clanton; also that William Breckenbridge—then a deputy sheriff—headed the posse which killed Zwing Hunt on the day after the Earps departed from Tombstone.

Your Christmas Almonds

What more Christmasy than almonds, blanched and salted, to crown the feast?

Nothing rounds out the perfect dinner so well as that aristocrat of relishes—dainty salted almonds.

And on Christmas of all days you will want only the highest-grade almonds grown—Blue Diamond Brand—"from the valleys of California." The finest crop of almonds the world produces.

Ask your grocer for Blue Diamond Almonds—fresh, soft-shelled, full-meated, perfect.

CALIFORNIA ALMOND GROWERS EXCHANGE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

A non-profit organization of 3,000 American Citizens

To our friends The Retailers:

"Well displayed is half-sold." Blue Diamond Almonds sell themselves if you keep them out where your customers can see them. Such a display as pictured above will turn your stock over in no time. Enough said!

BLUE DIAMOND BRAND

Almonds

from the Valleys of California

You will enjoy-

BUY THEM BY THE BOX

"Big Y" Apples are tissue-wrapped, which protects their goodness and helps them to mature perfectly.

these superlatively delicious, juicy "Big Y" Apples at all times—particularly on winter nights by the fireside when you feel the need of something to "munch on." Let a plate of "Big Y" Apples, with their exquisite shape, color and fragrance, grace your table.

And they are good for your *health*—nothing better. Eat them slowly. Enjoy every luscious mouthful.

"Big Y's" come from a famous valley in Washington, in the sight of snow-capped peaks. Cool nights, tempered sunshine, care in cultivation, selection and packing, are responsible for their goodness.

Have plenty of "Big Y" Apples for the holidays. Winesaps and Rome Beauties are now at their best. Place your order early for a box or more to avoid disappointment. *They cost less by the box.*

Better grocers and fruiters sell "Big Y" Apples—or can easily get them for you from their distributor. Write us for a copy of new Apple Recipes by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. Mention your grocer's name.

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"Big Y" Apples

Selling the Work Machines Do

AN AMERICAN IDEA IN FOREIGN TRADE

By Charles Randolph Thomas

BEFORE the war Germany was fighting desperately and aggressively for the trade of Chile. "While visiting there," said Dr. David Kinley, acting president of the University of Illinois, at a meeting of machinery manufacturers in Chicago called to investigate foreign commercial possibilities, "an American ship came in loaded with American goods. Shortly afterward I was told that within a few hours an investigation had been started by German trade representatives that involved tracing that cargo of goods back to the point of manufacture in this country, the cost of making them, freight expense, the points of delivery and the individual purchasers. This information was cabled to Hamburg."

This was the German cutthroat policy that made enemies. The American method of selling the work of machines makes friends.

I can think of no better way of illustrating the methods used in selling the work that machines do than by telling about the methods of selling something that was distinctly not a machine.

A few days ago Captain O'Grady, just discharged from the Canadian Army after three years of service, came into my office, bringing with him a friend who was on his way to South America to represent a number of steel manufacturers of Pittsburgh. In the course of our conversation the South American engineer told me the following remarkable incident that occurred before the war:

"You know the hens of India lay a much larger egg than the hens in other parts of the world," he began. "The egg cups shipped to India by English exporters were too small to fit these eggs. German commercial travelers noticed the need for egg cups of a larger size and in a few months the egg cup trade of India passed into German hands."

The moral is self-evident.

"The trouble with American manufacturers," runs the ancient bromide—it is hard to tell just when it originated—"is that they received an order for goods from abroad, got the money before they shipped them and immediately forgot about them once they were shipped."

"What's the use?" said the manufacturers. "We have all the business that we want right here at home."

But now conditions have changed. American manufacturers are all anxious to enter export fields. During the war American exports increased by leaps and bounds, and the problem now is how to hold this trade which actually fell into America's lap. How shall we go about it? The answer is: Use the same business acumen that was used in developing trade in the United States.

Methods as Important as Goods

SELLING service is an American invention used with telling effect by the Germans in developing export trade. It is not so much a question of selling people what they want—as so many short-sighted men protest—as it is of selling a better way of doing their work and the machine that will get this better result. Of course it is foolish to sell a person a thing he cannot use, so if foreign countries need things other than are made in this country we shall proceed to make them. The specific problem is to find out the needs of foreign buyers and supply those needs, using standard methods of production at home and literally fitting the tool to the job.

Some progressive manufacturers have gone a step further in order to sell the work their machines do. The story of how Donovan, a road contractor, secured a large road contract in Indiana with the aid of an American manufacturer illustrates the idea. Donovan was not the contractor's name, nor did the incident take place in the state of Indiana, but that does not matter.

Donovan's construction plant was idle and he was looking round for new work. One day he met the sales engineer of a certain company.

"Why don't you bid on some of the Indiana road work?" asked the sales engineer. "I happen to know that so far not many contractors have looked at it."

"When is the letting?" inquired Donovan.

"A week from to-day," was the reply.

"Let's go look at it," said Donovan.

The two men reached the site of the work, went over it together, delved into the plant requirements, the force required to operate the plant and all the other intricate questions that rise in contract work. Donovan was after the work to make money and the sales engineer was there to help him. Incidentally he might sell Donovan some machinery, provided he got the job. But whatever the outcome he wanted to help the contractor make an accurate bid.

While Donovan was arranging for financial backing the sales engineer prepared an estimate of plant requirements, freight, depreciation, overhead and such other things as would assist the contractor in determining just what it would cost to accomplish the work. From this information the contractor prepared his bid. He got the job and the sales engineer sold him the machinery to do the work. This is a case of construction service on the part of the sales engineer which may be defined as selling the work which the machines would do. The big idea back of the service to Donovan must be present in every large commercial transaction abroad.

Last summer two foreign engineers came to this country from Australia to study methods and machinery for building concrete grain elevators. With the assistance of the sales engineers of an American export firm these men made a study of various elevators under construction throughout the country. As a result American methods and machinery are now being used to build what will be the largest grain elevator in Australia, and the first one of concrete.

Some time ago a meeting of manufacturers of heavy machinery was held in Chicago at which methods of training men for selling machinery in foreign countries were discussed. At this meeting S. T. Henry, vice president in charge of sales of the Allied Machinery Company of America, an export organization, told of a conversation which he had with a prominent member of the Yale University Corporation.

The Colleges Waking Up

"WHY can't the universities do something to help us train men for this overseas work?" asked Mr. Henry.

"The progressive schools will," replied the financier. "A private investigation I have had made shows that the schools which are closest to American business thought are the Universities of Illinois and Wisconsin and Dartmouth College. You are an enthusiastic University of Illinois man. Go out and sell the idea to the University of Illinois and I'll go up to New Haven and see what can be done there if you succeed."

This meeting in Chicago resulted in the establishment at the University of Illinois of a course of training for men who desire to learn how to sell iron and steel products abroad. The course will include thorough training in at least one foreign language, in engineering and in the principles of commercial transactions. During the summer students will be employed in the factories of various manufacturers, where they will learn all about the machines which they are to sell; also how to erect them and the methods employed in their manufacture. They will have the opportunity to go out on the road with experienced salesmen so that they may obtain practical experience in selling. At the end of their college course they will be sent abroad for a year at the expense of the manufacturers who have endowed fellowships for this purpose. During this year they will work in plants located in the foreign country where they expect to sell machinery. They will study the language and characteristics of the people. They will endeavor to find out local machinery needs and to decide what American machinery can fulfill these needs.

During this training period their movements will be directed by the sales organization which they will join at some later date, or perhaps by some man assigned to that work by the university. This plan is based on considerable experience in handling engineer salesmen in export work. It is believed that in the course of time this country with such training will develop young men who have grasped the basic principles of export selling.

In former years conditions which existed in England and France and Germany were such that all younger sons of prominent families knew that there was but little for them in the home land. They knew that they must go to the colonies or go into foreign service to accomplish anything. This condition has never existed in the United States. Boys growing up here have as an ambition a career in the business world or perhaps a place in professional life. They never think of going outside of their own country. The result is that our young men have never considered seriously a career abroad, while European young men train from early boyhood with a view of taking up some work in the foreign fields. Consequently Europe had and still has many well-trained men to look after foreign trade, which has reached an extremely profitable stage under their direction.

Japan is perhaps the most shining example of the application of this principle of developing men for export work. That precocious nation has already taken remarkable strides toward the goal of commercial success in a short time, and this has been due to the speed with which its people have assimilated foreign ideas and to the intensive and detailed study which they have made of the methods of other nations.

A California lady told me a rather amusing story along this line a short time ago. It seems that she had experienced considerable difficulty in getting a good Japanese servant, but finally she found one named Niue who she thought was a jewel. She remarked to a friend that Niue was a wonder and that whatever she had said about the Japanese before this time she was willing to take back. She said the boy was unassuming, attentive to his work, unobtrusive and interested in every task he had to perform. One day he came to her and announced that he was leaving.

"But why must you go?" asked the lady.

"Oh, I must go," he insisted.

"But Niue, we will pay you as much as you can get anywhere else. Don't leave us on account of wages."

"I must go," he answered firmly. "It is my orders. You do not understand."

"What do you mean by orders?" the woman asked wonderingly.

"I will tell you," he replied. "I am in the government service and am destined to become a teacher of home economics in Japan. I am a university graduate and I might have come to this country as a guest, but I prefer to come and work as a servant because things that go on in the kitchen are quite different from those that go on in the parlor, and you can learn much more of home conditions in America in the kitchen than anywhere else. From here I will go to some other country. Before I get through I will visit all of the civilized countries. But I will send you a good boy in my place as I am sorry to leave. I have enjoyed being with you."

My friend noticed that while Niue was at her house he had many visitors, who did a great deal of kotowing when in his presence and brought him gifts. When the new boy arrived she asked him about Niue.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "Niue is a count in Japan! He is a very big man in his own country."

I do not know what has become of Niue or whether he succeeded in learning all about home conditions in America, but I feel sure that when he returns to Japan he will know much more about them than many Americans who have never been in their kitchens.

We Must Do Likewise

THIS same method has been used with profit by European countries in training men in America. It is a common sight to see young Frenchmen or Englishmen employed in the offices of cotton factors in the South. The cotton trade in this country is one of the largest items of export, and these young men come over from their own countries to learn how raw cotton is handled. They work as bookkeepers or in any minor capacity in the office of the factor and there learn all the details of grading and handling raw cotton, for which their nations spend millions yearly.

This country must do likewise in training some of its young men for export selling. Men sent abroad with the backing of manufacturers in this country will procure jobs in foreign manufacturing plants and commercial houses, where they will learn foreign conditions and methods of doing business. Each night they will write a report of what they have learned during the day and send it to the home office. These reports will form a valuable basis of detailed information for use in handling export business.

I said something about this being an American method used by foreign nations. Competition in domestic trade in this country has been keen, and selling is based upon the knowledge of what the community into which the manufacturer ships the goods needs. It is a common thing for a man to send out a representative to open new territory, as it is called. This involves a study of the people and their particular needs and brings up the question of how the manufacturer's products will satisfy the conditions existing in that section.

Service is a great talking point with our manufacturers. In this country we sell the work that machines do. Abroad we must do the same thing in order to meet competition, and it is necessary to know the job before we can supply the things needed for the job. A very conservative English magazine on economics recently came out with the statement that it is absolutely essential for the future of English

business that greater use be made of labor-saving methods and machines. Export sales during the war have opened the eyes of many American manufacturers and they are not at all willing to let go that which they have already had a bite of.

"The pie tastes good. Let us have another piece, please," they say.

The requirements for a man for an overseas selling post are rigid. The first essential is an unimpeachable character. This seems rather an odd thing to place first, and yet you must remember that in the eyes of the foreign country to which the salesman goes he represents the product he sells. Nothing is known about the size of the plant nor how the product is rated in the home land. It is the personal equation of the salesman—the pleasant and well-informed man who sells the goods. The second requirement for selling iron and steel products is some knowledge of what the Scotsman calls "the wurkin's of machinery." The man must be trained in construction and operating methods and have a good knowledge of fundamental engineering principles. He may be called upon to unpack the machine, to see that it is hauled to the place where it will be used, to erect it, to operate it, to train men to use it, to repair it—in fact, to do anything which emergency requires. And he must be able to do this without spare parts or with parts made by himself on the job.

The third requirement is a knowledge of the language. This is not so essential as the first two qualifications, but a man is badly handicapped without it. In fact, no concern should send a man out who does not know the commercial language of his territory, unless it is impossible to find men who do and who also have qualifications one and two. The fourth requirement is an innate selling sense, and this should be demonstrated before a man is sent into foreign fields. Of the last two, selling experience is more easily gained in the opinion of many. The art of selling is truly a gift, but it is latent in a great many people who do not know they have it.

A man should go to the foreign country to which he is assigned for a period of two years or more. During the first few months he may close a few orders, but he almost certainly will not if he does not know the local language. During this period he is getting acquainted with the people. Men with equipment for such work are hard to find and frequently when they are found they are not willing to stay in the country to which they are assigned. For this reason most large firms are glad to send a married man abroad and to send his wife and children with him. It is a good investment, they have found.

There are, of course, many failures. One important company has found that only two out of five men sent abroad finally develop into high-grade representatives.

The Unit Plant Idea

A NEW idea which has been developed during the war is that of selling complete equipments for doing certain work. For example, all the equipment for a machine shop will be sold, including cranes, lathes, drill presses and all the machines that go to make up a complete shop. For road-building work this will include concrete mixers, shovels, wheelbarrows, engines, track, cars, cranes, steam shovels, wheel scrapers and all the other plant that might possibly be used in building a road. The salesman sells not one of these machines but all of them as a plant, so that one piece of machinery is so coördinated with the rest and the capacities so arranged that they will all work together as a unit. This is the American unit-plant idea which was developed during the war for the purpose of intensive production and which is being used now in selling abroad.

Some of the methods developed for this sort of selling are very interesting. One group of construction and industrial haulage machinery manufacturers, banded together in the common cause for export work, have developed some interesting ideas. A possible candidate for export selling, having been examined carefully with as rigid an examination as that used in the army, both physical and mental, and for his antecedents, is employed in the home office of the joint export department of these manufacturers long enough to absorb the kinks and spirit of the organization. After this he is sent to one of the member manufacturers' plants with instructions to the president of that plant to "Take this man and when he is ready to go abroad send him back to us."

Let us say this plant manufactures hand shovels. The future sales engineer visits the plant, works in the shop, works in the office, talks with the president, foremen and various members of the organization, digs up all the information he can in connection with hand shovels, and later goes out on the road selling hand shovels in company with a star salesman of the company. For six weeks or six months—depending on the man—he studies and absorbs all that he can learn about hand shovels. When the manufacturer feels he is ready to go—that is that he knows enough about hand shovels to be able to sell them without being too dependent on the home office—he is sent back to the general offices for a time and from there he goes on his mission abroad.

Perhaps this man is to be trained to handle other things besides hand shovels. If this is the case he is sent to a steam-shovel factory with the same instructions or to a factory which manufactures industrial tracks or cars or to a factory which manufactures trench excavators or other heavy machinery which he will handle in the foreign fields. There he goes through the same course of training and graduates from the practical courses of instruction which are given him. He learns the selling point of each machine. He learns how it is manufactured, how it operates, what parts need most careful watching, what spare parts are particularly needed abroad and all the other details essential to successful operation of that machine when it is some distance from the point where it is manufactured and from the source of supply of repair parts.

These men are sent out as sales representatives. They may be assigned to an office in some foreign country whose language they speak to sell the different machines, or if they show particular aptitude and have special knowledge of methods and uses of one or two particular machines they may become what is known as traveling specialists and travel round from one country to another giving up-to-date information on their specialties to all the branches in these territories, and keeping the men in the branches alive to their opportunities in these lines. Occasionally one will go with the salesman of a branch to handle a special deal. In case of any unusual conditions involving the use of steam shovels, steam-shovel specialists would be called in by the salesman who handles the whole line. This makes true sales engineers trained from the ground up, and this is the type of man that can successfully sell American machinery abroad in competition with foreign machinery. Such men, as a matter of fact, are selling American methods of getting faster, cheaper and better results. Such methods require American machinery. As export trade grows and many branches are established these American sales engineers become managers of branch offices with many native salesmen working under them.

Modern Construction Work

FOR many years the balance in trade has been against this country, but the enormous exports during the war have developed the opposite conditions. Now the balance of trade is in favor of this country, and this means that foreign countries, instead of settling their bills in this country as formerly by raw material which we ship them, must pay in cash. So if we sell machines abroad we must sell them in competition with machines that are being sold by foreign countries. This means meeting competition, and meeting competition means competent sales representatives. Men who know how to help the customer do his work for less money, in less time and get a better result. With such salesmen American machinery manufacturers need not fear foreign competition.

The modern sales engineer as developed in this country is not of the old checkered-suit variety who has a cigar and a story for everyone he meets. He is a man who knows how work must be done to procure economical results. He knows what his class of machines will do. He knows the job to be done and how best to do it. If his machine is not one that is best suited for that particular job he tries to find a machine that is, or he tries to so arrange the work that his machine will fit; if it doesn't he doesn't want to sell it. He is part engineer, part contractor, part publicity man, part business expert, and with it all has the interest of his client at heart.

The representative of the service department built upon this plan by a concern making concrete mixers in this country never carries a price book with him. He doesn't ache to sell. His job is to make the machine do the work that it is fitted for. Of course if the contractor asks about another machine he will refer him to his own firm, but that isn't his chief interest.

This man went on the job in Pennsylvania to instruct operators for a machine used in building concrete roads. He had been a contractor and engineer before going into the service of the manufacturing company and knew road building from start to finish. He had been in the game himself. While he was there the contractor told him something about the pump he proposed using, explaining in great glee that he had devised a scheme by which he wouldn't have to buy any pumps. The service man showed great interest in the pump arrangement that had been developed and showed so much knowledge of the work to be done that the contractor asked his advice.

As a result of the advice of this man the whole arrangement for supplying water to the work was changed and the contractor was saved quite a large sum of money in the installation of machinery which was of but little interest to the sales engineer. But the service man received his reward. Through the confidence that these men had in him and the real knowledge he had of the problems they were solving he was able to outfit the whole job with the machinery manufactured by his company which would do the work they had in hand.

This is construction service. It is an American idea and it is the plan by which we must sell machinery in foreign fields. The salesmen will know how work should be done and the machines that are needed to do the work. European machines are just as much standardized as machines manufactured in America, and the users of these machines in many cases know just as little about them when the sales engineer visits their country as they do of American machines. The vital point is that sales engineers who understand the work and know how it should be done are able to sell standard machines for turning out the work which are manufactured by their own firms in their native land. American sales engineers will do the same thing.

A captain of an American engineer company, who was engaged for some months in repairing French roads, commented laughingly on the way American hand shovels and steel wheelbarrows were received by the Frenchmen working under him.

"Why, they dropped their heavy wooden wheelbarrows and straight shovels and begged to be allowed to use our tools," he said. "They could do more work with them in less time, and when the work was completed they wanted nothing more than a wheelbarrow or a shovel."

An immense field for the sale of steam shovels existed in Chile, if some type of shovel or method of operation could be devised that would meet the conditions existing in the nitrate fields. An American sales engineer was assigned to the work of solving the problem by an American export organization. This engineer spent nearly a year working on this problem, and as a result of his labor American steam shovels are being shipped to the nitrate fields for this work. He solved the problem, although other machinery had often been tried unsuccessfully in the past for this work.

Many American banks have established foreign connections and branches within the last two years, but if it had not been for the war there would have been little business in these branches. Realizing this condition of affairs, financiers have shown a great interest in the promotion of American machinery in foreign countries. This means business for their banks. They are not only eager to finance good propositions for export, but they are much interested in seeing that the work is carried out and the goods delivered in proper condition. One bank announced that it was ready to finance anything from a building to a province.

Just how important it is to follow up a machine and see that it does the work is illustrated by two or three incidents that happened recently. A drag-line scraper was shipped to a South American country, and a letter came back saying that it was an excellent scraper but they were unable to use it because certain parts were missing. If there had been a representative on the spot who knew what the missing parts were and who could have cabled for them, the worst thing that could have happened would have been a little delay. As it was, the machine was shipped back unused. To avoid this difficulty spare parts are now shipped with machinery going abroad.

The Essentials of Export Trade

A BRANCH office abroad upon receiving a consignment of concrete mixers found that the inside of the mixers had rusted. They immediately sent back word that the inside of all mixers sent in the future should be painted, and this was done. It is an unusual practice to paint the inside of a concrete mixer, but the intense moisture of an ocean voyage makes this necessary. Proper packing has been given attention and American goods are going abroad now packed so as to conserve ship space and reduce freight and also with regard for the methods of handling at the end of the ocean voyage. Some machines have to be packed for field transport. A concern manufacturing electric globes receives once every two years an order that reads something like this: "These goods to be packed so that they can be transported on the backs of elephants for two hundred miles." This order comes from a rajah of India.

Motion pictures are a most valuable means of demonstrating the work that machines will do. In China no seats are provided in the motion picture theaters.

"They would never leave if they could sit down," explained a sales representative from China. "As it is, they do not leave the show until they are so tired they can stand up no longer."

A number of large contracting firms of this country have opened foreign offices and are engaged on some of the immense volume of construction work that must be accomplished before many of the nations of Europe will be ready to open up business as usual. These firms will introduce new methods and machinery and will aid materially in developing our export trade.

Summing up, it may be said that the first essential is to know what is needed. The second essential is to see that we have representatives of the proper caliber in the foreign fields. The third essential is to follow up the machine and see that it is doing the job it was intended for. The final result of this is selling the work that machines do. This American idea developed by American engineers will place American goods in many markets heretofore untouched and develop American industry beyond the dreams of most manufacturers in this country.

"—and it has that Switch, too"

THAT little switch attached to the cord is the final touch of convenience on the latest-model irons and toasters.

Instead of yanking at the connector plug to control the current, you just press the white button for "on" and the black for "off". No wonder so many manufacturers are equipping their latest appliances with this

C-H Seventy Fifty 70-50 SWITCH

It is more than a convenience, too—it saves current, adds to the life of a toaster or iron, prevents socket and plug troubles. A glance tells whether the current is on or off.

When you buy a Christmas-gift appliance, ***look for the C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch.***

The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

Made in Canada by Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

If your dealer can't supply you we will mail direct on receipt of 75 cents

So Convenient

On a toaster it enables you to turn off the current between slices—without yanking at the plug, without burning the fingers, and without spilling the toast. Current saved, too.

Saves Electricity

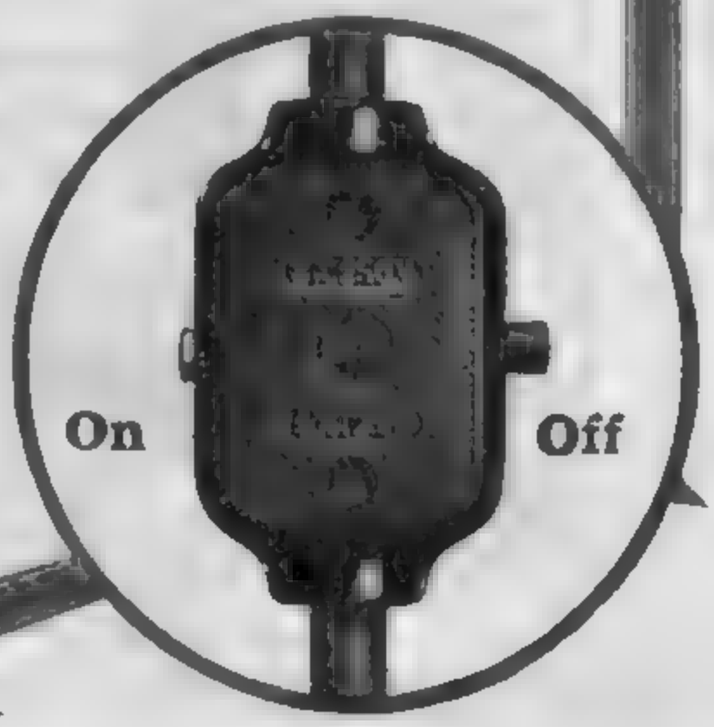
On an iron it tells you instantly whether the current is on or off—no danger of leaving it on by mistake and scorching the clothes. You use current only as you need it.

Prevents Burn-Outs

because the current is turned on and off *by the switch.* So there is no strain on the socket or connector plug, where most troubles start. Avoids delays, waiting for toaster or iron to be repaired.

Modernize Your Appliances!

You can have this switch convenience on the older-model toaster or iron you have. Take one of your cords to your dealer and he will put a *C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch* on it for 75 cents. Use it a while and you will see why all the more modern electrical appliances come C-H Switch-equipped.



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Experienced men from any of our offices will be glad to consult with architects and owners on any contemplated building work.

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DIRECT ACTION VERSUS INACTION

(Continued from Page 29)

Industrial Worker, the official organ of the I. W. W. organization. In writing to the Industrial Worker in 1911 he strongly advised giving up the idea of a separate I. W. W. labor party; and later dealing with the subject at some length closed with the following remarks:

"At Berlin a few months ago Jouhaux, secretary of the C. G. T. [Confédération Générale du Travail] in a large public meeting advised them to give up their attempt to create a new movement and to get into the conservative unions, where they could get their influence felt. At Budapest he extended the same advice to the I. W. W. via myself, and I am frank to state that I am convinced that it would be strictly good tactics for both movements to adopt it [I. W. W. and Syndicalist]. I am satisfied from my observations that the only way for the I. W. W. to have the workers adopt and practice the principles of revolutionary unionism . . . is to give up its attempt to create a new labor movement, turn itself into a propaganda league, get into the organized labor movement, and by building up better fighting machines within the old unions, even as our French Syndicalist fellow workers have so successfully done with theirs."

Foster was undoubtedly one of the greatest leaders in the revolutionary movement and was unquestionably the most effective organizer in the entire country. Thousands of his ardent followers immediately acted on his suggestion, which had caused a sensation in I. W. W. quarters, and joined various American Federation of Labor locals. However, William D. Haywood, the recognized leader of the I. W. W., denounced the idea of compromising the I. W. W. membership by affiliation with any other labor organization.

Agitators Among the Lumbermen

Haywood bitterly fought the idea until the spring of 1917. He realized at this time that it would be necessary to call a paralyzing strike if he was to hold the membership of the militant I. W. W. together. He decided on concentrated action in the Puget Sound lumber district. The writer was foreman in a Washington logging camp previous to and during the great strike that followed three months after Haywood decided to invade the Sound district. The lumberjacks of the entire Northwest were receiving sixty-five per cent higher wages than had ever been paid in any part of the United States for lumber labor, and two months previous to the I. W. W. invasion there wasn't a more contented body of workmen anywhere in the world. The big, two-fisted, rugged Western lumberjacks were the finest body of conscientious big-hearted workers that I have ever met in any industrial district of the country, and without doubt were as honest and straightforward as any body of men in the world. Suddenly, in the first part of June, 1917, three hundred and fifty of the brainiest agitators in the country, under the direction of the I. W. W. headquarters, appeared in the coast district and started a vigorous campaign of agitation. Five weeks later contented lumberjacks in the coast district were as scarce as polar bears in Panama. On the sixteenth of July the I. W. W. organizers had signed up three-fourths of the lumberjacks in the Sound district. They called their strike on the sixteenth, and to the utter amazement of the dumfounded lumber operators practically every lumberjack north of Cowlitz River walked out. The logging operators had for several months paid wages entirely out of reason, due to the great shortage of labor and the urgency of immediately filling large orders for cantonment construction. The lumberjacks had never asked for a wage increase, but competitive logging superintendents would automatically keep raising wages in vain endeavors to pull men away from other logging concerns. The ruinous wage increases caused numerous small logging concerns to go to the wall, and a vast majority of the larger operators were barely breaking even.

The writer was foreman in one of the largest logging camps in the coast district, and can vouch for the amazing effectiveness of I. W. W. propaganda by both press and personal contact. When the strike was called the workmen in our camp walked out solid. I cornered three of our best workers and demanded an explanation. There was nothing hazy about the answer. They informed me that they had become wholly dissatisfied because they had been convinced by I. W. W. organizers that they were receiving only one-tenth of the amount they actually earned net; that the organizers had proved beyond doubt that when they worked an hour or two in the morning they had earned all they would receive at night after working ten hours. They frankly stated that they had always worked conscientiously and given the company the best that was in them, but emphatically asserted that they didn't have the heart to work ten hours when they knew they were being robbed of at least four-fifths of the amount they actually earned.

Truth Crushed to Earth

I then asked them if they actually believed the wild statements made by the agitators. The spokesman instantly replied: "We certainly do. Why shouldn't we? We have never heard their statements refuted, and generally when people are afraid to contradict damaging charges made against them it is simply because they know they can't contradict them successfully. If these organizations were lying you fellows would have been out with a counter argument long ago. Their statements were clean-cut and in direct contradiction to the beliefs we had always held in regard to the profits we were earning for the company. You have figured us a bunch of dummies and have never taken the time or the trouble to familiarize us with industrial statistics relating to the earnings of the lumber industry. These organizers have taken the trouble and have made the direct charge that lumber labor is only receiving from ten to twenty per cent of the net earnings derived from its labor. The lumber operators have certainly known for weeks that the organizers were making these arguments, and the fact that they haven't made the slightest attempt to disprove their charges convinces us that they are the robbers these men claim they are."

There was a great deal of truth in the speaker's remark that the I. W. W. statements had never been contradicted. When the I. W. W. organizers invaded the camps it was the first time in the life of the lumberjack that anyone had taken the slightest personal interest in his education; the first time anyone had ever quoted his statistics regarding his status in the lumber industry. The arguments put out by the agitators were so magnetic and plausible that they quite naturally greatly interested the workers. I have always considered and still believe that the lumber operators deserve a certain amount of censure for the Northwestern strike, for if they had taken the trouble to familiarize their workmen with actual statistics, as the I. W. W. had taken to familiarize them with distorted misrepresentations, there never would have been a strike in the first place.

This contention was proved to a remarkable degree by the experience of a high-line logging-camp owner in the northern part of the state who was in Seattle when the strike was called. The logger, who had been an old-time lumberjack himself, decided to put all the facts and figures concerning his profits, loss and output squarely up to his men in language that they could understand. He immediately laid all his cards on the table face up, carefully went over every inflammatory argument that had been made by the agitators, and convinced the lumber workers that they had been duped. For nearly ten hours he talked to his crew, methodically going over all his books and canceled checks, until he had conclusively proved to their satisfaction that he was not making more than a legitimate profit. As he nailed each I. W. W. lie with irrefutable facts his large crew of lumberjacks, who had been practically one hundred per cent I. W. W. ten hours before, gave audible proof of their susceptibility to truth.

In the late hours of the evening, after every possible phase of the wholesale misrepresentations of the radical agitators had been fully gone into and disproved, the grizzled camp owner called for a showdown. Every man in his crew discarded his I. W. W. paraphernalia and denounced his former allegiance in no uncertain terms. And the following morning the camp opened up with one hundred per cent of a working force and throughout the long bitterly contested tie-up of the lumber industry there was no break in the ranks of these loyal workers, who had become thoroughly convinced they were receiving a square deal. These sturdy red-blooded lumberjacks not only went back to work in a spirit of hearty cooperation but since July 16, 1917, no agitator has ever been able to stay in the camp overnight without serious consequences to himself.

A Momentous Step

The unprecedented success of the revolutionary campaign in the Northwest convinced the recognized leaders of the radical movement that they could disrupt any industrial center if they could concentrate enough agitators and literature in a given district. Foster's former critics realized that it would be impossible to bring about the dictatorship of the proletariat unless they could disrupt and gain control of the American Federation of Labor. The American Federation of Labor believed in contract; its fundamental principle advocated a fair day's work for a fair day's wage, and its leaders advocated strict adherence to all agreements entered into. The direct actionists, on the other hand, did not believe in making any agreements with the employer; were wholly against a fair day's work for a fair day's wage, and did not believe in living up to any agreement whatsoever. They had only one object—the overthrow of the present industrial system.

At this juncture the revolutionary organizations took the most momentous step in the history of industrial unionism. They sanctioned an invasion of the American Federation of Labor, casting aside one of the fundamental principles, which decreed that under no circumstances would the I. W. W. carry cards in two organizations. Every member of the various direct-actionist organizations immediately joined the various American Federation of Labor locals, with the avowed intention of gaining control by dominating its councils. They concentrated their entire forces on the Pacific Coast, which later resulted in the Seattle shipyard and general strike. They used the same arguments in the shipyard agitation that they so effectively employed in the woods. The shipyard workers did not strike because their wage was below a living standard but on account of the fact that they had become thoroughly imbued with the idea that they were receiving only a small pittance of their actual net earnings.

Trouble Makers at Work

In February, 1919, revolutionary influence was being felt in practically every A. F. of L. local in the United States. In various industrial centers the agitators had practically acquired control of the machinery of that conservative organization and were calling numerous outlaw strikes in open conflict with the international officers. The revolutionists had perfected one of the most powerful publicity bureaus in the United States. Hundreds of thousands of pamphlets, circulars, newspapers, magazines and various other periodicals were copiously distributed in every city, village and hamlet in the country.

Their army of skilled agitators permeated practically every industrial plant in the United States and Canada. After the Seattle and Butte disturbances a powerful array of provocateurs of unrest was sent into Western Canada, which resulted in the most paralyzing strike ever called on the American continent. On July first the radicals claimed that twenty per cent of the American Federation of Labor membership had been thoroughly inoculated with the One Big Union idea, and the great number of outlaw strikes called proved that the revolutionists were rapidly gaining control over the conservative leaders of the American Federation of Labor. The recognized leaders of the direct actionists had long advocated directing their concentrated efforts among the longshoremen workers, steel workers, stockyard employees and coal miners. During the past few months every available agitator has been centered on these industries, and the leaders of the great revolutionary movement are very enthusiastic over the headway that has been made.

The writer has spent the last three months in personal contact with coal miners and steel workers in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and stockyard workers in Chicago. In Youngstown, Gary, Cleveland, Hammond and Chicago a veritable army of clever agitators were ceaselessly working both night and day, and every workingman in these districts was constantly subjected to malicious, wildly distorted misrepresentations. Not only were the men subjected to the arguments of the revolutionists on the job and in numerous small

meetings but were followed to their homes and forced to listen to the inflammatory entreaties of these agents of discontent.

The most remarkable phase of the great revolutionary campaign waged in practically every industrial district in the coal and steel fields was the almost inconceivable fact that, though practically every man's mind was being daily poisoned with outrageously false statements that stirred up a feeling of class hatred and rebellion in his heart, I did not encounter a single man on the entire trip making the slightest effort to contradict in any way whatsoever the misrepresentations made on every hand.

It did not seem the least bit surprising to me that tens of thousands of workmen succumbed to the arguments of the revolutionists. On every hand systematic representations were made to the workers that the coal companies and steel operators were earning fabulous profits. The pet argument was the same that was so successfully used in the Northwest lumber strike—namely, that the mill and mine owners were actually earning ten times as much as they were paying out in wages. These statements were delivered in an impressive, convincing manner, and were as a rule backed up with figures in black and white. Quite true, these figures were almost wholly false, but how were the workers to know that? Not being mind readers they naturally accepted the gross misstatements for actual facts.

In the Chicago stockyards agitators were as thick as Texas steers, and a highly concentrated direct-action campaign was waged among the employees of the Big Five during July and August. The writer attended several revolutionary meetings held in the stockyards residence district. It was during one of these meetings that I heard the only contradiction made to statements delivered by an agitator during my past two years' experience in actual contact with labor. There were about one hundred and fifty workmen present, and the speaker was one of the most inflammatory revolutionists I have ever heard. He had his audience so thoroughly excited over his slandering statements that I really believe he could have led them to an actual hanging bee, with the owners of the Big Five as probable victims. He had craftily insinuated that the packers could pay forty or fifty dollars a day and still make millions in profits.

A small, dried-up, unshaven workman stepped up to the speaker as he closed his remarks, and threw a bombshell into the small assemblage when he flatly told the speaker that every statement he had made in his address was pure bunk. The startled audience gasped, and someone in the rear of the hall shouted "Throw him out!" The unshaven individual faced the workmen and told them he had been an employee of a packing house for twenty-eight years; that he had gone down the line with men every time they had called a strike; that he was a union man and lived up to every rule of his labor organization.

He said: "Boys, I'm willing to pack a gun in defense of the rights of the workingman; I am with labor in any legitimate endeavor to better the working conditions in the yards. But I do not believe in resorting to wild-eyed falsifications and stirring up trouble among my fellow workers. The speaker who has just addressed you has not told a single word of truth in his entire talk. His arguments do not hold water, and I'm going to show you just where they leak."

For three-quarters of an hour he carefully though spiritedly answered each misrepresentation made by the agitator.

Scores of questions were hurled at the speaker, who convincingly answered each one of them in a careful, unprejudiced manner. The audience, which had been almost ready to commit murder during the impassioned address of the agitator, was not only convinced of the truth of the second speaker's statements but demonstrated this fact by giving three cheers and a tiger for the packers. One man telling the stark naked truth had made one hundred and fifty loyal, contented men out of one hundred and fifty revolutionists in less than one hour.

The revolutionary movement is making tremendous headway in the United States because it is meeting with practically no opposition. While a well-organized, ably directed army of agitators are ceaselessly working, night and day fanning the flames of discontent in the hearts of practically every worker in the country, conservative loyal Americans display a shocking apathy toward this threatening danger. Ninety-nine per cent of the workingmen in America are the finest red-blooded, two-fisted workers in the world to-day. These honest workmen are taking part in hundreds of outlaw strikes, because they have been thoroughly convinced by the army of agitators that they are receiving only ten to fifteen per cent of the actual earnings of industry.

So soon as the employers and others make their workers familiar with the truth—which would demonstrate beyond doubt that capital in general does not net more than ten per cent—industrial conditions in the United States will regain normality. This can be successfully accomplished by employing the same methods in acquainting the workingmen with the truth that the radicals use in stirring up discontent. I do not believe there is a single plant in the country that could not muster at least thirty-five per cent of a loyal crew, men who would be only too glad to contradict the lying statements of agitators, if they were made sufficiently familiar with actual industrial statistics through systematic educational effort.

Sonnets From the Movie Geese

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

Monday

LAST night Bill took me to a movie show.
We go to one at least three times a week
Since Bill got up his nerve and asked to speak
In private to the boss about more dough.
I said to Bill, says I, "Gee, but you're slow!
No fella's raised without he uses cheek.
It never pays nobody to be meek.
Believe me—I'm a workin' girl. I know!"

You see Bill is my steady company.
I guess I should say "was" since last night's row,
As I don't speak to him ner him to me.
Still we've had spats like this one before now.
But I am keepin' up the frozen face
So as to let him know his proper place.

II

THE whole thing happened when I asked to stay
And see the fillum feature once ag'in.
The way Bill scowled you'd thought it was a sin,
My askin' him, and jealous hearted—say!
He'd overheard us talkin' yesterday,
Me and my lady friend—her name is Min—
About this movie actor's eyes and chin,
And how he kisses in the fade-away.

So Bill he says: "Nix on this he-doll stuff!
You women everywhere are all the same.
Give me the sort of pink what's plain and rough,
And not these pretty boys, all sweet and tame.
I'll bet he has a wife and seven kids.
Me fer the street! C'mon! Let's git our lids."

III

GEE, but he cert'n'y got me good and sore.
"Go on," I says, "you're jealous as a cat.
If you don't want to stay—why here's your hat."
Bill glared at me and started fer the door.
He'd never been so imperlite before.
He just walked up the aisle and left me flat.
If he thinks that I'll swaller stuff like that.
Take it from me he'll have to think some more!

And so I seen that part a second time
Where Walfair Dougreid—I just love his name—
Showed in the last reel when the close-up came
Just how he sleuthed the man what done the crime.
I kinda thought that Bill would wait outside,
But when I looked he'd vamoosed, hair and hide.

IV

Wednesday

IT'S two nights now since Bill and me was out.
Was out is good. Well, honest, I don't care.
I guess that I have lost him now fer fair.
But I should worry; he's gone up the spout.
He always was a crazy sort of trout,
A reg'lar sorehead—grouchy as a bear.
Honest to Pete, I wouldn't even dare
Look at a collar ad with him about.

Min says I'm better off, as I'm inclined
To higher things. Well, there I'll give her right.
Unless a fella's more or less refined,
He jars me somep'n fierce; so it's good night
To Bill Magee as far as I'm concerned.
His sort could never git my feelin's churned.

V

Thursday

TO-DAY while I was lookin' at The Screen—
I had it hid behind the counter, see?
Shoved in beneath the cotton hosiery—
I seen a picture in that magazine
Of Walfair Dougreid in a fillum scene
Took from his latest movie—and, oh gee!
I wish to Gawd I was a movie queen!

Somehow I can't see Bill fer thirty cents.
It's just as well, then, that I've let him go
There was a time when I was on the fence
And thought I'd marry him, but now I know
Alongside of this Walfair Dougreid lad
Bill's got no show—his case looks mighty bad.

VI

Friday

I'VE stuck his picture in my lookin'-glass.
I see it every time I comb my hair.
It almost makes me want to say a prayer.
I throw it kisses every time I pass.
And even after I turn out the gas
It makes me happy just to know it's there;
And I can only whisper to the air:
"Them eyes! Them lips and teeth! That smile! Some class!

"If I could only be a movie star
And have you look at me and squeeze my hand
Or grab me from the villun's racin' car
And hug me tight—gosh, wouldn't that be grand!
And if for such a part I wouldn't do—
Honest, I'd sell my soul to cook for you!"

VII

MY FIGGER ain't so awful. I've saw worse.
Min says I'd look real swell in evenin' dress.
My face could be improved on some, I guess.
Of course my beauty ain't my fatal curse;
It never landed no one in a hearse.
I wish I had a stand-in with the press.
I think I'd like to play a Red Cross nurse.
I'd never care to be a fillum flirt,
I'd cop a part that's noble through and through.
Them snaky dames that do the heroes dirt
Give me a pain. Such birds ain't worth a sou.
I can't see nothin' in this vampin' stuff,
I only ask to love—and that's enough.

VIII

Wednesday

AIN'T it a funny world? You wish and wish
Fer sirloin steak, and when it comes to you
It's steak left-overs in an Irish stew,
And precious little gravy in the dish.
All this sounds like I've got no more ambish.
I ain't. My hopes is went, gone up the flue,
And all my dreams has melted into goo.
I'll never be another Norma Mish!

Oh, Walfair Dougreid, what them eyes of yours
And smile has done to one poor female's heart!
Such achin' wounds as mine Time never cures.
They ain't no salve'll ever stop their smart.
"And with these words"—I seen that in a book—
I'll tell just how I come to git the hook.

IX

FRIDAY we closed because the boss's dad
Cashed in; so we was gave a holladay.
Good things like that don't often come our way.
I couldn't see no use in actin' sad.
With pay like mine, I hadn't oughta had.
The boss won't shed no tears fer me, I'll say,
And how could I help feelin' kinda gay?
All day to loaf in! Would that make you glad?

I dolls up in my best with my new lid,
I looks at Walfair's picture and I sighs:
"Maybe you'd tell me, 'You're a winner, kid,'
If you could reely lamp me with them eyes."
Wishes don't git you nowhere; life is hard!
So thinkin', I walks up the boolyard.

X

I HADN'T got no distance when I seen
A crowd outside a swell home and a line
Of taxis waitin'. "Hello, this fer mine,"
I says, thinkin' of brides and Lowengreen.
Just then up drives a dark-blue limmyzeen,
And as someone steps backward on my feet
The man who's settin' inside leaves his seat,
Opens the door and jumps from that machine.
Although his face was all messed up with paint,
It didn't fool me fer a cent. I knew!
My knees got wabbly. "Gee, I'm gonna faint,"
I says; then, "Steady! This won't do."
Fer half a second everything got dim,
And then I come to, as I gasps, "It's him!"

XI

SOMEP'N inside of me says, "This is Fate."
I pulls myself together. "Do it now!"
Them words stood out before my eyes, but how
Could I push past the crowd and through that gate?
"I'll have to look as if I have a date,"
I says, "so's not to start a bloomin' row.
And then I'll throw that cop a chilly bow.
This ain't no time fer me to hesitate."

I give the man in front an elbow-jab.
I says in horty tones, "Please let me by."
I heard one woman say, "The stuck-up crab,"
Just as I handed her the icy eye.
And though they chucked me quite a bit of sass,
They all stood back and give me room to pass.

XII

AND there I was inside of that swell yard,
And Walfair Dougreid and his company
Standin' within a dozen feet of me!
I caught my breath and then I swallered hard.
Maybe I should of sent him in my card,
But names don't count—it's pers'nality.
Just then a fathead over by a tree,
Dressed up to look as if he was a guard,

Calls out to me, "You with the carrot bean,
Who let you out the zoo, I'd like to know?
Hey! Beat it, quick! You're messin' up this scene.
We don't need any freaks fer this here show!"
And oh, my heart! Right there before that crowd,
My Walfair looked at me and laughed out loud!

XIII

Friday

LAST night as I was going out the store
At closin' time, feelin' all bruised inside
Like people say they feel when some one's died,
I stops to punch my time, on the main floor.
Who is it I see waitin' by the door,
Lookin' halfway as if he tried to hide,
But Bill Magee! At first I sorta tried
To freeze him out as if I still was sore.

Somehow there wasn't any use, fer Bill
Acted like he'd made up his mind to speak.
He just walked on aside of me until
I took his arm—then he says, low and weak,
"Spos'n we walk and talk things over, Gert."
And me? I squeezed his arm as I says "Cert'."

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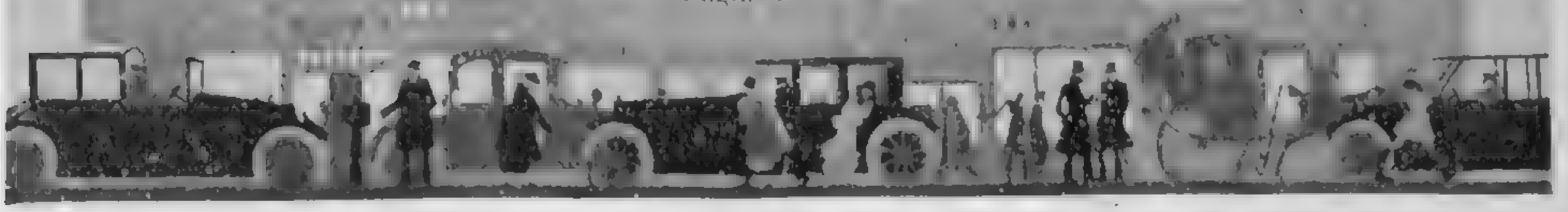

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Beauty and the Butterflies

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

DEAR LITTLE JULIA! There is a *naïveté* about Julia, if you know what I mean—a charming ingenuous simplicity that delights and yet saddens one. When Julia looks up at me with that half inquiring, half wondering, wholly candid expression in her big blue eyes I always feel a little sorry for her. There is something really pathetic about it. It is such a hard, pitiless, selfish and designing world, this of ours, and I tremble to think of the lacerations of soul, the disillusionment in store for the poor girl if she should ever be exposed, unshielded, to its rude contacts and merciless machinations. I used to have something of that feeling every time I happened to call and notice what she had littered round the front porch or her piano or chafing dish, and I have reason to believe that Julia's fond papa shared my apprehensions to some extent.

"Some of these days one of those things down there will take advantage of her tender heart and lack of judgment and get her to marry him," he predicted gloomily one evening as the Hawaiian whine of a maltreated guitar penetrated the closed door of his cave of refuge.

I agreed that it was to be seriously expected. I said that youth and inexperience ——

"Well, I don't know about inexperience," said he.

"That's true," I agreed again, on consideration.

"But there's this," he said, brightening a little. "She is such a child in her regard of them. She treats them all much as she does her own brother—practically. They get mushy of course, sometimes, but when that happens she pulls the bell cord and they get off, as Billy puts it. Oh, yes! Yes! Her mother says that they are just so many big brothers to her—practically. And they are such incredible young asses too. I take comfort in that. It doesn't seem as if any girl in her senses would pick from that mandolin, bandoline bunch, does it?"

"It never seems so," I replied.

"Still it might be worse, I suppose. Some handsome devil of a stranger ——" He broke off and chuckled. "I'll have to tell you that joke on Julia."

He didn't because we were interrupted by Billy, the son of the house, who had urgent and present need of a small advance on his allowance. My friend naturally demurred.

"You must think I'm easy, my boy," he said.

"Far, oh, very, very far from it, dad," said Billy. "I'm the wrong sex. You know yourself that you wouldn't want me to plunk down on your knee and rub my cheek against yours. That wouldn't get me anywhere but out." He turned to me with a confidential grin. "Julia knows how to work him, all right, but I'm no blue-eyed vampinette, and all I can do is make a simple manly appeal—and get turned down. It seems to me the present generation of fathers ain't got no proper paternal feeling whatever."

The simple manly appeal had the desired effect and Billy departed happily; but his father started on the subject of the boy's reckless extravagance and then switched to his compensating virtues, so that I might never have heard of the joke on Julia if the young lady had not herself informed me.

"They're All Crazy About Him. And You are Going to Like Him Too—Just as Much as You Like Me"

"I suppose he meant my losing my purse, but I don't exactly see any joke about it," said Julia. "Perhaps it's because I haven't any sense of humor. It must be perfectly lovely to have one, I think; men always seem so proud of it, and so superior and amused when they find a person totally devoid. I thought I was just careless and properly punished for my carelessness, but daddy and Billy just howled. Men never lose their purses, do they?"

The blue eyes added: "Tell me the honest truth, please, even if it hurts. It means so much to me, and you see that I am hanging breathless on your reply." Dear little Julia!

I answered that men never did lose their purses—almost never.

Julia nodded soberly. It was what daddy had told her. Daddy said it was so foolish for women to carry their purses in their hands. "But I'm sure I don't see how else they are to carry them, unless they balance them on their heads—or go round with them in their mouths, like Toodles. One couldn't talk then, could one?"

"I believe you could," I told her.

"Do you, really? Toodles always drops what he is carrying when he wants to bark. But of course I wouldn't want to bark, would I? Wouldn't it be funny if I did!"

She laughed. She laughs deliciously, wrinkling her nose and dimpling one cheek—the left one.

"Besides," she continued, "when I have it in my hand I always know it's there; it isn't as if I had it in a pocket, where I'd never be sure that somebody hadn't picked it."

That seemed reasonable.

"But if you carried it in your hand how did you manage to lose it?" I asked.

"I laid it down of course. I was looking at embroideries, and you can't look at embroideries with one hand."

I said I could see that with half an eye.

"Well, I must have left my purse lying on the counter. I didn't find it out until nearly an hour later when I'd got through with my shopping at Benson's—and was in Raxtrell's."

"You didn't buy anything at Benson's then?"

"How did you know?"

"I guessed."

"I wanted albatross, you see, and I couldn't get what I wanted at Benson's."

"If you had tried a bird fancier's ——"

"Albatross is a cloth, silly," said Julia. "I had a sample in my purse and when I looked for it I found that I hadn't got the old thing."

"You looked for it in your hand, I suppose, and to your great surprise your hand was empty?"

"Yes," answered Julia simply. "My first thought was that I must have dropped it on the floor, and I was looking for it when a voice at my elbow said, 'I beg your pardon, but have you lost anything?'"

"The voice no doubt thought that you might be admiring the grain of the wood. What sort of a voice was it?"

"It was a very musical voice—rich, deep and penetrating, with an indescribable quality in it—I can't think of the word."

"Liquidity?"

"N-no. A sort of sympathetic timbre. But you don't know what I mean; you are just laughing at me."

"I assure you that I was not. A man's voice or a woman's?"

"A man's voice of course. How could a man speak in a woman's voice? And he was just splendid! Tall and dark and a perfectly darling mustache—one of those dear little-bitty second-lieutenant ones. He had a military bearing too."

I said that I wished that I had been there and Julia said she didn't see why I should.

"He was perfectly respectful," she declared. "Of course I could see that he—— But he was most respectful. I think he said 'madam.'"

"Oh, one of the floorwalkers"

"He was nothing of the kind! Floorwalkers are bald and middle-aged. At Raxtrell's they are. They have some young ones at Benson's. There is one in the ribbon department who is per ——"

"Never mind. What did you do? Did you freeze him?" Of course I know that the idea of Julia freezing anybody is preposterous. "You should have," I said.

"I told him that I had lost my purse and he was very polite and interested. He didn't try to be silly, as some people do. He asked me to describe the purse and looked all round, but we couldn't find it. I told him not to trouble any more as I had most likely left it at Benson's at the embroidery counter, and he kindly offered to walk over there with me."

"Julia," I said severely, "I'm going to speak to your mother and ask her to forbid you to shop by yourself. Talking to a stranger, smiling at him and walking ——"

"But I didn't walk with him! I said I wouldn't think of troubling him and I asked the salesperson to show me some albatross, and he bowed and walked away just as nicely as could be. He was just lovely, and I felt as mean as mean, because it looked as if I was trying to snub him. Well, when I had finished looking at the things I wanted to look at I went back to Benson's and—what do you think? They told me that somebody had just called for the purse, describing it exactly, and that they had given it to him. Wasn't that a shame? I suppose that poor young man went back to Raxtrell's to surprise me and couldn't find me, and he may have wandered about the store for hours, looking for me. I felt so sorry for him!"

"Was there much money in your purse?" I asked.

"I don't keep my money in my purse when I go shopping," Julia replied with a faint blush. "Really it was an

awfully shabby old thing. I had wanted a new one for I don't know how long, but daddy refused to buy the one I particularly wanted because he thought what I had was good enough for anybody. You ought to see my new one! Daddy got it for me. I could never have afforded it in the world. It's a little dream! He's the dearest daddy! He knew how awfully I felt about losing the other and he not only got me that gem but he put a twenty-dollar bill in it. I found it when I opened it up, and I was never more surprised in my life. What do you think of that?"

"I think, as you say, that you were very properly punished for your carelessness."

"So do I," said Julia innocently. Then: "Oh, have you seen the new Flemish tea room at Benson's? It's simply heavenly—a dream—and they serve the most wonderful little Belgian cakes with the tea. I'd love to show it to you if I didn't have so many engagements for next week—all but to-morrow afternoon."

"Very well," I acquiesced resignedly; "we'll say to-morrow afternoon then. At what time?"

Instant registration of surprise and delight. "Do you mean that you'll take me to-morrow afternoon? Oh, goody, goody! But I hope you don't think that I was hinting?"

"I don't," I replied. "No hint about it. What time?"

"Let me see: The matinée begins at two o'clock and——"

I bit again. "Oh, are you going to a matinée?"

"No such luck!" Julia sighed. "I was thinking of the time that it would be out; and we don't want a crowd, do we? No, I'd give anything in the wide, wide world to see Tracy Terhune in Bittersweet, but mums won't let me go to a matinée alone, and I've used up all of that bill daddy gave me anyway, and there you are!" She sighed again. "And to-morrow is the last night of Bittersweet!"

"We'll go to the matinée first then, and make an afternoon of it—if your parents will trust you to me."

"He's Sitting at That Table in the Corner, All by His Lonelies. Doesn't He Look Perfectly Silly!"

"You darling! You angel man!" cried Julia. "I'll tell them you've invited me then."

"I'll bear you out until I'm black in the face if they ask me," I told her.

I don't mean to convey the idea that I was a martyr. I found Bittersweet a clever little comedy and Tracy Terhune a cleverish little actor; furthermore it was a joy to watch Julia's whole-souled enjoyment. I don't deny either that I felt no end prideful of my pretty charge and the notice she attracted as we walked from the theater to Benson's. She had on her fetchingest frock and her darlingest hat—in my honor, she assured me—and we must have made a strikingly handsome couple. I only hoped that people wouldn't take her for my daughter. Van Atta passed us on the Avenue and bowed. I knew he wouldn't make any mistake and I knew that he would take the glad tidings on to the club and that I would have to endure some kidding—which I was confident of being able to stand good-naturedly and in a sporting spirit.

The Flemish room was crowded, but we managed to find a table and ordered our cakes and things, and I enjoyed that too. The place was really well done and the pretty women in their bright-hued frocks added not a little to the decorative effect. It was soothing to look round and observe that my little Julia was as smartly turned out as the smartest, and, to my taste at least, prettier than the prettiest. I imagined that she would not be seriously offended if I told her so; and she wasn't. I was in high feather and we chatted with great animation. Still I noticed more than once or twice that Julia's eye was roving and that her attention was not wholly given to me.

"Hasn't he come yet, Julia, my dear?" I asked.

She turned on me that wondering, inquiring, innocent look.

"The flower of the brotherhood," I suggested. "Or aren't they real brothers until they get mushy and you show them where they get off—as Billy puts it?"

Still the earnest, pathetically puzzled expression. Then as it didn't seem as efficacious as usual, a depression not much bigger than a pin's head occurred in Julia's left cheek and gradually deepened as her nose wrinkled and the corners of her mouth twitched upward.

"I ought to have known better than to make you bring me here," she giggled. "Yes, he's sitting at that table in the corner—under the Ypres window, all by his lonelies. Doesn't he look perfectly silly!"

He did. I took a second furtive look at him and recognized young Norman Budlong, the criminal assailant of the Hawaiian guitar, otherwise a nice enough young chap with a good position in his father's bank, and by no means so big a fool as he looked at that moment.

"Give him a nod and a beck and a wreathed smile," I said magnanimously.

"No, let him wait," said Julia scornfully. "He'd only spoil our party, and I'm enjoying it. I really am. I don't know when I've had such a good time—truly! You are perfect! I think you are wonderful!"

I smiled my sardonicalest smile, and then deftly catching young Norman's eye gave him what is known as "the office." He came to us, stumbling and blushing. Julia gave him her hand and a look of absolute surprise.

"Just think of you being here!" she exclaimed.

"The world is an awfully small place after all!" I remarked. "How is the bank, Norman?"

"Still solvent," replied the young man.

"You shouldn't jest on serious subjects," I admonished. "But it certainly looks as if business must be falling off when they let assistant cashiers out for five-o'clock tea."

"It's five-thirty," said Norman.

I was amazed and, remembering an important engagement that I had at that hour, much concerned. Very sorry to leave them, but I knew that I could depend on Norman to see Julia safely to her car. It seemed that I could.

"I'm decidedly easy," I said to myself as I passed the Benson portals and looked about for a taxi. "Decidedly easy. It's a good thing that I am something of a philosopher too."

I was breakfasting the next morning when Mishimi announced Mr. Francis Thorpe, Jr., and Francis Junior breezed in on the heels of the announcement and greeted me with a warmth that was as flattering as it was surprising and I may say, painful. He had been a husky youngster and he had grown huskier, and I am charitably inclined to suppose that he didn't realize what an infernal grip he had.

"I'm certainly in luck to find you in!" he exclaimed, his honest face glowing with pleasure. "Say, Mr. Hunter, I've had you on my mind, intending to look you up, ever since I've been in this man's town—every single day."

"Let me see; that must be at least two years," I said reflectively, chafing the crushed tendons of my maimed right hand. "Seven hundred and thirty days; and I weigh somewhere about a hundred and forty pounds. I should say that your mind has been under considerable strain. Anything else on it, Frank?"

"Oh, I know," he acknowledged. "But one thing and another—you know how it is yourself. Gosh, you're looking great! Why, you aren't so awful much younger than the old gent, are you? Eight or ten years? And you look like a kid to him. Nobody would take you to be much over thirty or thirty-five—if you'll excuse me for being personal. Remember the time you brought me down that split bamboo and showed me how to cast? I've got that old rod yet. Used it ever since, and I'll say that I am some little caster, since there's no one else here to say it. Nothing like your fine work; you were a wonder; but I make most of them sit up and take notice when I throw out a line. Yes, sir, you made a hit with me that time. I was just a small kid, but I never forgot it.

"And that time you came down with the folks at Commencement! Say, the fellows were still talking about that high jump of yours when I left college, and showing your room at Tucker's. You're one of the traditions—enshrined and all that sort of thing."

"Had your breakfast, Frank?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, thanks. I wouldn't have time to eat another anyway. Fact is, I ought to be at the dull and deadly daily grind right this minute, but I wasn't going to put off seeing you a second longer. Not if it busted the whole concern. Say, it's good to see you. I don't suppose you knew me when I blew in."

"You've grown of course. What do you hear from home?"

"All well, fit and fine. They all want to be remem—— I mean they would if they knew. You ought to run down sometime; they'd be tickled to death if you would. Father thinks the world of you. Always bragging about Bobby Hunter. Mother too."

"She brags of me, does she?"

I remembered Mrs. Thorpe's polite disapproval of me—natural enough, no doubt, especially considering that I knew old Frank before she did, and could tell her things about him.

Young Frank had the grace to be a trifle dashed by my question, but he recovered quickly and began to admire my quarters and the view from the east windows and my pipe collection and my pictures, all with remarkable enthusiasm, and between times he expressed his delight at finding me so fit and fine. It seemed to me that he was lingering from the deadly daily grind rather oddly and my curiosity at last got the better of me.

(Continued on Page 61)

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"And how are you getting along, Frank?" I asked.

"Not so well as I deserve, but about as well as I could expect," he answered.

"Not in any trouble of any kind? I know a man will get into a tight place sometimes and—a little ready money —— I don't know how it is with you, but another young friend of mine told me a day or two ago that he found the present generation of fathers unsympathetic in such cases; and if I ——"

"Thanks! I get you, sir," said the young man. "It's perfectly ripping of you and I'm enormously obliged and all that sort of rot; but I haven't even found it necessary to S O S the—father since I've been on my own. I may say I'm on the sweet sunny side of Easy Street and looking for a suitable permanent residence. Bought into the firm a couple of months ago. No, if it was that I'd come to you on the wings of the wind. I wouldn't stall either. I just wanted to see you and I thought perhaps if you had a blank date some evening I could get you to improve my social position by eating with me at a public place I wot of."

"Glad to, Frank," I said heartily.

"How about this evening?" he urged, fixing me with an anxious eye. "Don't say no if you'd rather not—please."

I considered a moment and then thought I might as well. I had half promised a man—but I didn't actually promise, and I wasn't keen about it. So I arranged to meet my young friend and he went away, after shaking my hand with great cordiality and at great length; also, at my request, with consideration for my fingers.

I couldn't help feeling pleased over the incident, and rather ashamed that I had suspected Francis Junior of ulterior motives. A fine, clean-cut, upstanding young fellow with a grateful recollection of kindness shown to him in his boyhood by his father's friend. A winning personality too. A good deal like old Frank. Of course he might have looked me up before, but I am nothing if not tolerant, and on the whole I was pleased.

The jolt came at the dinner. It was a capital dinner, too, and Francis Junior pleased me more and more, blending proper deference with just the right degree of good fellowship. I gathered that he was a pretty shrewd young man of business and that the brokerage firm in which he had an interest valued him. Also that he was a good sportsman and by no means unlettered. He had a lively appreciation of a good thing when he heard it too.

"I'm mighty glad I had the nerve to break in this morning," he said as we drank our coffee. In effect he had said the same thing about a dozen times before. "I hope you'll let me break in on you often."

"As often as you like, my boy," I responded.

He looked at the tip of his cigarette very intently. "I might as well own up that if I hadn't happened to see you yesterday I would probably have put off my call a while longer. Not much longer though. At the Flemish room in Benson's, you know. I recognized you the moment I saw you."

"Why didn't you come up and make yourself known?" I asked.

"Well, the fact is, I was with a—a party, and I—I noticed that there was a young lady with you."

"Strange that you noticed that," I remarked. I turned in my seat. "That man over there must be eating fish. I seem to smell it. Excuse me. You say you noticed that a young lady was with me—and being bashful ——"

"I felt a certain delicacy, of course," he said.

"Well, as long as it reminded you of me it's all right. Where did you get these amazing cigarettes? I like them."

"They aren't on the market," he said. "They were given to me by an unpronounceable Turk. I don't like the flavor myself and I wish you would allow me to pass them on to you. By the way, that young lady was a very beautiful young lady. Is she ——"

"She is so considered by excellent judges."

"Is she a relative of yours? I thought I saw a slight resemblance."

"A very dear friend merely."

"Merely!" he echoed. "If I had a very dear friend like that I'd—I'd —well, I would deem myself fortunate, to avoid mad metaphor. Would you mind telling me the name of this rare and radiant maiden? What do the angels call her for short?"

"I've not the least objection to telling you that," I replied. "She is Mildred Blenkinsop—the Kentucky Blenkinsops, you know. She was visiting some friends of mine here."

"Was?" His face fell.

"She returned to Lexington this morning." I blew a cloud of smoke, shuddered slightly and laid down his cigarette and took one from my own case. "There is rather a disagreeable tang to that tobacco," I said. "It doesn't improve with acquaintance." I thought to myself: "My young friend, I trust that you are still glad beyond words that you broke in on me, and much good may it do you, you impudent, double-dealing, red-headed pup!"

"You couldn't give me her address, could you, Mr. Hunter?" he asked.

I adjusted my eyeglasses very carefully and looked at him. He returned my look with no indication of shame.

"Were you thinking of writing to her?" I asked coolly.

"I have a very particular reason for wanting to know, that I hope to be able to tell you later on," he said. "I hope you will believe that the reason is entirely proper."

"In that case you might try ——" I consulted my notebook. "Yes; Billiter Avenue, Lexington."

He got out his notebook and penciled it down.

"Now let's go to a show somewhere," he proposed with his ingratiating grin and deceptive eagerness of manner.

I didn't want to in the least. I was fed up on shows and things and would have enjoyed a quiet evening at home for once. Nevertheless I called his bluff promptly and we went to a show and—it was a dashed good show. A corker! I'm sadly afraid that Francis Junior found it as entertaining as I did, contrary to my hope and expectation. We parted with great friendliness and he thanked me effusively for giving him the evening.

"I'm going to be your little prize pest from this on and make up for lost time," he said.

"Yes, you will," I retorted sarcastically. "Yes—you—will!" But he was out of hearing when I said it.

On a pleasant sunny afternoon of the ensuing week I ran down to the Teithdale links with Dan Luttrell and found young Norman Budlong sitting apart from the giddy throng on the clubhouse veranda and thinking the long, long thoughts of youth with such concentration that I had to speak to him twice before he looked up, with a lack-luster eye, and acknowledged my greeting. A tall glass of some amber fluid stood, evidently untasted, on the table at his side, his pipe held loosely between his teeth had gone out, his attitude was slumped and his expression dejected. He tried to smile, and perhaps imagined that he had succeeded.

"I'm resting," he replied to my question. "In rotten form anyway, I ought to have brought out a carving knife instead of my clubs. Broke my midiron too—the one Chuck Guthrie gave me—remember it? Oh, I'm sore—sore to the bone."

"I thought something had happened to you," I said. "Well, such is life! One darned disaster after another. But I wouldn't let the midiron enter into my soul if I were you, and as for slicing, you're just a little out of practice. This must be the first time you've been here for a month."

"About that," he admitted gloomily.

"I know I have missed you among the regulars, and it seemed to me odd, in view of your erstwhile enthusiasm for the noble game. Other interests to occupy you, I suppose. Your music?"

"My music? What are you talking about?" he demanded, rather rudely, I thought.

"The Hawaiian guitar," I suggested.

He muttered something with a very savage intonation, and I begged his pardon.

"I'm no—er—stringed-instrument virtuoso, but I know that there are chords that should not be vibrated," I said. "If I have inadvertently touched upon one I can only express my sorrow."

"I suppose she's told you," he growled. "She seems to make quite a confidant of you. I'll tell you one thing though: I don't stand for any kidding." He glared at me.

"Would you mind explaining yourself?" I requested with dignity. "And in a different tone, if you please, Mr. Budlong."

I was able to preserve my gravity as he stammered an apology.

"I was speaking of Julia—Miss Griswold," he went on. "You speaking of the guitar I thought—of course I shouldn't have thought anything of the sort. But since I've mentioned—alluded—— But I guess there isn't any impropriety in my telling you, in confidence, that she"—he gulped—"she has turned me down."

I expressed my astonishment. "Do you mean that you made a formal proposal of marriage which she declined?"

"I don't suppose it was what you would call formal," he answered, "but it was words to that effect. I guess I made myself clear finally—and so did she. Naturally I feel like the dickens about it. I thought perhaps a little golf would keep my mind from dwelling —— Oh, damn!"

"My dear boy, you have my sincere sympathy," I told him. And he had. "I really imagined that you were the favored suitor," I continued.

"So did I, but it was just my imagination," he said.

He gulped again. "She told me she liked me, but not in that way. She was mighty sweet and lovely about it; I'll say that. Awfully sorry—and she had a right to be, if she knew it. I guess I fooled myself though. She doesn't want it to make any difference, but of course that's all rot. She doesn't think it is, but it is. I can't go there and talk to her as if she were my sister. I've got sisters already, and if she heard me talk to them sometimes she wouldn't ask me to. Oh, well! One thing, I'm going to light out of here and let the bank go to thunder. I guess I'll go west—or east. Just so I'm on my way."

"That might help a little," I remarked reflectively. "Absence sometimes does. On the other hand, however, sometimes it doesn't; in which respects it is like sticking round. I hardly know how to advise you, Norman, my boy. There have been cases where a steady and persistent proposer has won the object of his affections after repeated rejections, and others where a similar persistence has obliged the young lady's parents to call upon the police. You understand, do you not, that I have known Julia for quite a long time and enjoy to a certain extent the honor of her confidence? Dear little Julia!"

"I'd appreciate any advice that you feel like giving me, Mr. Hunter," said Norman earnestly. "But please talk seriously."

"Quite so. I was going to say that she is such a child. I dare say that she had no idea you had any other than a warm friendly feeling for her."

"She told me that she hadn't."

"You see! Quite innocent! And in the innocence of her heart she may have unintentionally led you to believe that she might have more than a warm friendly feeling for you. Which she may have, after all. I hope so. Again, it is possible that she distrusts herself, if you know what I mean—undervalues herself, I should say—thinks that some other girl would make you happier than she ever could."

"That's just what she said," the poor fellow informed me.

"At least that indicates a strong interest in your welfare—don't you see that it does? If you consider you will see that she must have a high estimate of your worth, which may burgeon, as it were, into love. I have heard Julia alluded to as a peach. Well, peaches have to ripen. If they are picked too soon the best you can expect from them is a puckered mouth; and you know how it was with little Johnny and his sister Sue. My advice at present is to wait. Try not to let it make any difference. Continue to call occasionally. Take your guitar along if you think it will help. Personally I think it is a detriment, but you are no doubt the best judge. But don't be sentimental. Be bright and gay; mention some of the girls that you both know in an interested sort of a way, one at a time, and ask her, as between brother and sister, what her opinion is of that particular one. Oh, if at any time you feel gloom or sentiment stealing over your soul and can't overcome it grab your hat and beat it, as you boys say, instantly. I think that is about the best I can do for you for the present."

"Thank you," he said gratefully, and brightening perceptibly. "And perhaps you might put in a good word for me in the meantime. I don't think it would be quite decent for me to show up for a week—or a few days anyway."

"I'll say whatever I deem advisable," I promised.

"Julia, my love," I said, regarding her thoughtfully, "were you ever spanked? Seriously and conscientiously paddled by a firm and vigorous hand?"

"Not that I can remember," she answered wonderingly. "Why?"

"I meant of course the kind of paddling that you would remember. Well, perhaps I am ungallant in suggesting that you might be improved in some respects by such a crude method, but I can't help thinking that your parents neglected a Scriptural injunction and a plain duty when they spared the slipper in its application to your case."

"You are very disagreeable and horrid," said she. "I suppose you are an admirer of that old reprobate, Solomon. He was a nice one to instruct parents on the proper bringing up of children! He couldn't have known a tenth part of his own by sight. The idea of deliberately inflicting pain on a poor defenseless child!"

"Not so bad as deliberately inflicting pain on poor defenseless and unoffending young men," I observed sternly. "Tearing their reeking scalps from their quivering heads to deck your belt, wringing their honest palpitating hearts and trampling them beneath your ridiculous French heels; taking away their appetites, robbing them of their sleep and driving them to desperation and golf."

"What are you talking about?"

"Not the least little bit of good, looking at me like that," I told her. "You know all too well what I am talking about."

She looked indignant then. "If Mr. Norman Budlong has been ——"

"Oh, have you got Norman's scalp too?" I laughed very heartily. "Well, he'll grow another in a week. Norman's scalp wounds heal by first intention, as the surgeons say. No, my dear, I was thinking of some of the fine lads like Allen Somers and Dick Wylie and Harvey Lemoine—young fellows capable of deep feeling and intense suffering.

"There was Roy Bassett too. I think poor Roy's great heart was broken."

"Fiddle!" said Julia. "Perfect nonsense! It wasn't anything of the kind. And, as to Norman ——"

"Why do you do it, Julia?" I remonstrated gravely. "It may be sport to you to lure them on and on and then smilingly watch their agonies when you, so to speak, give them the gaff; but as someone has well and truly said, it's death to them."

"But I don't do it!" she declared. "They do it themselves. I'm not to blame."

"'Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies!'" I quoted, perhaps inaccurately.

"What am I to do with my eyes?" she asked plaintively. "Close them? Sit and receive my callers like this?"

She shut her eyes and folded her hands, setting her lips in a sort of a prim pout. I think that her vision may not have been totally obscured, for the pout quivered suspiciously as I bent forward.

"Oh!" she cried. And then: "You are just as bad as any of them. And I suppose you would blame me for that!"

"I know you were perfectly innocent, my dear," I said. "At the same time I would be just a little more circumspect if I were you."

"I knew it!" said Julia. "Adam! But you don't really and truly think that I try to flirt do you lure people on and on, as you said just now? You can't think how it hurts me when you say things like that." She dabbed at her eyes with a lacy mite of a handkerchief, and one would have almost sworn that the handkerchief absorbed moisture. "And I was truly sorry for poor Norman, and it wasn't at all my fault," she concluded.

"I told you that you need not worry about Norman," I said. "He has his heart broken every once in a while, and rather enjoys it for the few days that it takes to heal. Then he sees a new adorable being, and if she has no better taste than to encourage him he begins to moon round her. He hasn't much sense, that chap. Homely young lout too. I wonder you put up with him as long as you did."

"He isn't a lout and he isn't at all homely," said Julia. "I don't believe he ever made love to a girl before, either. I guess I know. If I had shut my eyes when he ——" Julia stopped and blushed. "Well, I guess I can tell," she repeated defiantly.

"Let me see," I murmured. "There was Mabel Annister, and Bess Stratton, and Adelaide Jessop, and I don't remember all of them. But you watch that poor heart

of his on the rebound and see how soon some sweet girl will get her chance to swat it."

Julia looked half convinced. She nodded. "All right," she said, "I'll watch it."

I was considerably surprised when Mr. Francis Thorpe, Jr., honored me with his second visit. I might have imagined that he came to upbraid me with my perfidy, and the thought that this was his purpose did cross my mind. I reflected, however, that though a letter would take less than two days to reach Lexington, Kentucky, many more days would elapse before the postal authorities abandoned their search for the mythical Mildred Blenkinsop and returned her letter to "sender" with the usual indorsement. Moreover, it was more than likely that "sender" didn't put his name and address on the envelope, in which case the dead-letter office would have to take a whack at it. So I received Francis with an unperturbed spirit, albeit with some curiosity. What the devil did he want this time?

He had brought me a book on Fly-Fishing in Northern Waters. There was the answer. A book as was a book, and written by a gink who knew whereof he burbled. And the plates!

"See here, Mr. Hunter; gladden your unaccustomed eyes with plates that have a positive resemblance in color and form to the objects ostensibly depicted! Wouldn't you call that a miracle? Would you believe it if you didn't see it? Take a cursory slant at that big-mouthed bass! Regard them hackles! That blue-dun is the i-dentical that I used myself at Wauchipee, and I'll say it's as deadly as dynamite."

He glowed with the enthusiasm that I had found so attractive on his first visit. He was the boy I had fished with lang syne, and my heart softened to the glad-handing young fraud in spite of myself. I am an angler inbred, born and bred, and the book was really an unusual book.

"Have you dropped the brokerage and taken the agency for this, Frank?" I asked him. He grinned but said nothing to that. Presently we laid the book down and Frank lit his pipe, at my invitation.

"I had to talk this over with somebody who savvied," he said. "I know just two men who would eat it up, but one of them is in Buenos Aires and the other out on the coast. I don't know who I'm going to get to go along with me when I take my vacation—unless you will take pity on me. Were you ever at Wauchipee?"

He told me about Wauchipee and the fighting fools of trout to be found in that favored region. We settled down and talked of moving incidents of flood and field—principally flood; of rare old crusted guides, of baits and lures, of gut, silk, tinsel and feather, twelve-ounce duck, birch-bark canoes, weights, measures and affidavits thereto. I have seldom enjoyed an evening more, and when Frank got up to go I was amazed at the lateness of the hour.

"There's one consolation, sir," said Frank: "the misty future holds many, many evenings that ain't been touched yet. I told you I was going to be your prize pest. I'm just beginning to prove it."

"I'll try to bear up," I said. "You're forgetting your book, Frank."

"That's your copy," said he. "I've got mine at home, and I've sent one to each of those two men I was telling you about."

This was touching. I thanked him in becoming terms.

"By the way, did you hear from Miss Mildred Blenkinsop?" I asked.

He smiled. "Oh, foxy, foxy!" he said. "And this wise old owl, a wise old bird was he. No, Mr. Hunter, I have not heard from Miss Mildred Blenkinsop. By the way," he added, "do you realize that I could have you shadowed—that I may be having you shadowed even now?"

I suddenly made up my mind. "It isn't necessary," I said. "I think you need to have a little of the self-assurance taken out of you, so if you like I'll take you out some afternoon or evening to call on Miss Julia Griswold."

In one of our heart-to-heart talks Miss Julia Griswold acknowledged that I had been quite right about Norman Budlong.

"He is just as fickle as he can be," she said. "I'm so disappointed in him! I thought he was one of these wonderful—what is it they stamp on your silver manicure things and—and purses? Oh, yes, sterling. One of these sterling characters. But he isn't, one bit. He's just like shifting sand—isn't that what you say? You aren't supposed to build your house on it, because great is the fall thereof. Still, they do at all the beaches. The hotel where we were staying in Florida last year was built right on the sand, and it seemed perfectly solid and I never once thought of being nervous. We had just the dandiest time there. Did I tell you ——"

"About Norman? No, you started to," I said.

"I'm glad, of course, that his life isn't blighted," said Julia. "I don't want to blight anybody's life, I'm sure; but I do think that it shows a deceptive nature—and a frightful nerve—to tell me that I had, and then a few weeks after be all the time maundering about Kate Corwin. It makes one lose one's faith in human nature, don't you think?"

"It is calculated to," I admitted. "But you know I told you he had a butterfly disposition. He may act a little like a chrysalis, but he's really a butterfly."

"I know," agreed Julia. "You told me so and I didn't believe you. I think it is perfectly uncanny the way you read character. You seem to look right into people's hearts and minds and tell exactly what they are and what they are thinking about. It's just wonderful! How did you get to know human nature so well?"

"Experience, my dear; experience," I replied. "Some of it costly, much of it sad. It doesn't afford me any pleasure, though. I often wish that I could regain my youthful trust in my fellow man—the fresh, unsuspecting nature that I once had and that you now have!"

"It's too bad that you can't!" sighed Julia sympathetically. She regarded me with celestial azure compassion. "I can't help believing what people tell me," she went on. "It doesn't seem possible to me that they would try to deceive me—until I find them out. I believe Norman has tried to. There are times when I think that he must have gone to some sophisticated and sadly experienced person for advice and that he is trying in his blundering, stupid way to follow it. Do you think that could be so?"

We looked at each other very seriously for a long moment, and then —— I had to laugh, too, but I confess that it cost me some effort and that my mirthful performance was not nearly equal to Julia's. But I always try to be a good sport.

"I throw up my hands, my dear," I said. "From this minute on I let things take their course. I'm afraid I can't help taking an interest in you, though. It has got to be too much of a habit with me."

"You're a love—a darling love!" said Julia. "Lean back in your chair and close your eyes."

I obeyed.

Dear little Julia!

A little later on my everlasting—interest got the better of me and I asked her how she liked Francis Thorpe, Jr., by this time.

"I don't like him," said Julia. "He's very nice and all that, but he's rather slangy, don't you think? And his red hair is so red! And then he takes things so much for granted; not at all like poor Norman. I think he has had his own way too much. No, I don't think I like him."

"Train him, my dear," I suggested. "Form him. I think there's good stuff in that boy, and by smoothing his rough edges a little you can get him so that he can make some nice girl a very fair husband."

"There you go again!" said Julia.

Every once in a while I would go home and find Francis Thorpe, Jr., settled in the chair that he had chosen for his own, with his feet where they had no right to be and his pipe polluting my sitting room; or he would coax me out to dinner with him or artfully oblige me to take him to the club and give him a postprandial postgraduate course in billiards. And these evenings in his society I am bound to admit I enjoyed. I was gradually losing my suspicion of Mr. Frank's motive in cultivating me; and then I found his infatuation for my dear little Julia very amusing. There was a remarkable thing about that, he never talked of her unless I directly encouraged him to do so. For hours he would converse rationally on any subject that was broached and seem as happy and care free and heart whole as need be, but let me mention Julia, and he was off. Here is a specimen of his rhapsodies, delivered with almost maudlin emotion:

"Before I lamped that little lady I didn't believe in fairies. Will I ever forget that fateful afternoon at Benson's! Say, I fell for her like a hundred-and-fifty-foot smokestack! The way she was looking at you, and the way she laughed! I saw, I heard. A sweet, unspoiled, angelic soul shining through orbs of translucent sapphire—what? Doesn't it strike you that way? And some laugh! Some laugh! Talk about your rippling brooks and little songbirds and flute notes and the music of the spheres, and you might as well include the five-finger exercise and cornet practice in the woodshed! Oh, hush, you Boston symphonies! Julia is going to laugh, and I want to listen to the real thing!

"And there I sat, lashed hand and foot to a cackling cold-storage hen, chemically treated to arrest decay, that ten minutes before I had taken for a real chicken! You don't know her, and I don't suppose you saw her, so I can free my mind. Anyway, by the time I had nerved myself to break away at all costs that Budlong boy busted in and you faded out.

"A fairy! That's what gets a plain, blunt bird like me. If she was a little more like the average mortal creature I might stand some show. If I had your social gift—that smooth, elegant way you have—I'd be easier in my mind and more hopeful; but look at your red-headed young friend! If I had Budlong's good looks it would be something. Sometimes I think I'll have to slaughter Budlong, with every circumstance of revolting brutality. He annoys me seriously. If it wasn't for the S. P. C. A. something would certainly happen to him soon—and may yet. She has such a tender little heart that low forms of existence like him don't repel her the way they should—not by any means."

So it appeared. Norman seemed to be gaining ground and feeling quite a little encouraged.

"I'm quite confident that it's working all right, Mr. Hunter," he told me. "She's beginning to lecture me on my extravagance and my smoking, and that's always a good sign, isn't it? And when I talk about Kate Corwin I can see that she doesn't like it any too well. I keep it up, though. I've sent Kate flowers three times now. If it wasn't for that Thorpe person—she's altogether too tolerant of that rotter. Oh, I'd just as soon tell him. I will, some of these days, if ——"

"Don't tell me, Norman," I said. "Because Frank is a friend of mine, and I no more form intimacies with people of that description than I allow my friends to be traduced in my hearing."

He was properly penitent and owned that there was no basis of fact for his characterization. So I forgave him.

As for Julia, a change was coming over the girl. I first heard of it from her father, who said he couldn't think what was coming over her. According to him Julia "mooned," and varied the "mooning" by "moping." He was afraid that she was sickening for something. As Frank was out of town on a business trip just then I wondered if the moping part might not be attributable to that; but Frank returned, and the symptoms described still continued, according to papa. I noticed myself that she was often strangely pensive and that she sighed a great deal without any apparent reason. So with some diffidence and extreme caution I spoke of Norman.

"Norman really needs somebody to look after him, poor fellow!" said Julia. "His mother doesn't at all understand him, and his sisters—they are dear girls, and I love them—but I can't imagine myself being as indifferent to Billy as they are to Norman. I think they all underestimate him."

At another time and with equal care and delicacy I regretfully referred to Frank's *brusquerie* and lack of repose.

"Don't you think that is rather attractive—and natural?" asked Julia. "I think a man should be a man, and have a dominating personality. Ho-hum!" It was a more elegant sigh than "ho-hum," but—well, something between "heigh-ho" and "ho-hum."

I asked myself if this was self-defense or indecision. Certainly I was no wiser than before; but I felt convinced that the burgeoning process was beginning or well on its way. Julia's feet, reluctant or otherwise, had stepped over the boundary between childhood and womanhood. Her maiden heart was awakening or wide awake if I didn't miss my guess. To whom was it turning? To whom had it turned? Did I say that I had seen her remove something—a thread or lint—from Frank's coat collar?

There was a certain book—The Fall o' the Leaf. Anybody may talk about books. I asked Julia what she thought of it.

"I don't like Elinor," she replied.

"Why?"

"She was so wretchedly shallow. Hume tries to make her out a great, noble character, but no girl who was really and truly in love could go on cutting bread and butter the way she did after De Vigna had deserted her. Why didn't she throw herself over the cliff when she had such a good chance? I would. I simply couldn't go on living!"

I never saw Julia so moved.

It was not long after that I found Frank in my apartment with the furniture pushed to the wall out of the way and all my fishing tackle, rods, reels, lines and fly books littered on the floor and spread out on my table. At the moment of my entrance he was busily busking a hook, whipping the gut with silk to the bend in a very neat and workmanlike manner. I raised my eyebrows in a manner and with an expression that ought to have abashed him—and didn't in the least.

"Will you be kind enough to explain this rather extraordinary proceeding?" I asked.

He nodded. "Wait until I finish this. In the meantime you might look over that list of things that you are going to need." He indicated the list with another jerk of his head. "I thought I might as well help a little and save time," he went on. "You'll probably have quite a few other things to do—canceling engagements and so forth—and we start for Wauchipee by the early Monday morning train."

"Oh, we do, do we?" I said. "What makes you think so?"

"I don't think so; I know so," he replied. "I've made the reservations and arranged everything. There, that's finished; and now I'll explain."

It took him some time, but the explanation was to the general effect that he had a chance of getting away from the grind for a couple of weeks, that he had received a letter from old Prosper Bigaud of Mille Lacs in the Wauchipee informing him that the prospects for muskellunge were never rosier; that I needed a change from the hollow, meretricious glitter of society life and deep breaths of the pure uncontaminated air of the wilderness; that he hoped—nay, knew that I had a heart and wouldn't let him go alone, and that in short everything was arranged and there were no two ways about it.

I firmly, resolutely refused to go. I told him in plain unvarnished terms what I thought of his infernal cheek; I listened with a cold smile to his graphic account of a fight to the death with a ferocious six-foot muskie; I considered the utter impossibility of breaking all my engagements for the ensuing fortnight—and I finally agreed to go. Confound him, that's the way he had!

"But I should think that you would feel a trifle disquieted at the idea of leaving a certain field of endeavor to an enterprising and energetic rival," I remarked.

He grinned. "A woman is only a woman, but a fishing trip—and with Mr. Bobby Hunter—is another thing yet again," he answered. Then his manner abruptly changed. "Do you really think I'd be running any risk?" he asked anxiously. "You know it didn't seem to make any difference the last time I was away. I thought, if anything, that she had missed me and was glad to have me back. Don't you think an undiluted dose of Norman might improve my chances?"

"I wouldn't express an opinion if I had one," I told him.

"When I think of those sweet, dreamy brown eyes ——" he began.

"Norman's?"

He looked a little puzzled.

"You said brown eyes."

"Did I?" He laughed with forced heartiness. "Blue of course! Never mind though. I've thought it over, as you may guess, and I'll take a chance. We go."

Before we went I attended to a commission that I had undertaken for Mrs. Stanley Edmonston—to pass judgment on an alleged Nardon Pénicaud enamel in Biffary's department of antiques. Not an absolute judgment, of course, but I know a little about enamels and I could tell at least if this was a worthy piece, whether authentic or not. I decided that it was, and was on my way out when I came on Norman Budlong and got the first of the three shocks to be hereinafter mentioned.

(Concluded on Page 65)

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MICHELIN

(Concluded from Page 62)

Norman was standing before a small tray of large solitaire diamond rings—ladies'—and obviously picking and choosing.

Delicacy demanded that I should pass on without apprising Norman of my presence. Curiosity or, we'll say, friendly interest proposed that I should slap him lightly on the shoulder, which I did. And a rich ruby glow forthwith overspread Norman's countenance and extended even to the nape of his neck.

"Oho!" I said coarsely. "This looks suspicious!"

My air and tone were jocular, but oddly I did not feel at all so. Quite the contrary.

He shook hands with me in much confusion, and then excusing himself for a moment or two turned to the imperturbable salesman. I strolled on, but took occasion to stop near the door and talk for a few minutes with the affable young Biffary, by which time Norman had completed his purchase and joined me.

"So it has come to this after all—or am I rashly jumping to conclusions?" I asked as we left the store.

"Yes," he admitted. "I'm a lucky scoundrel, Mr. Hunter. You are the first I have told and as it has happened I am glad that you are. But it isn't to be announced until her birthday, next week."

"I congratulate you," I said, and tried to say it genially. "You are fortunate indeed. Julia is the dearest ——"

"It isn't Julia, though," he said. "It's Miss Corwin. You know her, don't you? It's quite natural that you should think it was Julia, but that was just a sort of —— You know she realized it at the time I proposed to her—you remember. She said that some other girl would make me far happier than she ever could. I—you—I think she was right, don't you know. Yes, this— Kate and I —— Just last night, you know."

This time I slapped him on the back with genuine cordiality.

"I'm delighted, my boy!" I told him. "I think you and Kate are exactly suited to one another and you both have my most sincere wishes for your happiness."

So this young man was a butterfly after all—and with a net over him and a pin and a neat card in immediate prospect! And it naturally followed that friend Frank's path was clear before him. For him were those wistful maiden reveries of my Julia's! I was glad. I realized how much Frank had insinuated himself—no, not insinuated—bluffed and shouldered himself into my affections. He was old Frank Thorpe all over again, as I had known him in our more youthful days. The last time I had seen the old chap I had been rather disappointed with him, to tell the truth. He had grown settled and stodgy—and elderly—as so many of the men I used to know have grown—unaccountably, it seems to me. I suppose that marriage and the cares of a family may account for it, though.

I would have some good news for young Frank now.

On second thought I decided I wouldn't. I would let young Frank remain on the anxious seat for a couple of weeks longer, and if the fishing turned out to be poor I could have a little sport with the young man stimulating his anxiety. Lovely!

With that purpose formed I set out with Frank for the wild north. We went as far as the railroad was able to take us in justice to its stockholders, and then proceeded by wagon until the ways grew too watery, after which we embarked—embirchbarked—and finally arrived at Mille Lacs, where old Prosper made us welcome.

The fishing was anything but poor. I have a reputation for truthfulness to sustain, so I am not going to attempt to relate the unbelievable. I say nothing of the bass, I no more than refer to the trout, and will only divulge to those who know me well the length and tonnage of my first muskie and the time it took me to land him. It was the trip of my life, replete with thrills of ecstasy. I let my beard grow, neglected my finger nails for days at a time, ate with primitive piggishness, smoked Frank's rank Cavendish and slept like a baby on lumpy if fragrant juniper boughs. Day by day my energy and appetite increased and, as Frank said, the well-known Phœnix had nothing on me in its famous specialty of rejuvenation. If in spite of the absorbing interests of this life I sometimes thought of Julia I dismissed the thought. Time enough for that. Frank came pretty close to my idea of a perfect companion and I wasn't going to encourage him to become a lovesick rhapsodizing bore.

So until that last night in camp Julia's name was not mentioned. It was a perfect night, ending a perfect day. Bright starlight, and silent, save for the hiss of a green twig in the fire, the plop of an occasional fish in the broad-bosomed lake before us, the call of some night bird in the woods behind, and Prosper's snores as he lay in the shelter he had fashioned. Frank and I had maintained for some time a silence that was quite unbroken, but at last he took his pipe from his mouth and said with feeling that he hated to go back.

"I know something that might make you glad to," I said. "Not to keep you in suspense, something about Norman Budlong and Julia Griswold. I heard of it just before we left, but I didn't want to spoil your vacation by telling you."

I waited for him to say something. A little gust of wind swept through the wild rice, fanned the coals of our fire to a glow and sent a wreath of acrid smoke into Frank's face. He said "Damn!"

I waited a little longer, chuckling inwardly.

"But of course if you are not interested ——"

He cleared his throat and looked at me with a shamefaced grin.

"Uncle Bob," he said, "I've got some news for you. I feel mean keeping it from you for so long, but—I'm an engaged man. Engaged to be mar-ri-ed, and what do you know about that!"

"Frank!" I exclaimed joyfully. Then recollection of my misunderstanding of a former and similar confidence seized me, and I grew cold with apprehension. "Not to Julia?" I asked breathlessly.

"Oh, no," replied Frank. "Another lady entirely. Julia never cared a hang for me," he went on. "I saw that from the first, and though I was tremendously struck with her I wouldn't want any girl who had the bad taste to prefer another fellow to me. I let on contrariwise to you because—I thought you had it coming to you. You done me a foul wrong, Uncle Bob."

"Don't 'Uncle Bob' me!" I said sharply. "You thought I was just working you to get solid with the girl, Uncle Bob. Not so! I loved you for yourself alone. But my feelings were hurt and I thought you didn't deserve my entire confidence—see?"

As I vouchsafed no answer he took another tack. "Julia's in love with Norman Budlong," he asserted confidently. "I'm wise to that. I use this bean of mine. It was somebody, it wasn't me, and Norman old chappie and I had frozen the others out. Oh, I noticed it coming all right"

His tragic stupidity angered me and betrayed me into a *bêtise* for which I could have bitten my tongue off. I said: "You ass! Norman Budlong told me just before we left that he was going to marry the Corwin girl. He had just bought the engagement ring."

Frank whistled. "One on me," he said, and then laughed. "I guess I don't know the signs after all. But you don't ask me who I am engaged to."

I didn't care a rap, but I asked him.

"Miss Blenkinsop," he replied. "One of the Kentucky Blenkinsops. She lives at Lexington."

I got up, stalked into the shelter and began to undress. He followed me and squatted on his couch of juniper.

"No, but listen, Uncle Bob, old dear," he persisted as I looked round for something heavy and handy. "I'm giving you this straight. Not Miss Mildred Blenkinsop of Billiter Avenue. I ran down to Lexington to look for Mildred the morning after you gave me the steer, and I couldn't find her. The only Blenkinsop girl I could find was Caroline, and after we got a little acquainted I thought that Caroline was good enough for me. When I got back and saw Julia again to make sure, I decided that I couldn't very well get along without Carrie, and I went down to Lexington again not long ago and told her so. Result, as stated. Have I your felicitations, Uncle Bob?"

"Go to the devil!" And rolling into my blankets I turned my face to the wall.

My heart was heavy for my Julia. Poor child! She had been playing with fire—the divine Promethean element, beneficent, bright and beautiful in one aspect, cruel, greedy and devastating in another, like the treacherous, capricious old gods from whom it was taken. And it had burned her pretty rosy-tipped fingers and seared her kind and loving heart—that too receptive little heart on which nothing but blessings had been invoked since her babyhood!

It wouldn't be an everlasting grief; I knew that; but it would be none the less poignant while it lasted, and in its first rending pangs —— Who knew? I recalled morbidly what she had said of Elinor, Hume's stoical heroine who went on cutting bread and butter. "Why didn't she throw herself over the cliff? . . . I would!" There were no physical cliffs convenient to Julia's domicile, but recklessness and despair can find other heights. And who was it? Somehow I couldn't quite believe that it was Norman. I wouldn't have felt so sorrowful if I had believed that, though Norman was a handsome fellow enough with many social graces and accomplishments, so that he might well fill a maiden's eye and set her adreaming. A bit of an ass in some respects, but if that counted as a disqualification there would be a cut of about ninety per cent of the license clerk's fees. And he was no fool. There is quite a difference between the two things. I remembered that I had once considered Norman more than possible—highly probable and perfectly eligible.

But Frank! Didn't I know Frank and his arts? Wasn't I reconciled to the rascal already? And he had the dominating personality that so many women love; the rugged force and strength particularly attractive to Julia's type—as she had herself confessed. Mere irregularity of feature—even brick-red hair—is no great handicap to such men as Frank Thorpe. I greatly feared that it was Frank, and if so the rude and sudden detachment of the delicate tendrils of affection that she had suffered to cling to him would be painful and their healing comparatively slow.

It was with such sad thoughts that I set out for Fred Griswold's shortly after my return from that memorable fishing trip. It was with a sickening anticipation of an unpleasant task that I approached the parlor, where the butler had told me I would find Julia. I had naturally rehearsed my revelation of Frank's duplicity, and tactfully as I had framed it I could almost see my poor little maid's flower face blanch, her hand fly to her wounded bosom as I told her. The parlor door was slightly open and involuntarily I coughed that subdued and decorous cough that one reserves for solemn occasions—funerals, for instance, just as the parson is turning the leaves to the burial service.

There was an exclamation and a sound of sudden movement—a rustling and a whir as of chair casters. The next moment Julia had me by both hands and was giving me a greeting delightful and delighted Lord, such a flushed and fervid young woman! Such a radiant, bright-eyed, laughing little lady! And voluble!

"I hardly believed it could be you! How lovely and brown you are! I wish I could tan like that, but I only burn, and have to go round for ages all smeary and smelly with cold cream. You must have had a perfectly wonderful time! I've missed you too. Did you only just this minute get back? You would better say yes! Did you catch a fish—a what-do-you-call-it? Oh, you haven't met Rod—Mr. Murchison, have you?"

I was able to turn to the young man who had bowed as I entered and who now smiled and extended his hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Hunter?" he said. "I remember very well meeting you some years ago—at Lucerne. Of course you have forgotten me."

No, I hadn't forgotten him. He was a rather spindly youth in the Lucerne days, and he had now filled out and grown a small mustache, but he had features quite easily remembered. His mother was Penelope Disbrow, daughter of Senator Disbrow of belligerent memory, and she was quite a figure in Washington society in the umpties, before she made a runaway match with young Murchison. Murchison was a professor of chemistry or something in a one-horse university somewhere and he afterward invented the what-do-you-call-it process and made two or three millions before he died.

The young man had his father's rather melancholy air, but he was well set-up and exquisitely but not excessively tailored and groomed. I rather liked his looks and his manners.

"Just think of you meeting in Lucerne—you two!" cried Julia. "Isn't it just wonderful how the same people go wandering all over the world and come bump into each other in the most unexpected places! I want to know all about this now—how it happened, and everything. Please!"

Young Murchison and I exchanged smiling glances, and then began our memory tests. When we had exhausted Lucerne and its ghosts of five years agone he rose and murmuring something polite about the length of his call took his leave. Julia was very sweet and cordial to him, I thought.

"And now, Julia ——" I began.

Julia got up quickly from the seat that she had resumed.

"Oh, please excuse me for just a moment; there was something I forgot to tell him."

She tripped from the room, closing the door behind her. In a minute or two—or three or four—she returned, more radiant than ever.

"How do you like him? Isn't he dear?" she asked at once.

"Rod—Mr. Murchison?" I inquired.

She pouted. "Yes, Rod—Mr. Murchison. 'Smarty gave a party and nobody came.' Don't you adore him?"

"I may in time, but you will have to give me more than a couple of weeks," I answered. "Why, I thought him a quite presentable and well-bred young man."

"I should think he was! But don't you love his voice? It's so musical—rich, deep and penetrating. It has a sort of sympathetic timbre, don't you think?"

I knitted my brows. Where had I heard that description of a voice!

"And didn't you think he was quite respectful?" Julia's eyes were fairly dancing.

I admitted that. "A rare quality in the present generation."

"I think he's awfully handsome too. I'm crazy about that dear little-bitty second-lieutenant mustache of his!"

It came on me like a flash. "Julia, you little baggage, do you mean to tell me he is ——"

Julia nodded vigorously. "The young man who found my purse at Benson's. Yes." She laughed and laughed. "Isn't that a lov-er-ly surprise for you? Aren't you astonished? I thought you would be. And, do you know, he won't give me back that purse? Ab-solutely refuses to! Isn't he mean?"

"And this is what happens the moment I turn my back!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, it happened long, long before that," said Julia. "The very next day after you and I went to the matinée I was in Benson's and I saw him wandering about and looking like a lost dog, just as I thought he would be. So I walked round two aisles and accidentally met him."

"And after that you met him again?"

"A few times."

"Clandestinely?"

"I love that darling mid-Victorian word," said Julia. "Yes, we met clandestinely. It was lots of fun, and thrilly and romantic as it could be. Mums and daddy and people have always taken such a frightful interest in the young men who call on me that I got a little weary and decided that I would personally conduct Rodmistermurchison and take the full responsibility."

"But he comes to the house now?"

"He thought he had to see daddy. Do you notice a smudge on the side of my nose—right here?"

I looked, and then blinked. There was no smudge on Julia's impertinent nose, but there was a blazing diamond on the finger with which she indicated the place to look.

"They're all crazy about him," said Julia. "And you are going to like him too—just as much as you like me."

"That will never be," I said, "but I think, my dear, that I shall have to kiss you and give you my blessing."

"I should hope you would!" said Julia; and she sank to her knees beside my chair and lifted up her face for the benediction.

Dear little Julia!

OUT-OF-DOORS

Old Seth Green

ONE of the earliest fish culturists of the United States and one of the old-time angling authorities was Old Seth Green of beloved memory. He lived in the East for the most part, but his reputation extends all over angling America. Curious how men are remembered. Perhaps the greatest monument this able man left behind him was the artificial fly which bears his name. You may remember it—cinnamon wing and all. At times it is very good for trout, and I have killed many a bass with it myself.

And now comes an angling friend who, it seems, has discovered another Old Seth Green—of at least local fame, who has invented an angling device of more or less nefarious quality and bequeathed it as his own claim to angling remembrance. A little description may serve to show the trouble men will take in trying to circumvent those wise fishes which do not yield themselves readily to the frying pan.

"This is in what is known as the Finger Lake region of Western New York," my informant says. "If you will consult your map you will see that there are several large bodies of water, all running north and south and ranging twenty-five or thirty miles in length down to six or seven miles. Their long, narrow dimensions give them on the map the appearance of the fingers of a hand outspread. There are Seneca, Keuka, Cayuga, Canandaigua, Hemlock, Honeoye, and so on. At this season of the year there are just two varieties of game fish that are taken—wall-eyed pike and lake trout—togue. It seems that some scores of years ago a fisherman named Seth Green, who lived in this district, invented a most barbarous rig but a most effective one for taking both of these species.

"It consists of a stout hand line of oiled silk to which are affixed a lead sinker ranging in weight from ten ounces to a pound and a series of five to seven nine-foot gut leaders affixed at intervals of about twelve feet. This line is coiled in a wooden box about eighteen inches square, with a hinged lid and a galvanized-metal grating with rather fine mesh on which the line reposes. Just above the space occupied by the coiled line is a series of small pigeonholes open at the top in which the lure is deposited as it is reached when the line is coiled into the box. The lure is either a long, slim silver-plated wobbler spoon or a series of three three-hook gangs tied onto a snell, the latter carrying a live minnow.

"I neglected to say that this rig has the most weird system of neck-yoke connections, pin swivels, jeweled bearings, and so on, that you can imagine. I think to rig one up at present prices costs at least ten dollars, with a fair allowance for labor, and if a fellow gets snagged and loses all or most of it he must be a good sport and not kick. It seems to be against the rules of the game for a fellow to follow this style of fishing except in lonesome solitude, so you see the local experts in solemn silence plugging round the lakes, a bight of this line round the right hand, rowing slowly and fishing in one and the same operation. It seems to be entirely peculiar to this region.

"Well, I never yet caught a game fish on a hand line and I don't ever expect to. The thing that gets my goat, however, is this: Anyone who attempts to take these fish with a single rig might just as well be fishing in the Dead Sea."

The device of this latest Seth Green is more complicated than the chugging rig which long has been used for bass fishing on the St. Clair Flats of Michigan, but is not dissimilar in general type. The St. Clair rig consisted of a half-pound sinker dragged on a hand line. A few feet above the sinker a trace was attached to the line and at the end of the trace there was a swivel yoke. At each end of this yoke there was attached a spoon hook, one on a bob line rather longer than the other. As this contrivance stirred up everything on the bottom a fleeing bass might look round and see one of the glittering spoons against which to direct his anger at being disturbed. Anyhow, it used to catch bass. Trolling is the least sportsmanlike form of angling, though quite often very productive and certainly the easiest of all angling to learn. As to these two Seth Greens, the man who is out for sport had better lay his money on the one who has invented the fly and not on our clothesline friend of the New York lakes.

Old-Timer Still Able

ONCE in a while a letter comes from a real old-timer, now living, such as the mail brings from Wyoming. "I don't remember having met you in the West, but I know many of those you write about, also the places and events. I used to roam from Texas to the British possessions and down into old Mexico. I am an old man now, and while I never had a chance to go to school I sure have had a life worth living. I have lived as rough and wild a life as any right and self-respecting man could wish and one that no one now will ever have the chance to duplicate.

"I have lived with Indians and have associated with refined, cultured men and women and specialists of every profession and calling you could think of. Speaking of law, I was a member of the senate of the first legislature of Wyoming. I have eaten the hind quarter of a poisoned coyote and sat at banquets fit for a king.

"I dream of the good old days when we were all free and equal. Only just the other day I paid one of those damned lawyers five hundred dollars for about twenty minutes' work, and another five hundred to a so-called doctor for looking at my old woman a few minutes without even making me a guess as to what was the matter.

"I have a host of friends not only here at home but from one ocean to the other. I am the oldest old-timer in this country and of course should have died long ago according to the rules. But I am still able to take two slugs of good old liquor, four cigars, three meals and a lunch before bed every day. I would like to meet you and swap experiences."

There are few men in my vicinity who are still able to equal the personal record above cited, especially in reference to the two slugs aforesaid. There are chronological reasons having to do with July first of the current year of grace which would dispose a lot of us to swap experiences.

Old Man Temple

ALL the way from Piedras Negras, Mexico, comes yet other reminiscent material written with the evident impression that there may be an old-timer at each end of the line. Mr. A. D. Temple this time says: "If I had been born in 1815 I would have been able to go to the West when life was worth while. I used to pore over an old atlas in my father's study, where the West was all marked blank or with such notes as 'Savage Indians,' 'Great American Desert,' 'Buffaloes and Wild Horses,' 'Great Salt Lake,' and so on. It was the fall of 1872 before I actually got to the far West. In the San Joaquin Valley in California there were still a few elk left in the tules, remnants of the great herds of twenty years earlier. Antelope were still easily found there.

"We did not have cowboys in California, but vaqueros, aristocrats with cap-and-ball six-shooters. Beef was not six bits a pound in those days. Usually a man killed what meat he needed and left the rest for the coyotes, but I remember old Col. John Montgomery always took the trouble to skin and quarter any remainder of a carcass and hang up the hide and meat where the coyotes couldn't reach it. He was careful.

"I had companions who knew Joaquin Murieta, the famous bandit of early California, and they said he was still alive and prosperous in Sonora. Once Tiburcio Vasquez, another bandit, robbed Firebaugh's Ferry a few miles from where we were herding. The year after at Tres Pinos in the Coast Range he robbed and killed a deaf-and-dumb man who didn't throw up his hands when ordered. Sheriff Harry Morris at last got him and he was hanged in San José. They say his ghost haunts the jail yet.

"In San Francisco the Oregon men, dressed in buckskin from head to foot, still drove their cattle from the range right out to Butchertown the other side of Mission Bay. I soon went to Mexico and there I met Long-haired Smith, who claimed to

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(5) Disston Plastering Trowel. Our experience and reputation as makers of high-grade plastering trowels closely rival our position as producers of hand saws. Tight rivets, thin blades, mountings and handles so placed as to insure proper balance and ease in working.

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(13) Disston Mill Files. We know what a file should do as well as how to make them. About 35,000 dozen files are annually consumed by our workmen in the manufacture of Disston Saws.

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have lived among the plains Indians for many years and to have been Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston's scout on the Salt Lake expedition in 1859.

"When I thought of returning to life in the States I found the wild game mostly gone, the land fenced, the fish mostly exterminated by foreigners. The land which my forefathers had stolen or cheated the Indians out of was cut up and sold to a variegated bunch of aliens, most of whom never would be Americans. Yes, if I had been born in 1815 instead of 1855 I would have escaped this age of automobiles, aëroplanes, woman suffrage, prohibition and other blessings.

"Going in for sport down here I saw something about floating bass flies. There was an old bucktail lying round, and with the aid of a piece of cork, a hook and some silk thread I made a fly such as I had seen mentioned. Lord, how the Mexican bass did jump at it! There are five sporting rifles standing in the corner and four fishing rods—one belonging to a boy who died last September in the St. Mihiel salient, a captain. I don't use that rod much.

"To the northwest of us are sparkling streams where the bass strike the year round. The antelope come down in herds to water and in the foothills the mule deer still range in bands. Whitetails are to be found where there are cover and feed, bear and panther haunt the cañons and turkeys and peccaries live in the pecan groves—to say nothing of squirrels and other small game. It is something like Lincoln County, New Mexico, in 1880, when you lived there. The bandits here take the place of the Indians and the bad men of the old days. I have a hunch that if you were here you would feel that you were a young man again and on the frontier."

The Flivver in Sport

"BY THE way, speaking of hunting in Mexico," the same writer adds, "the world certainly do move here in Mexico as well as elsewhere and one proof of it is the new way of hunting the prong-horn antelope. The old-time hunters stalked them, flagged them or lay in wait for them at the water holes, and occasionally the cowboys ran them down and roped them, but it took a good horse and a fancy roper to do it and those killed in that way made but a slight decrease in their numbers. Now long-range finely sighted rifles, steady nerves, keen eyes and a knowledge of the habits of the game one hunts all have been thrown into the discard so far as antelope hunting is concerned on the plains of Coahuila, where this rarest and shyest of American big game still is comparatively abundant.

"Here the veriest dub of a sportsman provided with proper equipment now finds them as easy to bag as cottontails.

"The necessary equipment is a flivver and a double-barrel twelve-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot. Any man who with a shotgun can hit a mark as large as a six months' calf at thirty or forty yards is eligible to the post of the hunter. The driver of the car should be both expert and reckless. The game is played best in a borrowed car—borrowed at that from a rich and good-natured owner, for accidents are very apt to happen to the car.

"A few miles back from the Rio Grande on the wide level plains that are characteristic of the region antelope may be found in bands of from two or three up to twenty-five or thirty. When a band is sighted the hunters approach as near as possible without alarming the quarry, which as yet has not learned to recognize a flivver as one of its natural enemies. Their curiosity satisfied, they don't stand on the order of their going but go while the going is good. Then the chase is on.

"An antelope's best speed is thirty-five miles an hour, as the speedometers have proved time and again. Over a smooth track free of holes or obstructions there is nothing especially thrilling in traveling at that rate and to the speed demon it must be positively funereal, but over a prairie, where old buffalo wallows, badger holes and earth cracks are irregularly and impartially distributed, it is quite a different matter. The chance of a smash-up by reason of a broken axle or punctured tire looms up as a possibility at any moment.

"The smaller the band the longer the chase. A solitary old buck antelope may give a run of half an hour or more and then make his escape by picking out country where the flivver has difficulty in following him, whereas a large bunch of bucks, does and fawns are easily overtaken as in their fright they impede progress by crowding together like a flock of sheep. Usually a chase lasts from ten to thirty minutes, and then the poor brutes, exhausted and out of breath, with their tongues hanging out, come almost to a halt and are shot down at short buckshot range.

"In a recent antelope hunt four men left their office at two P. M. in a flivver and were back again at five P. M. with four antelope does piled on the car. They had sighted and followed a bunch of eight, killed four, and a large buck with a broken hind leg swinging and his rear covered with blood, together with three more does, had escaped by the very unusual strategy of running through an island of mesquite brush and prickly pears, where the flivver could not follow them. Two of these gentle hunters had never seen an antelope before in their lives and were it not for their more experienced companions might have had difficulty in distinguishing them from jack rabbits.

"In the timber islands of live oak, mesquite and scrub-oak brush that dot the plains here and there, white-tail deer have their haunts as well as herds of peccaries and droves of wild turkeys, to say nothing of less important small game such as squirrels, rabbits, fox, wildcat, raccoon and opposum, while bobwhites whistle in the cultivated lands and on the antelope range blue quail are to be found miles away from water.

"Many of the timber islands have springs of living water that almost without exception contain large-mouth bass and several varieties of the perch family. The bass rarely run over four pounds and far more of them are under a pound, but they strike at fly, spoon, wooden minnow or live bait. Farther to the southwest, in the western Sierra Madres at 6000 to 9000 feet above sea level, there are streams that contain an abundance of cutthroat trout, but along the Rio Grande they are unknown, though the natives of Texas often call the bass a trout.

"A camping trip in this region does not require the complicated provisions for comfort indispensable to a hunting trip in the North. There is often an interim of four or five months between showers."

That sounds easy. While as yet the unsettled conditions in Mexico disincline American sportsmen to go into that country to any great extent, there is great likelihood that Mexico will come more and more into the hunting plans of American sportsmen. Of late I have heard of more sportsmen going to old Mexico than to Alaska. Lower California is now more or less popular as a big-game country and no mountain-sheep hunter can call his series of heads really complete unless he has killed his Mexican bighorn also. Among several friends of mine who have gone into that country, Col. Dale Bumstead, of Chicago, is the latest to report from Lower California. He got four very good rams on his hunt there in the fall of 1919.

As to this thing of hunting antelope with the motor car, so graphically described by our Mexican sportsman, I confess that is a new thing under the sun for me. It all goes to show the rapidity with which civilized methods are taking the sport out of sport and hastening the end of sport as our fathers knew it. Coursing antelope with greyhounds and coursing white-tailed deer with greyhounds I have seen practiced with some success in Western Kansas and in the Indian nations before Oklahoma was admitted as a state. Wolf hunting long was done in many parts of the less settled West with and without dogs, usually in the winter time, in vehicles drawn by horses. A sled hunt for coyotes in the wintertime was a man-size game. It was managed much like this southern antelope hunt, the driver going at full speed across country and endeavoring to cut off the flight of the wolf.

Not long ago I heard from a friend in North Dakota, who told me that they now substituted a flivver for the sled in North Dakota and got more coyotes than they used to. Last fall I also heard of hunting coyotes with a car out in Idaho and a friend there told me that he had invented a new sport—that of shooting jack rabbits at night by the lights of the motor car. I should think that might be possible, because while driving one night we saw two or three jack rabbits, one of them just turned white in his winter coat, loping along within easy shotgun range of the car and apparently confused by the lights.

The motor car certainly has come into sport, not wholly to the advancement of sport itself. It is illegal to shoot from a motor car in Wisconsin, that law having been passed to cut down the destruction of ruffed grouse, which were killed in numbers along the woods roads by men who hunted in motor cars and shot the birds on the ground. It is also against the law to shoot ducks from a motor boat in Idaho and the same is true in other states. These measures are intended to restrict the use of gas in killing game.

It is not likely that they will prove altogether efficacious. We seem to lean to the doctrine of bringing home the bacon no matter how we get it and we are on a search for efficiency in sport rather than for proficiency in the old methods and the old weapons of the gentleman afield. I should rather have a son lean to proficiency than efficiency in sport, I believe.

An odd phase of life in the open is beginning to attend the use of the motor car in certain parts of the Western country. In the Yellowstone Park the protected bears have learned that good things to eat are often carried in motor cars and it really is not altogether safe to camp too close to your car in the neighborhood of one of the hotels where the bears congregate. They become quite bold from long feeding and petting and quite often take liberties.

A party of friends near one of the hotels recently began feeding chocolates to a nice little bear which was standing near by in the road. The bear filed no objections to this, except that the chocolates did not come fast enough. He climbed up on the running board and the girls thought it was great fun to feed him there. Then he climbed into the car—which did not seem so funny.

In one case a friend photographed a bear which was standing close to a car which temporarily had been left by its owners. A few moments later the bear concluded that there was probably something in the car that he might like, so he tore off all of the tents and bed rolls from the running boards of the car and generally went through the luggage. It is a very good rule in any cabin, tent or camp in this bear-infested district not to take any candy or anything else to eat into your sleeping place. The official camping company does not allow guests to do cooking in their own tents and in some of the camps guests are not allowed even to take cold lunches into the tents.

There is a very good reason for this, for if a bear smells anything he wants to eat, it takes a pretty good cabin to keep him out and the ordinary tent with a low board wall and a screen door is nothing in his young life. It is not extraordinary for the hotel help to find a bear in their bedrooms at the close of their day's work. The hotel girls lose all fear of the bears which hang round the kitchen doors and sometimes the creatures almost make nuisances of themselves.

They nearly always look over the motor cars after dark and any such thing as a good lot of bacon or a box of candy is more or less certain to be discovered. The black bears are not dangerous and none has been known to injure a person, but any wild animal is a wild animal and may become dangerous any instant. Such is life in the open to-day.

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GERMAN INDUSTRY FROM WITHIN

(Continued from Page 7)

tremendous slump in the prices. A woman's plaid coat that cost seventy marks during the war is now to be had for forty-five marks or even less. Tablecloths, curtains, rugs, stockings have been reduced to one-half and in some instances one-fourth of the war prices.

It all results from the simple fact that the moment a man could get the real thing he refused to buy the substitute. Human nature could not do otherwise. Though cotton and wool garments are very scarce throughout Germany and command prohibitive prices the German is almost willing to do without a change in underwear rather than to wear the artificial garment.

Now we come to the most important phase of the whole transaction as affecting the purpose of this article. Though the business in substitutes was one of the national bulwarks during the war it will not be correspondingly useful in German economic rehabilitation. As I have already pointed out, Fritz had to use these makeshifts during the national extremity but he will not buy them now that the real thing is about to be available. Hence, the whole enormous industry created out of war need will practically have to be scrapped with peace, with the possible exception of that part of it which is devoted to artificial silks and nitrates. It means that when real merchandise to wear does begin to pour into Germany, as it inevitably will, it will be snapped up like those proverbial hot cakes that you often read about.

The Textile Industry

Through a somewhat devious path perhaps I have led you to German industry as it is to-day. What is the situation? Is output in process of reorganization? How does business face the twin problems of renewal at home and regeneration abroad?

Let us begin with the first and foremost need, which is raw materials. If Germany is denied them by the world with which she fought she lies prostrate and her recovery is impossible. Though she piled up a considerable accumulation of cotton in Switzerland during the war, particularly prior to our entrance into the struggle, it was only a drop in the bucket as compared with her needs. When I saw warehouse after warehouse full of German-owned cotton in Basel in the autumn of 1918 I felt that it might swing Germany over the barren stretch that would follow the Armistice. I did not reckon, however, on the completeness with which her shelves and homes had been stripped.

The result is that at the time I visited Germany the cotton textile industry was almost paralyzed by lack of the wherewithal to work. The only way that she can resume this industry in a big way is to obtain credits from foreign sources. During October Germany was able to make some loans in neutral countries. She employed the proceeds for the purchase of American cotton. This is one reason why the price of cotton shot up.

Germany's cry to-day is "More cotton." Though she registered the last word in substitution there is no substitute for a bale of the great American product.

Just how great and costly is this need is comprehended when I say that in 1913 Germany consumed more than one and a half millions of bales. Not only is she without cotton but to buy it at the present rate of exchange will involve an immense financial transaction. In 1913 a thousand bales of cotton sold for 315,000 marks. To-day, with the mark under four cents—its normal value is approximately twenty-three cents—a thousand bales would cost more than five million marks. What is the German manufacturer to do? My task is not to solve this problem but simply to state it. Facts like these indicate the drastic overhead under which German recovery must operate.

In connection with this matter of credits, in relation both to cotton and to other necessities, let me point out a serious obstacle: Knowing the general precariousness of the German industrial situation the few American business men whom I met in Germany told me they were demanding cash for all goods sold there. The Germans are balking at this procedure, first, because they believe they should have long credits; second, because of the low value of the mark. I shall deal with this whole international-credit matter, as affecting Germany, in the next article. I will add here only that the British and the Belgians, who have instituted considerable business negotiations in Germany, are selling on three and six months' credit—some even longer.

In the present extremity—and the performance is typical of what might be called the new spirit of German industry—certain cotton-spinning interests in Saxony are forming a huge syndicate to buy a large quantity of raw cotton and pool it for the general use.

The idea behind the enterprise is that America will be more likely to extend a long credit to a group of manufacturers than to isolated individuals.

In discussing this matter a leading Berlin financier said to me: "I believe that this effort to organize the Saxon cotton spinners into a huge syndicate to make and finance collective purchases, more especially of raw materials in America, will be followed by other industries."

Though the cotton situation is serious it can and will be remedied. With coal it is different. We now come to the most serious breach in that one-time invulnerable German economic wall. Of all the setbacks administered by defeat the worst, in some respects, is evidenced in the shrunken German coal supply. If you are at all familiar with the economics of the great war you know that more important even than powder and shell was the black fuel that man extracts from the bosom of Mother Earth. One night in London, when the Allied fortunes were at their lowest ebb, I heard Lloyd George say with impassioned eloquence, "Coal is life!" He made this utterance at a time when the Welsh coal miners were threatening to go on strike. Had they done so it would have banked the furnaces of the munition factories and cooled the fires of the Grand Fleet.

All through the war coal ruled supreme. The nations that had it were strongly intrenched. It helped to make and unmake alliances. Moreover, it was rationed, and continues to be rationed, like food.

With the war ended coal maintains its uncanny prestige. The nations that fought each other on the field of battle are engaged in a well-nigh equally bitter struggle to obtain the mineral which now spells economic life or death in Europe.

The German Coal Situation

To Germany more than to any other European Power coal means everything, and I will tell you why. First of all, her anthracite is the foundation upon which her whole industry is reared. The extent to which her iron, chemical and refining activities were expanded depended exclusively upon this all-needful product.

But German coal had another equally important value. It was Germany's chief bargaining asset with her neutral neighbors. Switzerland and Holland have native coal to no considerable degree. They have always used German coal, and in exchange for this commodity the Teuton wrung economic concessions that enhanced his trade power. During the war this neutral need of coal was the cudgel that Germany held menacingly over the heads of the luckless little nations that had to have it.

Germany was particularly favored with coal deposits. Her three great producing areas—the Saar Valley, the Ruhr district and Silesia—produced, in 1913, 190,000,000 tons of anthracite, which is employed in industry, and 87,000,000 tons of the so-called brown coal, which also has various uses. The anthracite, however, was the backbone of her coal power.

Throughout the war Germany worked her coal mines to the limit because her immense war machine had to be stoked; and, as I have already indicated, coal helped to carry the whole burden of whatever foreign trade she was able to maintain.

The peace treaty was the first decisive blow at the old German coal power. It practically cut off the whole output of the Saar Valley. Under the terms established at Versailles, Germany must deliver 20,000,000 tons of coal every year—the original amount was 43,000,000 tons—to France. This change, I might add, was made on the understanding that the delivery would begin at once instead of within thirty days after the ratification of the peace treaty. So much for the Saar area, which for all practical purposes—certainly for a considerable time to come—is a distinct negative factor in the German coal situation.

In Upper Silesia, where the sixty-five German mines had a yearly output of nearly fifty million tons of coal, Germany is confronted with political and industrial unrest. If the plebiscite is decided in favor of Poland she loses these mines. The output in this section last September was about sixty per cent of the normal.

Hence the sole remaining undiluted producing field is the Ruhr. In 1914 it turned out 394,000 tons a day. When I was in Germany the output had dwindled to 223,000 tons a day at the pit head. In these figures you see the decline of one vital element of Germany's industrial power. All her skill, ingenuity and resourcefulness will not avail if she has not the fuel with which to drive the flywheel of her industry.

Not only is the area of the German coal supply materially reduced as the result of the war but the productivity of the German miner is likewise lessened. Like his industrial brother throughout the world he has become infected with the virus of idleness. Though at the time I write this article he is working on a seven-hour-a-day schedule a movement has been launched by the coal miners' union to lop off an hour. A six-hour working day in Germany, once the stronghold of almost unshackled output, is merely one of many evidences of the break-up of the ancient Teutonic industrial solidarity.

But the progressive reduction in working hours is only one of the handicaps under which the German coal output labors. Life in the coal belts is literally one strike after another. Thus, Germany is not immune from the universal pest which is impeding production everywhere.

Even if the German coal output were normal at the mines the whole industry is suffering from depletion of equipment and scarcity of rolling stock, due to the inroads of the war. The timbering is in bad shape; the sinking of new shafts has of necessity been delayed. As everyone knows, the turnover in coal depends upon the swiftness with which it is handled. German transportation is far below normal, first, because of the compulsory delivery of a large number of locomotives and cars to the Allies under the conditions of the Armistice; second, because the Germans lost an immense amount of railway equipment in Poland, Bulgaria and Russia.

To sum up this whole matter of German coal output—and no aspect of the whole Teutonic recovery is more important—you find that because of strikes, reduction in

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Emery Shirts

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The last word in real shirt luxury. Correct in every detail of style. Uniform in excellence of workmanship.

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PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 71)

working hours, deficiency in transportation and general loss of output under the terms of the treaty Germany for a year or two at least can count on a maximum production of only eighty million tons of anthracite a year, which is less than fifty per cent of the prewar output.

What happens? Industry is not the only sufferer. This shortage naturally puts a big dent in the whole German pocketbook. The price of coal throughout the new republic is ten to twenty times the price in 1913, and in some instances considerably more. The worst hardship is imposed on the poorer classes. Germany to-day is up against the same problem which France faced last winter and which confronts all Europe this cold season. At the hotels you will be able to get hot water only once a week, while in the average home suffering must ensue. Cold, like hunger, is no respecter of rank or race, and all Europe, England included, is likely to undergo not only a winter of discontent but likewise a winter of shivers and frost bites.

The Iron Industry

The coal crisis had already registered its effects by the time I reached Germany. Everywhere large factories were shutting down on account of inability to obtain fuel. This was not only true in Upper Silesia but also in Bavaria, Saxony and Thuringia. The most startling evidence of the coal shortage was expressed in the order issued the first of November, 1918, for the almost total suspension of railway passenger traffic in Germany for ten days. Only the suburban trains in and round Berlin were exempted.

One more angle in the matter of coal remains to be explained, and it bears vitally on German recovery: Holland and Switzerland, unable to get coal from their old source of supply, are turning elsewhere. Switzerland, for example, has made large contracts with Belgium and England, while Holland is already obtaining supplies from America and Belgium. Prominent Dutchmen have formed a company, with a capital stock of two million gulden, to import Belgian coal into their native country. Since June twenty-fifth of this year a special coal train has been in daily operation from Belgium to Holland.

Though the Belgian coal is inferior to the German product it is fuel, and the demand for fuel is so immense that there is no longer any choice.

Stripped of her ability to use coal as a browbeating or bargaining asset Germany is up against a serious proposition in the neutral countries. Her trade will have to stand on its own bottom and without guile or trickery. If America, or any other honest competitor, gets on the job she can cut the ground from under Germany. I am not sufficiently optimistic to attach excessive faith to American capitalization of the immense world opportunity, however.

It is not among the impossibilities that Germany, once a world's coal mine, will be obliged to import coal. In this event England, well-nigh reduced to the same pass, and almost "carrying coal to Newcastle," will have nothing on her.

Turn from coal to iron and another sad German tale is unfolded. In many respects it is much worse than the preceding chapter. Germany still has an immense untapped coal deposit. With iron it is vastly different, for the fields are gone. The peace treaty, in just retribution for war crimes in France and Belgium, wiped out the basis of the whole industry. How much this means is evidenced by the fact that iron plays a most important rôle in the industrial life of a nation. To quote a German authority with whom I discussed this loss: "The iron situation in Germany is one of hopelessness and despair."

The iron industry in Germany suffered more under the peace terms than any other. Prior to the war her iron-and-steel development was one of the marvels of modern expansion. Remember, however, that this was almost entirely due to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871. The Lorraine fields, including the famous Briey and Longwy basins, form, with the possible exception of the Lake Superior district, the richest mining area in the world. They are now, happily, restored to France.

I cannot better express the German state of mind with regard to iron and steel than to quote the following extract from a circular issued by the German Iron and Steel Industrial Union while I was in Germany:

"Under the peace terms Germany is reduced to an industrial power of the second class. We lose fifty per cent of our smelters, forty-five per cent of our steel works, forty per cent of our iron works. Our iron production will now be about 5,000,000 tons, as compared with 20,000,000 tons before the war. We cannot satisfy the iron demand of our population for decades to come. In 1913 our iron demand amounted to 275 kilograms per capita; now we cannot furnish even 100 kilograms per capita."

The German Metal Industry Journal, in its August issue, views another result of the breakdown of the iron industry in this way:

"Manufacturers are finding themselves confronted with keen foreign competition, which is already controlling the iron market of Europe. For the stimulation of our trade a decline of prices would be necessary to place us on an equal footing with the foreign manufacturers. Unfortunately the opposite is taking place, prices advancing from day to day. The peace treaty has placed our enemies in a position in which they can fully control our import, and they are taking full advantage of this condition. We fear that our former foes will flood our market in such a way that the reconstruction of our interior industry will be very difficult, and in many cases impossible."

In these circumstances iron and steel have naturally followed coal in price. Pig iron that sold for seventy-five marks a ton before the war now brings four hundred and thirty-nine marks. This tells the whole story.

Industrially Germany is not a nation that will sit with folded hands bemoaning her fate, however great the odds, and they are certainly long in the iron and steel business just now. She has bucked up to the job and her steel output is steadily increasing, though it may never again approach the prewar proportions. Moreover, she is opening up new fields, notably in the region of Hunsrück and Idarwald. They are both rich in iron ore. In addition, Germany has placed a large contract for iron ore with Sweden. Fifty shiploads were expected in November. Another outside source is Spain, though practically the whole Spanish iron output during the war went to England. The Germans, however, expect the Spaniards to resume the prewar relation.

In spite of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine I heard some German steel men consoling themselves with the fact, as they see it, that "the French will be unable to manage their restored mines and will be constrained to call on skilled German directors for aid." They contend that France does not know how to make steel, and maintain further that France has not the right varieties of coking coal, and without coke iron the mines will be next to worthless.

German Monopolies

Here is where the German advantage comes in. Though Germany is now compelled to buy iron ore from France—such is the irony of fate—France must get her coke from Germany, because it will be too expensive to get it from England. If France attempts to raise the price on ores Germany could and probably would raise the price of coke or buy all her ores from Sweden, Spain or Austria. I simply present these facts for what they are worth. At least they show that the German in his fight for economic self-preservation is going to bargain to the nth degree.

With this more or less swift appraisal of the raw-materials situation we can now proceed logically to the status of German industry. Let us take up her monopolies first. Perhaps the most familiar is the dye business, about which so much has been written.

If Germany's recovery depends to-day upon dyes she is indeed lost. The inroads made upon her iron and coal are duplicated in the jolt that has been administered to her color production.

Once more you see the German chickens coming home to roost. When the world saw red in 1914 the German dye was preeminent and the secrets seemed for the moment to be locked within Teutonic laboratories. With bribery, coercion, and the employment of her whole ramified secret-service system she had made America, England and France her vassals in these essential adjuncts to textile manufacture and to war. Every dye factory is a potential munitions plant.

With dyes, as with so many other things, Germany overreached herself. She placed an embargo on their export to America, hoping to bring us to terms long before we were in the war. She now realizes the folly and futility of that procedure. The United States, thanks to its Chemical Foundation, which controls all the German dye formulas seized and sold in this country, has created a full-fledged rival to Germany. Practically the same measures have been followed in England, as I have frequently pointed out in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST during the last three years. France, too, is making her own dyes on a limited scale. The result is that though Germany may always produce certain dyes better than any other country, her monopoly so far as the world is concerned is broken.

If you want to get a line on the state of the German dye business you have only to look at the quotations on the Berlin Bourse. In 1914 the stock of the Elberfeld Dye Works sold for 672 marks a share. On the first of August the same stock was quoted at 297 marks.

No Dyes to Dump

On September twenty-second last Germany had exactly 27,000 tons of dyestuffs on hand. This figure was given to me in Cologne by the dye expert of the Economic Section of the British Army of Occupation, himself a chemist of high rank and reputation. Just how small this is as compared with the old German production can be appreciated only when I say that before the war the output of the largest German dye plant was 1000 tons a month. This disposes of the widely held conviction that Germany had an immense supply of dyes ready to dump upon the world markets with the ratification of the peace treaty. Even this comparatively small store practically ceases to belong to Germany. By the terms of the peace treaty the Allies take fifty per cent of the German stock, and an option on twenty-five per cent of the whole dye output up to 1925. This leaves seventy-five per cent of the German output to be employed at home or exported.

The German dye industry has gotten a blow even worse than this. The twenty million tons of coal that Germany must hand over to France every year not only means a loss of the actual coal but all the coal-tar products of this coal. Dyes are coal-tar products. Of course France can sell Germany these by-products, but it is hardly likely that she will.

Still another serious obstacle in the way of a complete recovery of the German dye industry is the tariff wall raised against the product, both in England and America. England, for example, will not permit the importation of any German colors for ten years except when urgently needed and then only through a special license. An effort is being made to impose the same restriction in the United States. Thus the German dye not only loses some of its old economic value to Germany but ceases to be a political asset.

The ill wind of war and defeat has blown some good to the German dye industry in that it was never more closely united or more highly organized than at the present moment. It has developed what the Germans call a community of interest. It is composed of the old war horses, like the famous Badische, Elberfeld and Hoechst groups, and also the Agfa, which is the huge trust that manufactures films as well as dyes. This chemical combination is another evidence of the spirit of federation and coöperative effort in German industry, born of the war.

Closely allied with dyestuffs is the German chemical industry, which before the war was a world monopoly and one of the most lucrative of imperial activities. The late government lent it all possible assistance, which was of course greatly enhanced during the war.

The combination of a new socialistic government and the peace terms has played havoc with the chemical output.

The situation was expressed to me by a German manufacturer, who said: "Even though we may in time become able to manufacture peacetime quantities, import prohibitions close the door to us in the United States, France and England."

This man touched on one supreme obstacle to a swift German recovery—namely, the restrictions that have been imposed upon the one-time indiscriminate influx of German goods. The control of war days has been succeeded everywhere by a rigid censorship on German goods. The realization of this barrier was like a douse of cold water to German trade lifting its head after the Armistice.

Second only in importance to the dye trust was the equally well-known potash monopoly. This activity has not suffered the same fate as dyestuffs. Though seventeen mines located near Mülhausen, in Alsace, were restored to France by the peace treaty the best beds, which number two hundred, remain in the possession of Germany. They are among the chief industrial assets of the country. The whole enterprise affords one means of stabilizing the exchange with foreign countries, especially with America.

The potash industry represents German industrial organization at its best. It is the one activity that has escaped labor unrest and contributed no recruits to the red guard. In 1910 the government passed a law forcing all the mines into a syndicate, which practically pooled ownership and output. The gross annual business aggregates 400,000,000 marks. Potash was one of the Kaiser's commercial pets, but despite this handicap it has survived and is a real prop to German recovery in more than one way.

Now that the lid is lifting from German business affairs some interesting facts concerning potash are disclosed. The production tables just available show that the outputs in 1913 and 1917 were practically the same. In 1913 German agriculture absorbed only fifty-five per cent of the product, the remainder being used for export. In 1917, however, the German farmer absorbed about eighty-seven per cent of the output. Very little was exported. I might explain here that the potash that we receive in America is mainly the crude salts refined. The German farmer uses the potash in its unrefined state. Up to the time I visited Germany the potash production for 1919 was only about eighty-five per cent of the 1917 output. Because of the coal shortage only a small percentage of this output is being refined. If the labor and coal shortage continues Germany will be compelled to export more and more of the crude mineral.

The Potash Trust

The potash business will serve to indicate prevailing conditions throughout industrial Germany. First and foremost is the fact that on September first the total stock of refined salts—muriate of potash—at all the mines was approximately 35,000 tons, which in comparison with the normal output, as well as the normal demand, must be regarded as quite small. This confirms the statement that I made in the first article of this series, which was that Germany to-day has no immense stocks of any kind to dump upon the world. It is worth remembering.

The potash syndicate is well intrenched financially and is prepared to resume its old prestige. Its financial agent is the Deutsche Bank, which has announced on more than one occasion that the enterprise can get all the accommodation it wants. German bankers with whom I discussed the matter unanimously declared that the potash business was the most substantial commercial institution in Germany at the end of the war and would continue to maintain its lead.

Two other facts in connection with potash shed much light on all German industry. One is the enormous advance in the cost of production. Labor is three to five times higher, coal, six to ten times more expensive, while steel and many other supplies and requirements exceed the prewar prices fifteen to twenty fold. On the other hand, the prices at which refined potash is being offered for export to America range from about double on low-grade crude to almost three times the 1913 price on high-grade refined salts. Right here you have one of the oppressive handicaps that German export faces: With an abnormal overhead cost of production at home she must, for a time at least, sacrifice profit in order to renew her business abroad.

The other illuminating circumstance in potash is perhaps best expressed in what might be called the democratization of the industry. Last April the Constitutional German National Assembly passed a bill socializing the business. Miners, office clerks and other employees now have representation on the board of directors and a voice in the management of the properties. This innovation is more than a theory. One of the German potash kings, a leading

director in the syndicate, gave a dinner last August to which the heads of all the departments, including the miners, were invited. A miner had the seat of honor at the right of the host. If you are familiar with the autocratic, or rather imperialistic, methods which obtained in German industry before the war, when the man who worked with his hands was looked upon as a sort of roughneck and a social leper, you can get some idea of the overwhelming reform that has been achieved in the national industry.

Other German businesses are not so fortunate as potash. Look into toys, for example, in which the country led the world for years, and you discover that not only is there no accumulation of goods ready for export but, due to the tremendous cost of raw materials and high wages, there has been a slump in production. A considerable percentage of German toys was formerly made in the homes of the people. There is such a demand for labor on the outside now that this whole home output is considerably curtailed. Besides, both England and America have established considerable toy industries.

Fats in Serious Shortage

Still another German industrial stronghold which now lies prostrate is the soap factory. The normal annual output before the war was more than 700,000,000 kilograms of soap—in the form of toilet and laundry pieces, soft soap and soap powder. Only 10,000,000 kilograms of this was exported.

Soaps are made from fats, and no shortage in Germany to-day is more acute than in fats. Before the war she had to import 800,000 tons of it. This performance is not only increasingly difficult but abnormally expensive. It all gets down to this situation: For years to come Germany cannot produce the same amount of fats that she produced before the war, and whatever fats are imported must be used for food purposes. Hence she must continue to employ artificial substitutes for soaps. During the war soap was so scarce that the only kind available for the poor people was made of clay.

With manufactured articles that are produced in considerable quantities the situation is not so serious. One reason is that in Germany as elsewhere all mechanical production was greatly stimulated during the war; second, the German workman is among the most skilled in the world; third, the cessation of imports created an automatic demand at home for German-made products of all kinds.

I can illustrate with such commercial necessities as typewriters, cash registers and adding machines. Before the war American makes were more popular in Germany than any other kind and had a big sale. This applied, I might add, to all aids to business. The moment that the American supply was cut off the German reluctantly turned to his own types. The German merchant has now become more accustomed to the German machine than ever before. He not only has it at hand but it is easier to renew and refit it. This matter of replacement of spare parts is a big selling point with the German salesman. Moreover, all agents of American manufactured articles in Germany complained to me of the tremendous difficulty of getting stocks from home.

With the war madness out of her system and the abolition of conscription Germany can now employ her vast munition plants and their hosts of employees for the products of peace. The most conspicuous example of this evolution is the huge Krupps establishment at Essen. The machines that formerly turned out machine guns, rifles, heavy cannon and shell cases are now making adding machines, typewriters, cash registers, lathes, locomotives and railway coaches.

This mention of locomotive manufacture at Krupps reminds me that Germany will have to step lively to resume her old importance as constructor of railway engines. Formerly the Danish railways were among the best customers of the German shops. Within the last four months both the Danish and Norwegian railroads have placed large contracts for locomotives with American firms. It is typical of what is going on in various activities.

One nightmare of German industry to-day is the dread of nationalization. This is most keenly felt by the old Pan-German crowd of reactionaries who waxed fat before the war on special royal privileges

The most illuminating views on this whole subject were expressed recently by President Ebert. His remarks have such international significance that I shall reproduce them here in full:

"Our immediate problem in Germany is not the socialization of industry but its restoration. We have a few industries that have reached the size of a monopoly, mines, and the like, and these we shall nationalize. But in the main the problem is not how to socialize the factories but how to get them going once more—how to obtain the raw material necessary to start the industries up; the next problem is to set the men to work once more in these factories.

"The population has become unstrung and unsettled by the hardships of the war and the blockade. Work, regular employment and adequate living will bring their nerves round to normal again. Then, after production has once more been established and is running safely and profitably, the question of socialization will be timely. With our factories devoid of raw material and our workers idle the question of socialization of industry is academic and out of place.

"We hear talk of Bolshevism in Berlin, but we hear no talk of Bolshevism in Dresden. Why? Because in Saxony the textile industries are able to give employment to the population. The lesson is obvious—work, regular employment, is the greatest antidote to Bolshevism."

We can now examine the tools of German industry, which are the plant and the workman. The wear and tear of war output is more evident in German equipment than in that of any other country. It is largely due to the scarcity of oil during the four years when the country was hemmed in by the iron ring of the blockade and when the German factory had to satisfy all needs. In addition, the return of the machinery stolen in Belgium and France has put a considerable dent in output. So cocksure were the Germans of ultimate triumph that they made this confiscated equipment a part of their national productive machine. Now they are having the pleasant task of sending it back and thus dislocating their industry—or paying for it in their hoarded gold.

They have one advantage: The whole German industrial institution faced peace unscathed. It did not undergo the devastation which was wrought by air raider and long-distance gunner on French and Belgian plants.

It is a pity they did not get a dose of their own medicine.

The German workman presents a curious contradiction in that he has upset all calculations. Throughout the war and for months afterward I contended that the German worker would get back on the job more swiftly than any other. I looked upon him as the real bulwark of a speedy national industrial resurrection. It was a logical conclusion, because the Teuton artisan was always dependable. He worked not less than ten hours a day, sometimes twelve, and was content to receive his eighteen cents an hour. His wants were few and his middle name was Thrift.

Tribute to the Idle

The German workman that I found last September had undergone a change. Instead of the amiable, complacent, industrious cog in the work machine he was a slacker. When he did work he demanded three or four marks an hour; he had put an eight-hour-day law through the Constitutional Assembly and was agitating for even shorter hours.

Reversing the old order of things the German workman to-day holds the balance of power. I heard a prominent Frankfort manufacturer say: "If we can persuade the workers to establish a satisfactory relation with us all will be well." The German horny hand rules the roost.

Since the revolution of last March the government has paid out nearly 5,000,000,000 marks in unemployment doles. In Hamburg alone 70,000 men are receiving this premium on idleness. A census taken in July of a hundred German communities, large and small, showed 487,000 unemployed males.

Physiologically the German workman to-day is not a prepossessing spectacle. Four years of underfeeding and overexertion, whether in the factory or in the trenches, have left an indelible mark. He is nervous, jumpy and apparently indifferent. When he does work his output is curtailed. Most of the ills in this world are due to a physiological condition, largely emanating from the stomach. You can easily trace the disintegration of German industrial morale to this source.

In this temperamental as well as physical break-up lies a definite menace to the German trade recovery. I asked a German workman who was drawing his unemployment wage, and therefore taking a subsidized vacation from labor, why he did not go back to his job, and his reply was: "Why should I work when everything I earn for my employer goes to the French or the Belgians?" Another made this answer: "Why should I work when the harder I work the more my country will have to give to its enemies?"

The inevitable consequence is that German production, whether for home consumption or export, is exactly forty per cent of the normal. The combination of indifference among the workers, shortage of raw materials, increase in wages—which ranges in farm and factory from four hundred to six hundred per cent—is no thrilling incentive to rehabilitation at the moment.

The Split on Emigration

The let-down in the German worker is only one danger to German industry. Emigration is another. Until a few years before the war the exodus out of Germany was tremendous. There were two definite reasons: One was that Germany was overpopulated; the other grew out of the German dream of world conquest, which established the German social and trade colonizer everywhere. These colonizers were the mouthpieces of the deadly propaganda that worked such harm.

To-day the same impelling forces are behind German emigration. Though war ravages and dismemberment have cut the population to 57,000,000 there is still urgent need of weeding out.

Besides, the colonies are gone and conditions at home are so intolerable that hundreds of thousands of Germans want to escape from them.

One section of German sentiment favors an immediate emigration because it is looked upon as a remedy for the labor unrest and because it will help to revive German commercial prestige abroad. The opposition bases its claim in the need at home of every available pair of working hands. Whether Germany, like Italy, will rigidly censor emigration remains to be seen. My personal observation was that every worker who had lived abroad before the war is mighty anxious to get back as soon as possible.

Regardless of any official action in this matter one thing is certain: The German colonization group has lost no time. The German Economic League for Central and South America has already sent out commissioners to investigate conditions. They reported that Cuba, Mexico and the Argentine offered the most fruitful fields for German seeding. One of the observations in Cuba is rather amusing. It suggests that German colonizers now sent out must be veterans of the great war, so that they can back up selling talk with first-hand accounts of experiences at the Front. The hero will be worked for all he is worth. I doubt, however, if submarine captains will form part of the exhibit!

All German emigration authorities agree that, to quote one of their outbursts: "Mexico is the goal for emigration and the ideal land for colonization." A German journal paints a glowing picture of our southern neighbor, as "a country perfectly adapted to Germany's future needs and capable of acting to some extent as a substitute for the colonies lost to us through the war."

It is not difficult to find concrete evidence of German colonization plans in Mexico. Four hundred thousand acres of land have already been secured for irrigation in the state of Sinaloa, where thousands of emigrants are expected to settle. This enterprise has the sponsorship of the League for the Production of German Emigrants, whose headquarters are in Berlin. Its principal agent is the German consul-general at Mexico City.

The first outpost of the new German emigration army for the invasion of South America has already been set up in the territory of Misiones in the Argentine. Fifty German families have settled on concessions averaging a hundred acres each. Arrangements are now being made for five hundred additional families

No matter whether the German trade colonist locates in Mexico, Cuba, the Argentine or any other place, he is bound to begin his usual campaign of penetration, which bodes good for nobody but himself and his country. He will make the same effort to establish selfish German interests in America as elsewhere, and the sooner we impose drastic restrictions upon entry to our midst and demand a hundred per cent naturalization of all newcomers the better off we shall be. We learned to our cost during the war that with many Germans the rule was "once a German, always a German." Sabotage and worse resulted. If we are wise we shall profit by our experience and keep the bars up.

No matter what the fate of the new German colonization will be, German business is still strongly intrenched in the economic bridgeheads that it established before the war and maintained these last four years in Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Sweden and the Argentine. Here are the real wellsprings of the Teutonic commercial revival. In various articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I have pointed out the system and its advantages. They are now being capitalized to the limit.

Just how highly Germany appraises these neutral outposts is shown by this circumstance. She is moving heaven and earth to raise credits for the purchase of raw materials. Naturally she turned first to her neighbors who kept out of the war; especially to Switzerland, where there is a strong pro-German sentiment in the north. The Germans have enormous interests in the little Helvetian republic, and Switzerland is anxious to shake off these shackles. Despite the most attractive offers to buy, Germany refused to sell any of her Swiss properties, even risking the loss of the sorely needed lines of credit. Hence Berlin and Frankfort banks maintain their grip on Swiss financial institutions, Munich brewers retain their ownership of Swiss restaurants, and German capital generally remains custodian of huge retail establishments in Zurich, Basel and elsewhere. They absorb German goods. To a lesser degree this same thing is going on in Holland and Sweden.

During the war, as I have frequently shown in these columns, Germany established camouflaged factories in the neutral states. Their chief purpose was to stamp "Made in Switzerland," "Made in Holland" and "Made in Spain" on the output of what was really German-made stuff. I believed that these institutions would give her recovery a flying start. The aftermath of the war, however, smashed every prediction because of the general inertia that has fallen upon labor, the excessive cost of raw materials and the inability to get them. Nevertheless, Germany is a going concern in these neutral countries. Her activity is not so hectic as was expected, because she has lost coal as a bartering asset.

A little detail like this, however, does not deter the German commercial traveler. Encounter him to-day and he talks like a circus advance agent advertising the greatest show on earth.

He is booking orders that he knows cannot be filled in any reasonable time, but his main object now is to keep the German trade flag flying.

Her Foreign Trade Stunted

Likewise the German is still up to his old-time trickery. In France, last October, I heard of the purchase of a sporting gun by a resident of Cambrai. It was stamped with the name of an English maker. When the new owner took it apart he found "Krupp-Essen" engraved on the barrel. This was an unusually clumsy performance, for the German is a past master in clever substitution.

For some years at least German penetration will go up against a blank wall in England, France and Australia. Just how she will make up for these immense losses I am unable to say. Even under the most favorable conditions at least five years must elapse before her foreign trade begins to be anything like normal. You do not appreciate the staggering handicap which reviving German commerce labors under until you know that in 1914 her foreign business amounted to $5,000,000,000. When I left Germany at the end of September the production for export was less than twenty per cent of the normal.

Any estimate of the German foreign-trade situation is incomplete without a

(Concluded on Page 77)

Note How Meat Costs Are Cut in Half

—*With Baby Lima Beans*

All Menus and Recipes Compiled and Tested by the School of Domestic Arts and Science, Chicago—Recognized Authorities on Foods

WE print on this page three menus—and we will send you nine more on request—to help you keep your household bills in check.

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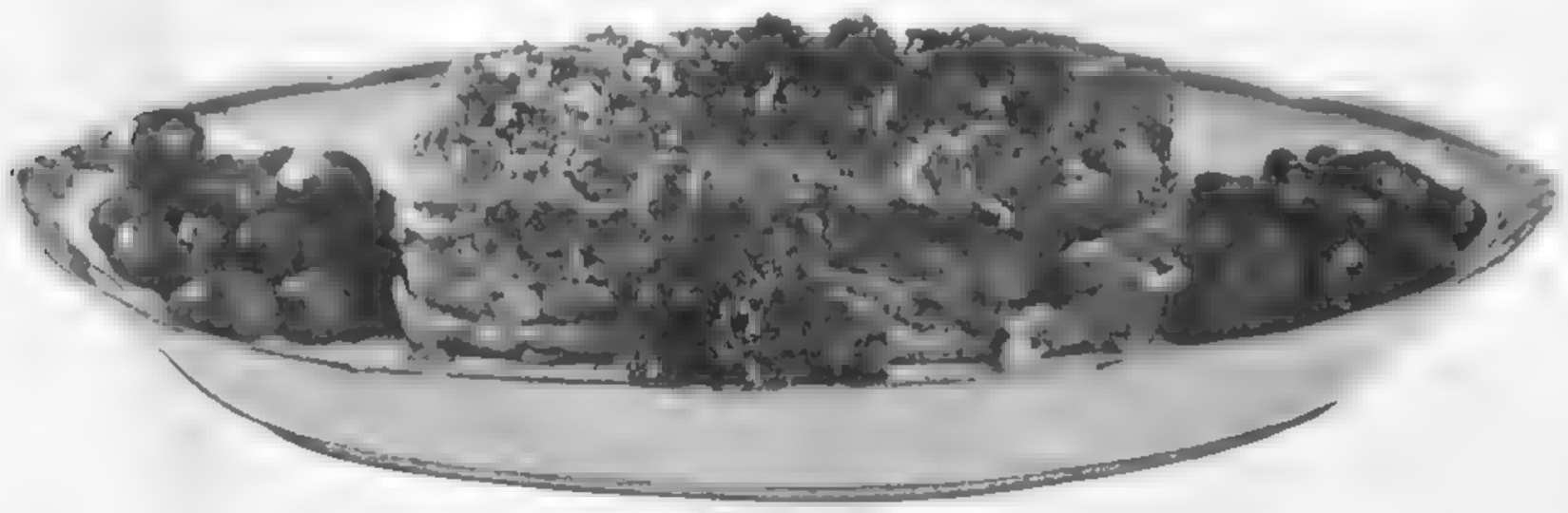

Lima Bean Loaf

(See Menu and Recipe in the right-hand column)

Lima Bean Croquettes

Meatless Menu No. 4

This lima bean dish is an excellent meat substitute. Spinach is rich in mineral salts, especially iron. The fruit salad and wafers supply starch, balance the meat and take the place of a dessert

Lima Bean Croquettes
Spinach
Fruit Salad—Wafers

Recipe for Lima Bean Croquettes

1 cup Baby Lima Beans
Cold water to cover
½ cup rolled, dried bread crumbs
4 tablespoonfuls milk
1 egg
½ teaspoonful salt
[illegible]

Soak beans over night in cold water. Drain and cook in boiling water until soft, then force through a purée strainer. Add crumbs, milk, seasonings and egg, beaten slightly. Shape in the form of croquettes; dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serves about 5.

Meatless Menu No. 2

This menu furnishes a stimulating soup, a rich protein dish in the lima bean loaf; a vegetable and salad combined in the cold slaw and a satisfying dessert.

Clear Tomato Soup
Lima Bean Loaf
Cold Slaw
Steamed Fruit Pudding—Hard Sauce

Recipe for Lima Bean Loaf

1 cup dried Baby Lima Beans
1½ cups bread crumbs
1 cup milk
1 egg, slightly beaten
Salt
Pepper
3 tablespoonful bacon fat or butterine

Wash and soak the beans over night. Cook until soft. Drain and rub through a coarse sieve. Add other ingredients, turn into a greased mold and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with white sauce or tomato sauce. Serves about 5

Meatless Menu No. 6

The lima bean dish with the bacon supplies the protein and fat; the beets furnish the mineral salts and the simple dessert supplies the carbohydrates.

Lima Beans with Bacon
Harvard Beets
Apple Sauce—Oatmeal Cookies

Recipe for Lima Beans With Bacon

2 cups dried Baby Lima Beans
Cold water to cover
Salt
Pepper
butter

Soak beans over night in cold water, drain, add [illegible] water to partially cover. Simmer slowly. Season [illegible] butter, and serve garnished with bacon. Serves about 5

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When they do, these thousands will delightedly mark a new era in attractive home dietetics and economy.

You'll tell your friends what you've discovered—you won't want to keep good news like this.

For you'll at last have found that there's a practicable way to serve charming foods that *actually save.*

All of Meat's Body-Building Protein

At One-third to One-half Meat's Cost

These Baby Lima Bean dishes furnish bone-and-muscle building protein—the main food element in meat—for one-third to one-half meat's cost.

The other foods on the menus supply the fats, mineral salts and starches—so you miss nothing that meats would give.

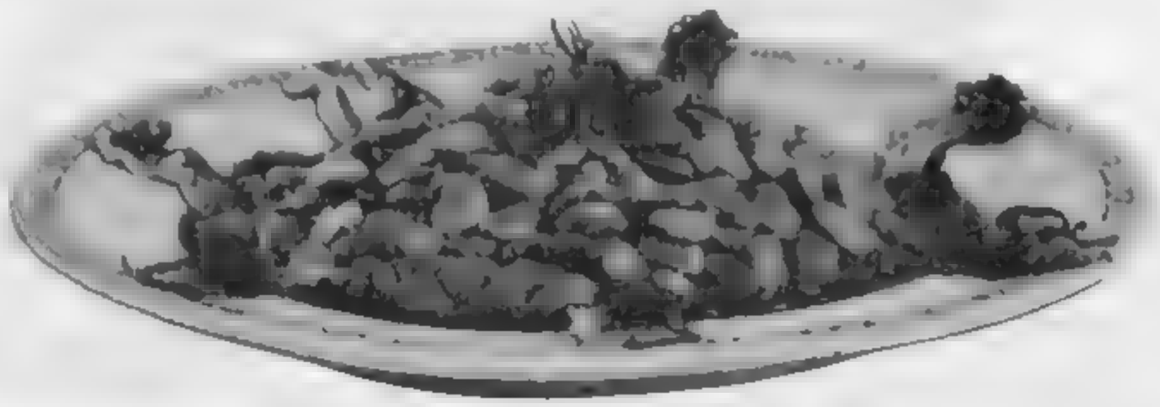
Don't you think you will want to try Seaside Baby Lima Beans if they serve in these valuable ways?

When you order be sure to get *real California Limas*—California SEASIDE Lima Beans (grown near the sea)—the *large* or the *baby* size. Either size is equally good in all the recipes. Your grocer can supply them.

Don't confuse with "wax" or "butter" beans. SEASIDES are thin-skinned, more tender (easier to cook), and are sweet and nut-like in flavor.

Once you try genuine SEASIDE Lima Beans you'll always want this kind.

Thin-skinned, tender, sweet—nut-like in flavor. The "Protein" Beans that take the place of meat.



Lima Beans and Bacon

(See Menu and Recipe in right-hand column)

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LIMA BEANS

LARGE LIMAS *BABY LIMAS*

California Lima Bean Growers Association
Dept. D—Oxnard, California

Mail This Coupon

California Lima Bean Growers Association
Dept D—Oxnard, California

Send me (free) the 12 Meatless Menus and Recipes for Lima Bean Dishes.

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City *State*

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The Gift of Perfect Writing

Perfect pencil writing is embodied in Eversharp—always sharp—never sharpened.

Perfect pen writing is found in Tempoint—the pen with the tempered point.

Singly, or together, they constitute the gift of gifts—the gift that will make eyes pop open on Christmas morning, the gift that wins hearts and hands—and for all time.

EVERSHARP carries enough lead for a quarter million words, and provides a clean point for every word. Always sharp—never sharpened. No whittling.

A quarter replenishes the lead supply at long intervals—ten thousand words one cent.

TEMPOINT has a hand-hammered gold nib, impervious to the harmful effects of caustic ink acids. Unaffected by hard, continuous writing. Never becomes "sprung." Always writes just like the owner.

There are nine other distinctive features that make Tempoint a writing friend for life—a lasting compliment to giver and user alike.

Eversharp and Tempoint are sold separately, or may be had together in a handsome jewel case. Pencil prices start at $1, and up. Pen prices at $2.50, and up. Both pens and pencils are made for pocket, chain, or lady's bag.

Note: Bear in mind that women, as well as men, appreciate the gift of perfect writing, as exemplified by Eversharp and Tempoint.

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Western Representatives for Eversharp Pencils and Tempoint Fountain Pens

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DEALERS: Write today for catalog and interesting proposition on Eversharp and Tempoint

EVERSHARP

ALWAYS SHARP—NEVER SHARPENED

Right-Hand Mate to the famous Tempoint Pen

TEMPOINT

THE PEN WITH THE TEMPERED POINT

Right-Hand Mate to the famous Eversharp Pencil

Look for the Eversharp label on box. At all Eversharp dealers'.

(Concluded from Page 74)

brief reference to one of the greatest obstacles to recovery, which is the loss of her mercantile marine. It is easy to ship goods to Switzerland and Holland by land, but without cargo-carrying vessels flying her own flag she is almost impotent. British, French and American steamers will take care of their own national interests first.

I never appreciated the collapse of German shipping until I read, on September thirteenth, in a Berlin newspaper, the first announcement of Hamburg-American Line sailings published since the beginning of the war. It filled merely a fraction of a column and was almost a pitiful exhibition. It stated that steamers of small tonnage were sailing for Dantzic, Norway and Finland, and that fourteen lighters were proceeding to Scandinavian ports and two to Rotterdam. Of that once mighty fleet which proudly sailed the Seven Seas nothing remained, so far as present activity was concerned, but these few insignificant vessels. The sailings that I have just mentioned indicate the trend of German export trade.

Germany's Air Navy

Other steamship sailings that I noted in the same issue included a ship owned by Alfred Lohmann, bound from Hamburg to the Levant. Lohmann, by the way, has an interest for America because he owned the commercial submarine Deutschland, which created a sensation on her arrival at Baltimore during the war.

Another sailing, also indicative of a trend in German export, was the departure of the Steamship Hans from Hamburg for Cuban and Mexican ports. Still another sailing not without significance was that of the Steamship Mulberg from Hamburg for South American ports. This vessel is owned by a Swedish line and its employment for German export trade shows that the Germans will seek to annex neutral shipping as much as possible.

No other one-time German economic asset is quite so demoralized as shipping. The Hamburg-American Line will illustrate. In Berlin I talked with Herr Hopff, who is the chief lieutenant of Privy Councilor Cuno, who succeeded the late Ballin as managing director.

When I asked him about the future of the company he said: "We cannot make any plans until we know just what the Allies want. By the terms of the peace treaty Germany must build 200,000 tons of ships a year for five years and turn them over to the conquerors. Of course we shall reorganize, but at the present time we can do little but be patient and wait."

The Hamburg-American Line, however, is not so idle as this statement would indicate. The German has always been an alert capitalizer of the last word in science and invention. Unable to operate shipping at sea the company has turned to the air. It has made a close alliance with the German Airship Navigation Company. The Hamburg-American Line operates the triweekly Zeppelin line between Berlin and Friedrichshafen, which carries passengers and freight. The gondola accommodates forty people and the fare for the round trip is nine hundred marks, which includes a stop-over at Munich. When I made inquiry about booking a seat on September fifteenth I was told that it was impossible to get any accommodations until the middle of October.

This enterprise has been so successful that only a lack of aircraft has prevented the inauguration of air transportation all over Germany. Among the projects contemplated is a Zeppelin route to Copenhagen and Stockholm, while optimistic Germans believe that the air journey from Hamburg to New York, both for passengers and freight, is among the near possibilities.

The German believes firmly in commercial aviation. The establishment of the Air Service Joint Stock Company, with headquarters at Frankfort, and with a capitalization of 15,000,000 marks, indicates what is likely to happen in a large way. This company is making contracts for an aërial mail service with Cologne as the center. It is proposed to operate from Cologne to Frankfort, Stuttgart, Basel, Hamburg, Berlin and Breslau. About two hundred aëroplanes will be employed and they will also carry passengers.

In connection with aviation I am reminded of an experience that reveals German conditions in a picturesque way. I wanted to get to Hamburg in a hurry and did not like the prospect of rising at dawn and making an eight-hour journey in a crowded stuffy train. You take your life in your hands when you travel on a German train these days. Someone suggested that I go by airplane. I found that scores of German airmen are making a living carrying passengers in their war machines. I made a deal for the round trip for 2000 marks, which then represented only ninety dollars in American money. The project fell through, however, because of the scarcity of fuel.

Germany is compensating herself for another serious war loss. As most people know, she lost her cables at the outset of hostilities in 1914. During the war she was forced to employ wireless to communicate with the outside world. As a result the whole science of wireless has been improved to a tremendous extent. It is too expensive to lay new cables so a plan is now in process of completion to establish a permanent commercial wireless system between Nauen and London and Nauen and New York.

The war was not without its larger benefit to all German industry. Out of ruin has risen a spirit of coöperation which will eventually supersede the old-time cutthroat competition. One example is the recent merger of the electric-lamp branch of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft with that of the Auer Osram, its leading competitor. The announced object of this consolidation was "to strengthen German production against foreign competition, which has become increasingly influential during the war."

The New Film Industry

Germany is entering lines that she practically ignored before the war. Films will illustrate. Prior to 1914 the German motion pictures were crude and clumsy. French and American films had a large vogue. A whole new cinema industry has been developed under the sponsorship of the Agfa, which produces the raw film in immense quantities.

The German film maker is imitating the American in that he is going in for elaborate and spectacular productions. One company has leased the famous Hagenback Zoölogical Gardens at Hamburg. A section of it has been converted into a Japanese city for an elaborate screen presentation of Madame Butterfly. Following the example set in Southern California whole movie cities have been established. At Weissensee, a resort near Berlin, a replica of Florence has been constructed as the setting for a gigantic Italian spectacle.

The development of the film industry on any kind of extended scale will serve a twofold purpose for Germany. One is that it will aid in the general commercial upbuilding; the other is that it will be a factor in her irrepressible propaganda. Every German motion picture that leaves the country will embody some subtle selling point or attempted vindication of the Fatherland. Motion pictures speak a universal language and their educational force has always been recognized by the enterprising Teuton.

Always a prize advertiser the German has turned to constructive publicity with renewed zeal. As most people know, the Leipsic Fair has been for years a semiannual event of considerable importance. Before the war it attracted visitors from all parts of the world and was maintained on a diminished scale throughout the years of agony.

The fair was held as usual early last September. I missed it by a few days but I caught the afterglow. Not only Leipsic but the whole surrounding country was all stirred up over its success, while the German press hailed it as a sign that the nation was far from being economically down and out. There were 8700 exhibitors, or 2000 more than at the last fair, held at Eastertide. The attendance was the largest since the outbreak of the war. Toys, furniture, furs, porcelain, glass, steel, lathes and other machinery furnished the principal exhibits.

One feature was the daily parade of exhibitors. The way the toy section turned out indicates the Teutonic advertising ingenuity. Scores of men and women dressed up as toys and animals. There were huge animated Teddy bears, lions and representatives of all nationalities in costume. Instead of being propelled by machinery the mechanical toys were operated by man power; in other words, a man moved a large reproduction of the type of locomotive used in the nursery. Most significant was the almost complete absence of toy soldiers. The uniform has lost some of its lure in Germany.

The Frankfort Sample Show

The Leipsic Fair is what might be called a selling fair. It is really a huge salesroom in which all wares are German. The Frankfort Fair, or International Sample Show, held from October first to fifteenth last, also a semiannual institution, is an exhibition in which no sales are permitted. It is open to the world.

The revival was a tremendous success. I was in Frankfort a fortnight before the fair opened and already the hotels were jammed in anticipation of the event. Among the nations represented in the exhibits were Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and Spain.

The fair was extensively advertised. Wherever I went in Germany I saw posters setting forth its advantages, in German, English and Italian. The use of Italian in these advertisements shows how close is the economic bond between Germany and Italy.

Writing about the Frankfort Fair brings to mind the somewhat interesting fact that this city is rapidly becoming the industrial capital—a sort of national hub. It has always been one of the Teutonic financial strongholds. In its ghetto the first of the Rothschilds hung out his famous sign of the Red Shield. Most of the Jewish international bankers who have become captains in England and America were either born or had their first training in Frankfort.

Its leading citizens have just organized The Society for the Advancement of Frankfort, which will perform the functions of a board of trade and a chamber of commerce combined. As Frankfort advances in authority Berlin declines. The moving of the seat of government to Weimar was only one evidence of its decay. Berlin began to lose its glamour the moment William Hohenzollern was put out of commission. During his palmy days all German society, near society and would-be society flocked where it might catch the eye or get the ear of the august monarch. Now it is cheaper and safer to stay at home.

Any study of German industry must include an appraisal of the part Russia will play in the Teutonic rehabilitation. Limitation of space forbids the analysis here of this all-important factor, but it will be dealt with in the next article.

To-day industrial Germany, like social and political Germany, is a bankrupt business in process of slow and difficult reorganization. It has immense assets in the shape of trained hands, latent energy and incentive to prosper. It can pay its obligations if the wherewithal to work in the shape of raw materials is forthcoming. Without work the nation will impede the universal recovery. Her creditors are the Allies, who, like any other creditors' committee, can prevent mismanagement and even speed up reconstruction if they maintain a vigilant stewardship.

In some large respects Germany's plight is no worse than that of her late European antagonists. They, too, are burdened with debt and torn with internal discord. Peace finds them all in the same economic boat.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson, dealing with industrial conditions in Germany. The next will be devoted to the financial situation and Allied penetration.

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Two-Way Plug

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

to the possible outcome of an armed conflict with Japan and confirmed me in my conviction of the necessity of straining every nerve in an endeavor to prevent such an eventuality.

On my arrival at Tokio a day or two later I was met by my predecessor, Iswolsky, and we proceeded at once to the formal transfer to me of the legation. Before leaving for Kioto to join his family and to have his farewell audience with the Emperor he naturally acquainted me with all the developments that had taken place during the five weeks that I had been at sea on my way from Europe, and he imparted to me a piece of information of a very startling nature indeed, which had come to him, so to speak, accidentally, a couple of days before my arrival.

A young officer had arrived from Port Arthur on some personal business or for a cure at some of the baths in Japan, and having come to report himself, as in duty bound, to the minister, had, in emptying his bag of news, extracted therefrom a rather alarming tale of the extraordinary doings on the Yalu River of the agents of the timber company. They seemed to have obtained, under the pretext of needed protection, the dispatch to the Yalu of a rather numerous body of troops, who had begun the construction of earthworks which looked very much like future batteries, and so forth. Though quite assured of the credibility of this officer, who had visited the locality in question on his way from Port Arthur to Japan, and entirely sharing my views as to Far Eastern affairs, Iswolsky had refrained from reporting the matter to the government, knowing that I would arrive in a couple of days to take charge of the legation and would then do it myself in the way I should see fit. The whole matter had been as much a matter of surprise to him as it was to me.

Now, the absurdity of a Power like Russia, possessing on its own territory in Europe and Asia an almost untouched forest area of more than two million square miles, needing a timber concession at the faraway mouth of the Yalu River on the Korean-Manchurian frontier, and moreover a timber concession defended by earthworks and Cossacks, was too self-evident not to give rise in the minds of the Japanese people, I will not say to the suspicion, but to the unshakable conviction that we were preparing for some armed aggression against Japanese interests in Korea.

All these provocative proceedings could not but be most welcome to the large and influential party which was in favor of bringing the chronic conflict with Russia to a decisive issue by force of arms, and which would naturally be eager to utilize these proofs of hostile intentions furnished by the prospective enemy himself for the purpose of exciting popular passions to the degree needed in order to secure for such a policy the unanimous support of the nation. It was therefore not to be expected that the government then in power, headed by Count Katsura and Baron Komura, would raise any protest against our proceedings on the Yalu; but these proceedings were nevertheless obviously bound to cut the ground from under my feet in view of the forthcoming negotiations, inasmuch, of course, as our government really wished to bring them to a peaceful termination, as I could have no doubt was their earnest desire. These considerations impelled me to take upon myself the duty of most vigorously protesting against these proceedings in a telegram, the terms of which I am unable to reproduce here, not being at present in possession of my archives, but which I can say were as forcible and categorical as my firm conviction of the necessity of putting a stop to such doings could make them.

My surmise as to the probable attitude in this matter of the Japanese Government proved to be correct. At our frequent interviews the subject was never brought up by Baron Komura, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, nor did he ever allude, in even the remotest way to our doings on the Yalu, which continued to go on in spite of my repeated warnings and of which he naturally was fully cognizant; in fact, much more so than I, who was systematically kept in ignorance of developments there.

Having attended to the most pressing business I took the train for Kioto, leaving the legation in charge of the first secretary, Prince Koudacheff, one of the best men and noblest and purest characters I have ever met in my long life, who became one of my dearest friends and who must be well known to many of my American readers, as he accompanied me later to Washington as first secretary and then as counselor of the embassy. I am happy to know that he is at present safe at Peking, where he was appointed as minister by the late imperial government.

On arrival at Kioto I had the honor of presenting my letters of credence to the Emperor, and of being received, with my wife, by the Empress. Both their Majesties honored us by a most gracious reception, expressing their satisfaction at welcoming us back to Japan. The welcome I met with at the hands of the members of the government, as well as of many old-time friends, was just as cordial as in former days. But in the social atmosphere an undercurrent made itself felt, not exactly of hostility or suspicion but rather of apprehensive expectancy. However, the first months after our arrival passed off very peacefully, without any untoward incidents ruffling the surface of things.

There even seemed to be a kind of relapse into former less strained relations when the coming visit of our Minister of War, General Kuropatkin, was announced. He was known to the Japanese—who were always exceedingly well informed on political conditions in Russia—as no friend of Witte's but as being, just as much as that great statesman, utterly opposed to the policy of the Bezobrazoff clique, which was becoming every day more influential. It was perhaps owing to this circumstance, which may have revived the hopes of those statesmen among the genro who favored a friendly understanding with Russia, that the reception extended to the general was marked by the most elaborate courtesy and apparently sincere cordiality. He arrived accompanied by a large and brilliant suite, and the same reserve palace which several years before had sheltered the Grand Duke Cyril had been prepared for his reception and for the accommodation of the numerous officers he had brought with him.

After his audience with the Emperor he was entertained at a state banquet at the palace in the presence of their Majesties, the imperial princes and princesses and the ministers of state. He was shown a review of a brigade of guards, an exhibition drill of the training school for cavalry officers, with whose efficiency and skill in various horseback exercises and stunts he seemed to be much impressed, and so forth. After the usual round of entertainments, when the term fixed for his official stay at Tokio, during which he had had several interviews with some of the leading statesmen of Japan, had expired and he was on the point of starting for Port Arthur to complete his tour of inspection of the troops stationed in the Far East, he received by telegraph from St. Petersburg an intimation that it was the Emperor's wish that he should not arrive at Port Arthur before the arrival of Secretary of State Bezobrazoff, whom he was to meet there for a conference with Admiral Alexieff.

This extraordinary circumstance requires some further explanation, as it placed the general in a most embarrassing situation. It was, of course, impossible for him to prolong his stay in the capital beyond the term originally fixed for his official sojourn, and so he chose to retire to some seaside place not far from Tokio, under the pretext that before continuing his tour of inspection he needed rest, which he expected to find in the pursuit of his favorite sport of fishing. The explanation of this remarkable state of affairs had to be sought for in certain developments which in the meantime had been taking place at St. Petersburg. The rising of the new star, Bezobrazoff, and the growth of his influence at court had been phenomenally rapid; so much so that the Emperor had seen fit to confer on him, though he had no official status in the service, the title of His Majesty's Secretary of State, a purely honorific distinction reserved as a reward of long and distinguished services for a very few only of the highest dignitaries of the state. This unheard-of distinction conferred on an entire outsider placed him in the eyes of the bureaucracy on an exalted pedestal as the latest favorite of the sovereign, and correspondingly increased his influence in the political affairs in which he was empowered to take an active part.

He had determined to start on a personal tour of investigation of the condition of things in the Far East, and at the time of General Kuropatkin's visit in Japan was traveling in almost royal state in a magnificent special train on his way to Port Arthur. The Minister of War being known as an adversary of Bezobrazoff's plans it was apparently apprehended that he might possibly, if he were allowed to reach Port Arthur before Bezobrazoff's arrival, succeed in allying himself with Admiral Alexieff in opposition to the latter's projects and thus encompass their defeat. Hence, evidently, the order which delayed General Kuropatkin's departure from Japan.

In this connection I must mention a circumstance that set me thinking at the time. Among the members of the suite of General Kuropatkin was a staff officer of high rank and certainly one of the ablest in our military service, whom I had known before and whose knowledge of Far Eastern affairs I valued very highly. He came to see me as an old friend on the very day of their arrival, and after some desultory friendly chat he began holding forth on the interesting and important features of the Yalu enterprise as a screen behind which we could in safety mature our political plans in Manchuria; and so on, all in the same order of ideas. The very earnestness with which he pleaded for a cause of which, he must have known, I had declared myself a firm and convinced adversary made me suspect that he might have been commissioned to try to bring me round to the Bezobrazoff clique's views, my opposition to which they would naturally wish to eliminate as a disturbing element capable of obstructing their plans to some extent.

So I pretended to take it as a friendly attempt on his part at pulling my leg, so to speak, and laughingly said that being a mere ignoramus in matters of strategy the screen theory was too deep for me. What his relations with General Kuropatkin were and what the reason was for his presence as one of the members of his suite I did not care to investigate, but it may well be that he had been intrusted with the task of keeping a watchful eye on the general as well as on another adversary of the Yalu enterprise.

In the sequel another circumstance made me conceive certain suspicions which, however, were confirmed in a measure only much later. In the summer a young officer of the guards accompanied by his wife arrived at Yokohama for a prolonged stay. His wife was a most charming and distinguished young woman, belonging to the best society at St. Petersburg, and the young couple were frequent guests at our legation. But I never could discover any rational explanation for their arrival and prolonged stay in Japan or what the mysterious business was in which he seemed to be engaged, until I found out much later, after their departure, that he happened to be the son of one of the chief promoters of the Yalu enterprise. I have every reason to suspect that his business, besides perhaps keeping track of the dispositions of the Japanese press, consisted mainly in watching in the interest of the company my political activity.

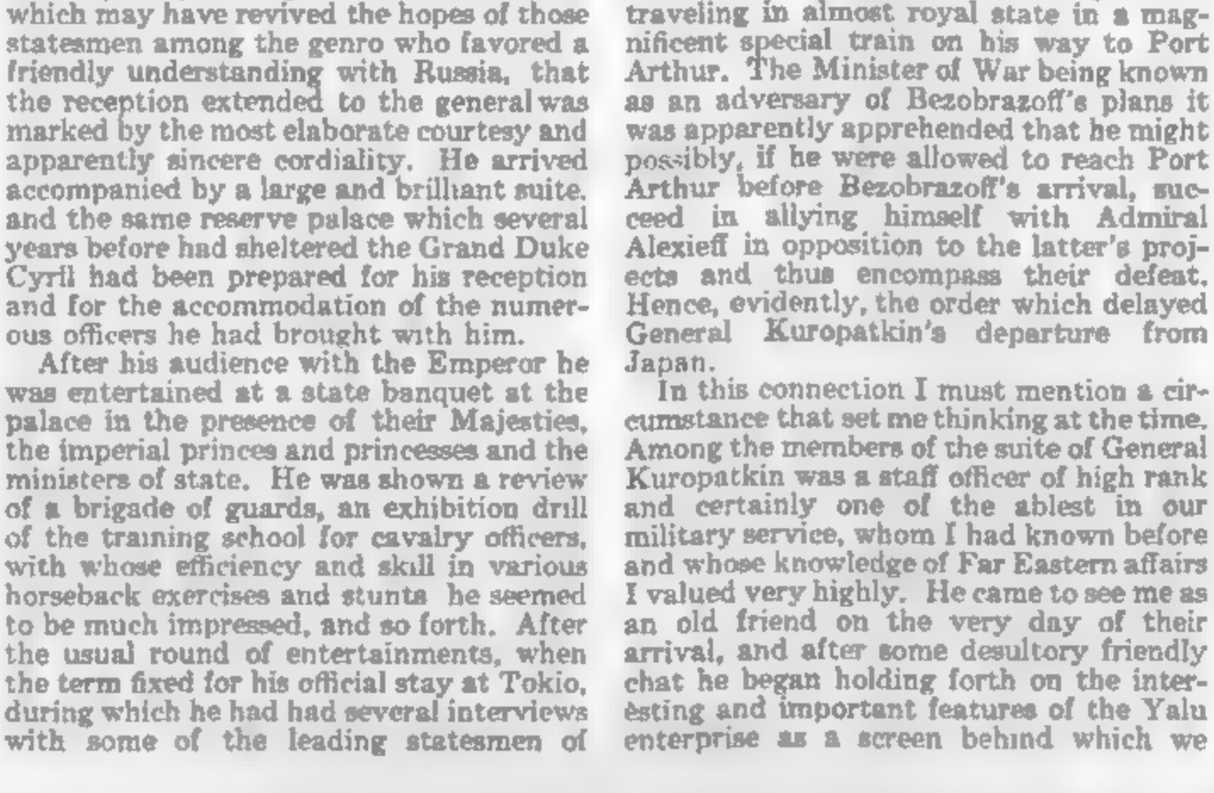
I have been dwelling at such length on the circumstances related above because they illustrate the extraordinary muddle to which divided counsels at headquarters had reduced our policy in the Far East. They also throw some light on the manifold difficulties of the position in which I found myself as representative of a government divided against itself; as an agent in disfavor with his direct chief and the powerful statesman whose mouthpiece he was; suspected and watched by the rival clique, whose power and influence seemed to be in the ascendant; therefore deprived of any kind of backing and obliged to rely on nothing more substantial than a scrap of paper in the shape of my letter of credence, and such modest personal credit as I might be able to command.

Such was my position, being accredited to a government perfectly well informed of all these circumstances, as a negotiator of whom it was expected that he would succeed in preventing the armed conflict toward which the course of events, misdirected by erratic policies, was manifestly tending.

In one respect only was I greatly favored, and that was in the composition of the staff of the legation and of the personnel of the consulates under my orders. To the patriotism, fidelity and devotion to duty and loyalty to their chief of all these faithful public servants it gives me great satisfaction to bear witness on these pages. Of particularly valuable assistance to me were the representatives of the navy and army, our naval agent, Captain—now Admiral—Roussin; and our military agent, Colonel Samoyloff—since deceased—thanks to whose extremely efficient and zealous collaboration I was always kept most accurately informed in regard to all naval and military affairs in Japan—under the circumstances a matter of supreme importance.

Not long after the departure of General Kuropatkin, with the beginning of the hot season, we moved for the summer to Nikko, a beautiful place in a mountainous country at a distance of some two hours by rail from Tokio, where I could be

(Continued on Page 31)



People Praying Outside of the Palace

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(Continued from Page 78

in constant touch with the legation. In olden days, when I first came to Japan, Nikko could be reached only by jinrikisha or on horseback, through a grandiose avenue some twenty-eight miles long, of centuries-old cryptomeria trees planted in double rows leading up to the numerous magnificent shrines and sepulchers of the shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty. Nothing could have been more impressive—and I can speak of it from experience—than a ride through this noble avenue, if one would picture to oneself in one's mind's eye the gorgeous processions that in days long gone by must have been wending their way in the shade of these majestic trees and all the fascinatingly picturesque life of old Japan in its sober dignity not yet ruffled by the turbulent vulgarity of modern civilization. One can readily understand the feelings with which Japanese of the older generation, who had been witnesses of the great revolutionary reform, must have been viewing the gradual vanishing of almost all of the remnants of a glorious and venerated past.

One of the numberless derelicts of the great upheaval which had wrecked the fortunes of their class was the aged head of the Kanaya family, who were the owners of the hotel at Nikko where we had taken up our quarters for the summer. A dignified old gentleman, with polished courtly manners, he had evidently been a samurai of high rank and had taken to the hotel business as a means of livelihood. His son, who had received a careful education on modern lines, spoke and wrote English fluently and managed the hotel in a very able, businesslike and at the same time gentlemanly way, which earned him a wide popularity in the foreign colonies of Tokio and Yokohama and helped to keep the family exchequer in a very flourishing condition.

The Kanaya Hotel stood—or rather stands, as I hope it is still there in its old place—by the side of a mountain brook spanned almost under our windows by the celebrated sacred red-lacquer bridge over which no one is allowed to pass except the Emperor. On the other side of the rivulet was a large park surrounding the numerous temples and shrines of the burial grounds of the Tokugawa dynasty. Being greatly interested in Japanese antiquities we were frequent visitors to these sacred grounds and were always very courteously received by the priests and permitted to inspect everything we expressed a desire to see.

While I was idling away my time in lovely Nikko I was well aware that some negotiations were being carried on behind my back between the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, Mr. Kurino, an old friend of mine, and Count Lamsdorf, our Minister of Foreign Affairs. In Japan, however, everything seemed to be perfectly calm, at least on the surface, until two events occurred in Russia which produced in Japan an impression reflected in a markedly alarmist undertone perceptible in the utterances of the public press. These events were: The fall from power of Witte as Minister of Finance, and the creation of the Viceroyalty of the Far East with Admiral Alexieff as Viceroy.

Being so far away from the center of intrigues I could not, of course, be quite certain as to the immediate cause that had brought about this upheaval in the bureaucratic world of St. Petersburg. It might have been the return of Bezobrazoff from his tour of inspection in the Far East with encouraging reports regarding the political situation; or it might have been an accretion of his influence due to the newly secured support of some powerful element from the ranks of the ruling bureaucracy. The latter supposition I thought the more likely, as the creation of the viceroyalty and the simultaneous appointment of a special Committee of Far Eastern Affairs, evidently intended to paralyze the influence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and to obstruct his action, seemed to me to disclose unmistakable traces of the participation of the hand of someone well versed in the mazes of bureaucratic intrigue.

Knowing that Witte's only serious adversary, because the only other able personage in the government, was the Minister of the Interior, Plehve, I had the strongest suspicion that he had had a hand in the game that led to the downfall of his all-powerful rival. But this motive of personal rivalry could hardly have been the only one that had caused him to side with the Bezobrazoff clique. As a very intelligent man he could not have failed to realize that our whole Far Eastern policy, of which the Yalu enterprise was one of the most disquieting features, was bound to land us in the end in an armed conflict with Japan. It seemed therefore hardly credible that he should have encouraged such a policy unless he had thought that a bloodletting in the Far East, whatever its outcome, whether victory or defeat, would act as a powerful derivative and prove an effective cure of the revolutionary disease affecting the body politic, for the sanitation of which it was his duty to provide.

I may have done him an injustice in suspecting him of having been capable of so much Machiavellism, since I could judge only from appearances and such facts as were of public notoriety. I can say, however, that the above explanation of his attitude was pretty generally credited among people who were in a position to know the inside history of this sensational bureaucratic shake-up. Plehve, with whom I had never had any personal contact whatever, never having met him in society, was generally considered to be a man of great ability, firm will and undaunted courage, determined to carry on the war against the revolutionary parties with unrelenting energy to the bitter end. That by them he was held to be a most redoubtable enemy is sufficiently proved by the fact that from the very beginning of his short career as Minister of the Interior he had been by the Social Revolutionary terrorists singled out as a victim of their murderous policy. His assassination was actually encompassed in the first year of the war, under the direction—if rumor is to be believed—of one of the leaders of the Social Revolutionary Party.

Howsoever the fall from power of Witte was brought about, it was plain that it meant the triumph of an uncompromisingly aggressive policy in the Far East. But it was no less plain that the installation of a viceroy of the Far East and the institution of the special Committee of Far Eastern Affairs—both with extensive powers conflicting not only with those of the regular diplomacy but also as between themselves—were bound to complicate to an extraordinary degree and thereby to render impossible a rational conduct of such a policy.

The viceroy, Admiral Alexieff, was raised to a position of semi-independence as commander in chief of all the armed forces, naval as well as military, within the immense territory placed under his supreme authority, which, of course, extended to the civil administration as well. Beyond all this, he was intrusted with the control of diplomatic relations with neighboring countries in the Far East, and the legations at Tokio, Peking and Seoul were to some extent subordinated to his authority and ordered to report to him on such matters. The intention seems to have been to place him in regard to international politics in a position similar to that of the governor-general of Turkestan in his relations with semi-independent native states, such as Bokhara and Afghanistan, an arrangement which, apparently assimilating Japan to these central Asian border states, could not but be extremely galling to Japanese pride.

On the other hand the special Committee of Far Eastern Affairs, under the nominal presidency of the Emperor, was to be the supreme authority over the whole field of our Far Eastern policy. This committee, of which the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Finance, War and Marine were ex-officio members, their membership, however, being more or less nominal, was practically directed by one of its appointed members, Rear Admiral Abaza, who enjoyed the Emperor's special confidence. He was an excellent naval officer and a very intelligent man, but, of course, totally inexperienced in the handling of momentous international affairs, and therefore quite incompetent to play the part of the Sovereign's adviser at a critical moment in the country's history; evidently much more so than the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorf, who possessed at least the advantage of a long experience in the formal practice of diplomacy.

Such was the situation as it presented itself in August, 1903, when the Japanese Government, under the supreme guidance of a group of some of the ablest statesmen of the age, who had been the creators of modern Japan and who were untrammeled by any pressure whatsoever from above or from below, began the negotiations which were to lead to the outbreak of the war. Their policy pursued aims at once clearly defined and limited to what at the time was practically attainable and commensurate with the means at their disposal. Their immediate aims were: The ousting of Russia from Korea, and if possible from Manchuria as well, and the establishment of a Japanese protectorate over Korea; wisely leaving for developments in the future all ultimate aims, such as the final annexation of Korea, the gradual absorption of Manchuria and other ambitious plans in regard to China.

They had secured the moral and diplomatic support not only of their ally, Great Britain, but also of the United States by pretending to combat for the cause of the independence and integrity of Korea and China, which were threatened by Russia, and of the open door in Manchuria, which Russia intended to close. They could rely on the complete preparedness of their army and navy. They were already in a fair way, as I found out accidentally, of securing likewise the financial backing of some banking circles in New York. But, most important of all, they could rely on the unanimous enthusiastic support of an intensely patriotic, entirely homogeneous nation instinctively conscious of the real meaning of the impending conflict as a crucial struggle for supremacy.

What, then, had we to oppose to these multiple elements of success on our adversary's side? Total absence of any clearly defined, well thought out aims harmonized with the general political needs and interests of the country, and calculated on the solid basis of available resources. Nothing but vague aspirations after domination and hegemony. Neither clear insight nor firm will at the top. The conduct of our Far Eastern policy divided between three separate authorities, more or less independent of each other and never agreeing completely on anything: The only legitimate one, but the weakest, because almost openly distrusted by the Sovereign—the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; the ablest, and by far the most enlightened, but hampered by considerations of loyalty to the Throne—the Viceroy; the strongest, because nearest to the supreme authority—the Committee of Far Eastern Affairs. Irremediable military and naval unpreparedness, because no timely and adequate reenforcements could be forwarded to our army and navy in the Far East without laying us open to the suspicion of deliberately preparing an attack and thereby hastening the outbreak of war. Diplomatic unpreparedness as well, considering that our only ally, France, could not possibly be expected to give us anything but a very lukewarm support, as it was manifestly not to her interest to encourage us to lay fast in the Far East our political interests, let alone our armed forces, which would impair our value as an ally on the field of European politics, and the more so in case of the ever-expected war with Germany. Great Britain and the United States, the two Powers most vitally interested in Far Eastern trade, antagonized by our senseless-dog-in-the-manger policy in Manchuria.

But, worst of all, no comprehension of the meaning of a conflict with Japan could possibly be hoped for from the ignorant and politically quite inarticulate masses of the people, who would be expected to be willing to shed their blood for such a cause; nor was it possible to count on the moral support of the educated classes, who in their overwhelming majority were opposed to any adventurous policy in the Far East, partly because they felt that Russia's real and vital interest was peace, partly because they were wedded to the policy from which they expected the realization of their political dreams in Europe; not to mention the revolutionary parties, who, as always, were merely watching and waiting for an opportunity to overthrow the existing social order, weakened by defeat and consequent popular discontent, for the purpose of founding on its ruins—on the ruins of their country—their socialistic Utopia.

These were the conditions under which we were approaching the crisis in our Far Eastern affairs. There was no need for drawing too heavily on one's imagination in order to predict the outcome of the negotiations just begun, as well as of the war that was to follow, and to foresee that the curtain was going to rise on the first act of what was to be the awful tragedy of a great empire's and a great nation's downfall and ruin.

The negotiations, which were to last more than five months, were initiated by Japan in the beginning of August, 1903, and the Japanese Government naturally intended that they should take place at St. Petersburg. To this, however, Count Lamsdorf at once demurred under various pretexts, such as his impending departure for a somewhat prolonged sojourn abroad with the Emperor or the necessity of constantly referring matters to me, as the person best acquainted with local conditions, and to Admiral Alexieff, as having charge of our Far Eastern interests, and so forth,

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and insisted on the negotiations being conducted at Tokio. In the end the Japanese Government reluctantly consented to this, so that during the last phase of the negotiations I served as the channel through which our government's communications were transmitted to them; the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg continuing in the meanwhile his fruitless pourparlers with Count Lamsdorf, and, I have reason to believe, behind the latter's back with Admiral Abaza.

It would have taken up too much space were I to have attempted to give on these pages a more or less detailed account of these prolonged negotiations, as far as I might have been able to do so from memory, not having in my possession the necessary notes and documents. The reader who should wish to go more deeply into this interesting subject could find in an English edition of an evidently official account of the Russo-Japanese War a presumably complete set of dispatches exchanged between Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Kurino, Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, in the course of these negotiations.

From the perusal of this correspondence it would be seen that, divested of all verbiage and circumlocution, unavoidable in diplomatic fencing, the kernel of the whole matter could be reduced to these simple propositions: The Japanese Government was insisting on Russia's entering into certain engagements in regard to Manchuria by way of exercising pressure on her in order to cause her to acquiesce in Japan's exclusive predominance in Korea; the Russian Government on the other hand was clinging to Russia's pretensions in Korea, presumably in the expectation of causing Japan by this means to withdraw her claim to exact from us engagements in regard to Manchuria. Neither side showing any inclination to recede from the position originally taken up, there was apparently no way out of the impasse thus created. The position of the Japanese Government was, however, much the stronger one, since in their claim to impose on us certain engagements in regard to Manchuria they could rely on the powerful support of Great Britain and the United States, whereas in our pretensions and attempts at interference with Japanese policy in Korea we could not hope for anybody's support, these pretensions being, moreover, quite unjustified, unless we were determined to return to Prince Lobanoff's policy of not allowing Japan to gain any foothold on the Asiatic continent. But in that case we should have tried to secure English and American support for such a policy while it was yet time; that is to say, before the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. In view of recent developments English and American statesmen might perhaps ask themselves the question whether in this matter of Far Eastern policy their governments had not all the time been backing the wrong horse.

Besides, I did not quite understand the reason of our government's persistent reluctance to recognize the obvious necessity of abandoning once for all the pursuit of their disastrous Korean policy. It certainly could not have been the wish to safeguard at any cost, even at the risk of war, the interests of the Yalu timber enterprise. There must surely have been a deeper-lying motive for the government's attitude in this momentous matter, influenced, as it evidently was, by the Emperor's personal views and wishes. The Emperor's verbal promise to accept the protectorate over Korea, given to the Korean Ambassador during the coronation festivities at Moscow—to which I had occasion to allude in one of the preceding chapters of these reminiscences—may have had something to do with it. This I am not in a position either to affirm or to deny, as in such of our secret archives as I had access to there was no documentary evidence to be found establishing the fact of such a promise's actually having been made. Such evidence, however, may have existed in the reports of the Korean Ambassador to his government, and having come to the knowledge of the Japanese Government, may have powerfully contributed to maturing their determination to bring the Korean question to a head and to prevent the threatened establishment of a Russian protectorate by assuming the protectorate over Korea themselves.

This secret motive, necessarily carefully concealed from their Western sympathizers, evidently was the mainspring of the Japanese Government's policy. It may well be that a similar secret motive—I mean the desire to redeem a promise made, however inconsiderately and from sheer inexperience, assuming that such a promise had actually been made—was ever present in the Emperor's mind and influenced his actions. There was nothing in this secret motive but what was noble and worthy of a great sovereign—the idea that a sovereign's word once given should never be repudiated.

Unfortunately the young Emperor at his accession to the throne found himself confronted with a most perplexing situation in the Far East. Neither his total inexperience and weak wavering will nor the mental caliber of such pretended statesmen as Mouravieff and Lamsdorf was able to cope with it. Prince Lobanoff had struck out a line of policy which, whether right or wrong, had the unquestionable merits of being clearly defined and of having been inaugurated with firmness and success. Whether his statesmanship would have been clear-sighted enough to overcome his anti-British prejudices—a prerequisite to a successful pursuit of his policy—or whether British statesmen would have been found willing to renounce their inveterate distrust of Russia—these are questions which it would be purposeless to discuss now. Two months after the coronation at Moscow, Prince Lobanoff was dead, and since 1902 Great Britain has been the ally of Japan.

What Russia needed above all was a real statesman at the head of affairs and a firm hand at the helm. Unhappily the only statesman capable of safely steering the ship of the state never fully enjoyed the confidence of the new Sovereign, and now he was shelved from a position of power and influence as Minister of Finance to the merely honorific office of president of the so-called Committee of Ministers—not to be confounded with what in constitutionally governed countries is meant by the term "Council of Ministers" or "Cabinet."

Desultory pourparlers were lagging along in St. Petersburg between Count Lamsdorf and the Japanese Minister without any participation of mine, until at last the Japanese Government, upon the advice of Mr. Kurino, consented in the beginning of September to the transfer of the negotiations to Tokio. Their long hesitation, I had every reason to suppose, had been due in a great measure to their knowledge of the fact that I was not in favor at our Foreign Department and did not enjoy the full confidence of the minister. They therefore very naturally suspected that Count Lamsdorf's insistence on the transfer of the negotiations to Tokio, as well as his constant references in his conversations with the Japanese Minister to the necessity of consulting on every subject either me or the viceroy or both, was nothing but a device to gain time for the completion of our armaments, which it was evidently not to their interest to await.

Their final consent to the transfer of the negotiations may have been due to the discovery that no serious steps were being taken by us to reënforce our troops in Manchuria beyond the dispatch to the Manchurian frontier, and not farther, of a brigade of infantry without even their train, under the specious pretext of a test of the speed with which troops could be transported over the Siberian railroad. Shortly afterward I received the Emperor's command to hold myself in readiness to proceed to Port Arthur if and as soon as the viceroy should see fit to consult me on the subject of the pending negotiations, he being intrusted with the formulation of our counter-proposals to the original Japanese proposals received from Mr. Kurino in the beginning of August.

Toward the end of the month I received the expected invitation from the viceroy, who sent the cruiser Rurik to Nagasaki to be at my disposal. I left Tokio on the twenty-second of September by rail for the southern port, where I embarked on the Rurik and arrived two days later at Port Arthur. In connection with this I must mention a small matter, but nevertheless symptomatic of our state of unpreparedness for anything like war, and consequently of the total absence on our part of any warlike intentions. When we were nearing Port Arthur the captain told me that he had just dispatched a wireless message to the viceroy to inform him, in obedience to his orders, of the hour of our expected arrival in port, as he wished to meet me on landing as an old friend of younger days. When I walked unannounced into Admiral Alexieff's library he was not a little astonished and indignant because this message had never reached him. Upon immediate inquiry it was reported to him that the wireless apparatus at the receiving station was out of order.

As I could stay only forty-eight hours at Port Arthur we lost no time in proceeding to discuss the political situation. I told the viceroy frankly that as far as I could judge the Japanese Government were determined to secure the exclusive control of Korea—by negotiation if possible; if not, then by force of arms; that they were sure of the moral support of the Western Powers, for whose benefit they were pretending that they were defending the independence and integrity of Korea and China against Russian aggression; that we could not possibly hope to retain our position in Korea as well as in Manchuria; that in my opinion the only rational thing we could do now would be to stick to Manchuria and scuttle from Korea; that any further shilly-shallying could do no good because the Japanese were afraid we might take advantage of any further delay for the purpose of reënforcing our army and navy and strengthening our fortifications, and they were therefore determined to press the matter to an issue as soon as possible, so that we might expect any day to find ourselves confronted with an ultimatum—sign or fight—or, worse still, be surprised by a sudden unheralded attack which would find us unprepared.

I do not know whether I succeeded in convincing him, though I suspect that he was inclined to share my views, but was not quite at liberty to act upon them. He certainly felt deeply the grave responsibility resting upon him and realized fully the great danger of the exposed position in which he found himself and which he would have to defend with entirely inadequate forces. He spoke very openly of the difficulties he had had to contend with on the part of all the departments of the government ever since he had been raised to the exalted position of viceroy, which he had not only not sought but done everything he could to escape, and which had raised against him the usual abundant crop of envy, jealousy and antagonism. He showed me the text of his telegram sent in reply to the Emperor's offer of the post of viceroy, accompanied by an appeal to his patriotism in demanding its acceptance. In his reply Admiral Alexieff, in terms at once loyal, respectful and earnest, entreated the Emperor not to insist on appointing him to a position to which he did not feel himself able to do justice. He asked me what I thought of it, and I told him frankly that I thought he would perhaps have done better in his own interest no less than from a patriotic point of view if instead of pleading the traditional *nolo episcopari* he had expressed his conviction that the policy, the meaning of which the intended creation of the Viceroyalty of the Far East was bound to accentuate, could only be pursued with relative safety if supported by the actual presence of adequate forces; that is to say, an army of three hundred thousand men and the greater part of the best fighting units of the Baltic Fleet; and that therefore he entreated the Emperor not to insist on burdening him with a responsibility he could not conscientiously undertake.

From what I could see myself during my two days' stay at Port Arthur I could not draw any reassuring conclusions as to the state of our preparedness for war. Aside from the state of the fortifications, on which, of course, only a military specialist would have been competent to express an opinion, there were two glaring defects which could not escape the notice of even the most superficial civilian observer. They were:

First, the very cramped space available in the eastern basin of the harbor for the accommodation of the comparatively large fleet, owing to the failure to have provided in time for the deepening of the very large western basin, combined with the absence of an additional outlet to the open sea; and, second, the absence of adequate docking facilities, there being only one dry dock, and that of too small dimensions to admit of the introduction of the larger fighting units of the fleet. All these defects could easily have been corrected during the five years that we had been in possession of Port Arthur if the needed works had been taken in hand in time.

I had no time to visit Dalny—formerly Ta-lien-wan—the town of picturesque villas, the creation of Witte, but what I saw

(Concluded on Page 84)

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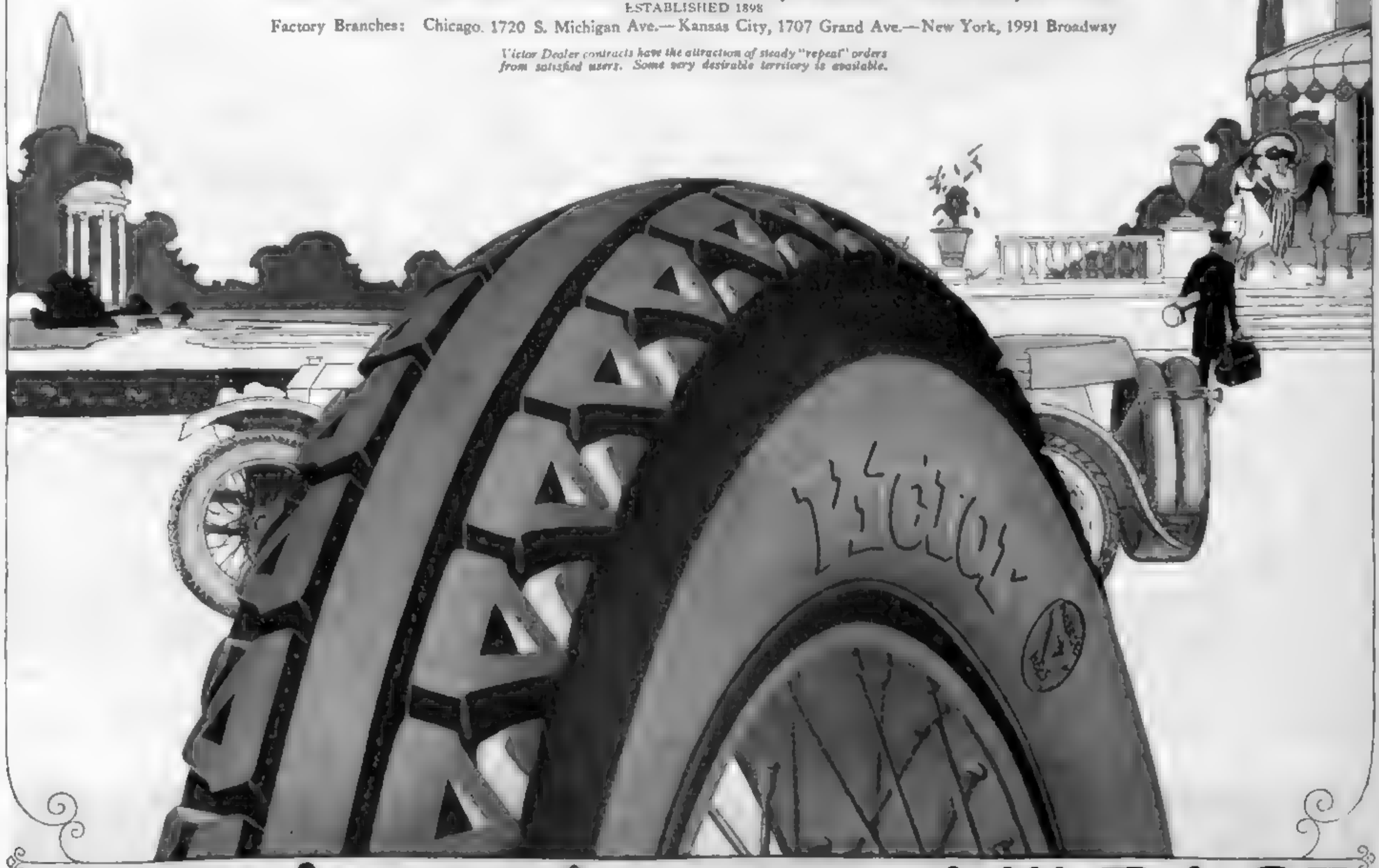

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of Port Arthur impressed me greatly at first. There was something in the atmosphere of the place that reminded one of a booming newborn town in the Far West—life and bustle and buoyant activity on all sides, a seemingly great promise for the future; but on reflection one could not help realizing that all this was more or less artificial, born of and fed by the abundant golden stream issuing from our treasury; that is to say, ultimately from the lean purses of a penurious people whose real and crying needs remained unsatisfied.

Our conferences on the subject of the counter proposals to be made to the Japanese Government resulted, as was to be expected under the circumstances, in nothing of any real value. We were maintaining our position originally taken up in regard to the exclusion of all reference to Manchuria from the scope of the projected agreement, and offered some slight concessions in regard to Korea. These counter proposals, when I presented them to the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, were naturally considered unsatisfactory, and so negotiations continued, the Japanese proposals being transmitted always to Count Lamsdorf direct through Mr. Kurino, and our government's counter proposals reaching the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs exclusively through me.

Since my return from Port Arthur I began noticing a marked change in the tone of the Japanese press, whose utterances were usually in harmony with the changing views of the government. In this respect the Japanese press displayed a patriotic and unanimous readiness to take its cue from the government's lead. It also avoided any abusive and offensive expressions, and Russia was hardly ever mentioned by name, but usually as "a certain Power."

There was still another circumstance, at first hardly noticed by me, which made me realize that the strain of the political situation was beginning to tell on the popular mind. That was the fact, of which in the beginning I had not been aware, that unusual precautions were being taken to insure my personal safety. This is how I made the discovery that such was the case: I had all along been in the habit of going every afternoon at about five o'clock to the Tokio Club for a rest after my day's work and a chat or a game of billiards with my Japanese friends. The clubhouse being situated at a distance of about half a mile from our legation, at the bottom of a street bordered on one side by the enormous open parade ground known as Hibiya and on the other by vacant outhouses of former diamios' "yashikis," or palaces, a street in which there was no traffic and hardly any passers-by to be met, I used to go and return from there always on foot. After a while I began to notice a certain number of individuals, always the same, whom I would come across every day and always more or less at the same spots on my way to and from the club. Some were dressed as laborers, some as jinrikisha coolies, some in Japanese costumes with bowler hats, others in foreign clothes, one of them even in a frock coat and silk hat. By and by I began to recognize some of them and pass them by with a smile, to which they would respond with a polite bow and statutory grin of courtesy. When I incidentally mentioned these casual encounters to one of my Japanese friends over a game of pool he laughed and said: "You have been pretty long in finding out that your obsequious friends you meet every day on your way here are all detectives; they are eleven, I can tell you, and all chosen from among the best in the police department, and their duty is to watch over your safety."

While the fruitless negotiations between the two Powers were going on our government had at last bethought itself of the advisability of reënforcing our fleet in the Far East, and a few ships under the command of Rear Admiral Wirenius were on their way to Japan and had, in the beginning of January, 1904, passed the Suez Canal. They had, however, been preceded by two new cruisers originally built at Genoa for the Argentine Government, which the Japanese Government had bought and which were hurrying to Japan under the command of English officers and with English crews. It was plain to me that Japan would not await the arrival of Admiral Wirenius' small squadron before beginning hostilities, as was also the opinion of our naval agent, who was particularly well informed in regard to Japanese preparations for war.

All the doubts I might still have entertained in this regard were set at rest when in the course of one of our frequent and always perfectly calm and scrupulously courteous interviews Baron Komura lost his temper and in reply to a remark of mine that we would not be able to accept a proposal he had just made said: "But we might compel you!" with a look in his eyes which told me as plainly as if he had uttered the words that the final decision had been taken.

There remained only one chance. It was plain that all along there had been grave dissensions between members of the government and the genro as well as among the genro themselves in regard to the momentous question of peace or war, and that there was a strong party which had been holding out to the last for a friendly understanding with Russia. If the final decision in favor of war had already been taken, as I was led to suppose by Baron Komura's attitude, the only possible chance of causing a reversal of this decision would have lain in strengthening the hands of the party which had been standing for a peaceful solution of the crisis, and at the head of which I hoped to find two such powerful statesmen as Marquis Ito and Count Inouye. This could be accomplished only by a complete surrender of our position so obstinately maintained in regard to Korea.

It was an off chance indeed; but it must not be forgotten that though Russia's military weakness was suspected by the Japanese and their confidence in victory was great, still the colossal empire's potential might loomed threateningly large, not having yet been put to the test, and the fate of the whole campaign depended on one slender and uncertain thread—the possibility of securing at the first stroke absolute command of the sea. I determined therefore to make one last attempt at making our government realize the full gravity of the situation, and I dispatched the same evening a telegram to Count Lamsdorf representing to him the absolute necessity of immediately proposing the return to the original offer of the Japanese Government, made in March, 1898, implying the complete surrender of all our pretensions in the Korean question, if we wished to avail ourselves of the only remaining chance of preventing the unquestionably impending outbreak of the war.

No attention was apparently paid to this telegram, as it remained unanswered. After a couple of weeks more of a fruitless exchange of proposals and counter proposals I received, in the afternoon of Saturday, February 6, 1904, a message from Baron Komura requesting me to call at his official residence at four o'clock. He received me with a mien of unusual gravity, which made it plain to me that the fatal hour had struck. After we were seated he proceeded to say that the Japanese Government having come to the conclusion that it would be purposeless to continue long-drawn-out, futile negotiations had determined to break them off, at the same time severing diplomatic relations with Russia; that the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg was at the same hour acquainting the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs with this decision of the Japanese Government; that Mr. Kurino was under orders to depart from Russia at the earliest possible date with the staff of the legation and the consulates; that he was aware that at the moment there was no outgoing steamer available, and that I therefore would be compelled to delay for some days my departure with my family, the staff of the legation and the personnel of the consulates, but that I need have no apprehension on that account as measures would be taken to guarantee our safety.

I rose immediately and said that I regretted to find that our negotiations had come to naught and that the Japanese Government had decided on war. To this he demurred, saying that he had merely announced the rupture of diplomatic relations. Thereupon, after an exchange of formal salutations, I withdrew.

On my return to the legation I was met by our naval attaché with the report that on that very morning of Saturday, the sixth of February, at six A. M., the Japanese fleet had weighed anchor for an unknown destination, divided in two squadrons, one of which was convoying large transports having on board two divisions of troops, evidently destined to be landed on the Korean coast, most probably at some point on the west coast of the peninsula. The other squadron was no less evidently destined to attack our fleet, which was at anchor in the outer roadstead of Port Arthur, a fact which was known to the Japanese.

It became therefore of supreme importance to give the viceroy timely warning of the attack he had to expect. Of course the necessary telegrams were immediately put in cipher and addressed to Port Arthur and St. Petersburg. Equally of course, none of them ever reached their destination, the Japanese Government having naturally suspended for some time the forwarding of any telegrams addressed to foreign countries, as everything depended on the success of this attack, which could succeed only by surprise. It was maddening to realize one's absolute helplessness at this critical moment, which was about to determine more or less irrevocably the fate of the whole campaign.

As a matter of fact, on the following Monday the news was received of the destruction by the Japanese fleet of two of our small cruisers in the roads of Chemulpo; and on Tuesday came the fatal news of the night attack by Japanese torpedo boats on our fleet at Port Arthur and of the putting out of commission of three of our best fighting units, the rest having sought shelter in the inner harbor. The reason why this attack by surprise could have been successfully carried out I learned on our return to St. Petersburg. I shall refer to it in the next chapter of my reminiscences.

The necessity of having to wait five days until our departure could be effected was an extremely painful one, rendered doubly so by the receipt of this disastrous news. Every now and then during these days excited crowds would collect outside the legation compound shouting defiance and imprecations, but were always promptly dispersed by the police and troops, who were guarding us most efficiently.

On the Sunday following my last interview with Baron Komura a touching incident took place. My wife was alone in her drawing-room when the arrival of the Grand Mistress of the Empress' court was announced. She was an old friend of ours, and she threw herself, weeping, in my wife's arms, saying that she had been commissioned by the Empress to express Her Majesty's profound sorrow at seeing us depart under such painful circumstances, and that she begged my wife to accept from her a small souvenir in remembrance of our sojourn in Japan. This souvenir consisted of two small flower vases in silver, adorned with the imperial arms. My wife felt at first a little embarrassed, but, of course, accepted this small gift in the spirit in which it was offered and asked the Grand Mistress to transmit to the Empress her warm thanks for Her Majesty's kind remembrance.

Our departure was finally fixed for the eleventh, at eleven P. M. On the morning of that day I received a visit of one of my colleagues, a very old friend of mine, who brought me a message from Marquis Ito, who regretted that in his official position it was impossible for him to come himself to bid me good-by, and that he wished me to know that up to the very last moment he had been struggling for the cause of peace, and that he earnestly hoped to see our former friendly relations renewed in the nearest possible future.

Baron d'Anethan's visit was followed by that of Admiral the Viscount Enomoto, who had been years ago the first Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, where I had befriended him. He was very old, living retired in the country some miles from Tokio, and he had risen from a sick bed to come to bid me a last farewell before he died.

On the appointed day, at eleven o'clock in the evening, the carriages and escort who were to take us to the station appeared in the fore court of the legation. We drove through the streets surrounded by a squadron of cavalry, every precaution having been taken to guard us from insult or molestation. We found the entrance to the station surrounded by troops in a wide circle, no one being allowed to pass except the carriages of official people. On the station platform the whole diplomatic body was awaiting our arrival to bid us a last good-by—and all the dignitaries of the imperial court, with their ladies as well!

Such was the send-off chivalrous Japan gave to the representative of a country with which it was at war.

The world seems to have progressed since then!

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue

Each Brown Shaping Last provides the exact space needed (at toe, ball, arch and heel) to correctly develop the physically perfect foot —and assures these advantages in every size of Buster Brown Shoes, from 2 to 16 years.

Style No. F-145
Boys' Blucher
in Black or Brown

The Part the Last Must Play

Shoes take their *shape* from the *lasts* upon which they are made. Unless the lasts are *correctly shaped*, the growing feet will suffer—now and in the future.

The Brown Shaping Lasts have been perfected, in actual practice over a period of years, to give the *correct shape* to the *inside* of Buster Brown Shoes to insure the *perfect development* of the feet, for every age from 2 to 16.

This means that the boy or girl who wears Buster Brown Shoes will have *shapely, healthy feet*—free from corns, bunions, twisted bones, broken arches, weak ankles.

Buster Brown Shoes are made by skilled shoemakers, for durable service, from dependable leathers, and have Government standard oak-tanned soles. They excel in fit —in wear—in style.

Buster Brown Shoes are sold by good stores everywhere at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up, according to size and style—button, lace and blucher models—in all fashionable leathers—separate styles for boys and for girls.

Write today for the free book, "Training the Growing Feet." It explains the facts you must know about the feet in order to keep your boy or girl physically fit.

Brown Shoe Company

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

St. Louis, U. S. A.

The Brown Shaping Lasts

Note the width of the toe in this Brown Shaping Last. This breadth of toe grows narrower with each succeeding size, as the foot gradually lengthens. In similar manner the heel-seat changes from age to age.

Note the pronounced arch in this Brown Shaping Last for age 15. The curve has gradually increased, and step by step has developed the perfect arch, which gives spring and elasticity of movement.

For Girls For Boys of 2 to 16

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

Why Your Wagner Electrical System Serves You Faithfully

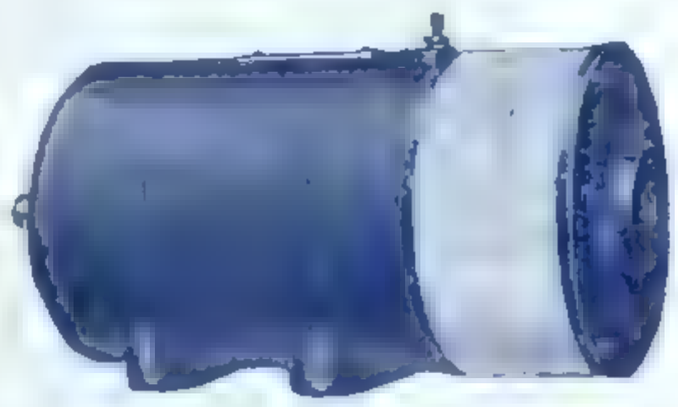
The satisfactory day-after-day performance rendered by your Wagner Starting Lighting Ignition System is more than a casual happening. It is the result of a principle scientifically worked out in accordance with a preconceived purpose.

The generator of every Wagner electrical system is made to order for the particular car of which it forms a part. Its charging ability is designed to correspond exactly to the needs of the car which it serves.

And, at all ranges of speed, it delivers the proper output. When driving at an average speed—eighteen to twenty miles per hour—the generator produces its maximum current. Beyond this speed the current is decreased proportionately, insuring always the proper amount of charging current, yet adequately guarding against the danger of over-charge.

This is why motorists prefer cars that are Wagner-equipped. They know from experience that under every condition of driving, the Wagner electrical system gives a maximum of service with a minimum of attention.

If you are considering the purchase of a new motor car, make sure that it is Wagner-equipped.



Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Factory Branches and *Maintenance Stations:
Buffalo *San Francisco Milwaukee *New York *Chicago *Philadelphia *St. Louis *Cleveland *Detroit
St. Paul *Denver *Atlanta Cincinnati *Los Angeles Washington, D. C. *Minneapolis *Kansas City *Indianapolis
Syracuse Montreal Toronto *Boston *Pittsburgh *Seattle

Selling Agencies:
New Orleans Salt Lake City
Memphis Dallas

Wagner, Quality

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

THE STARTER THAT IS BUILT TO ORDER

BLUE ICE

(Continued from Page 9)

Her husband was delighted by her warmer manner, but it subjected her so much to his society that she found the pretended affection positively nauseating. Anita had come to hate him. She loathed the cheap display of obvious feminine charms at the comedies to which he dragged her, until she was invaded by the hope that he would become involved in an affair with one of these girls. That, properly handled, might bring her money; not, she realized, legally; it would have to be cunningly forced out of him, time after time.

Her social existence had always been meager, but it rapidly became entirely empty. She had no wish to chatter with a number of insipid women cheaply satisfied with cheap jewelry. Her own possessions, which had once given her so much satisfaction, she put petulantly away. They disfigured rather than adorned her hands and throat and breast. Ordinary diamonds were colorless, pearls like skimmed milk.

She saw herself at, perhaps, the theater, a matinée; it was during an entr'acte, and her hand, with the blue marquise diamond, lay on the plush-covered arm of her seat. Anita saw other women gazing in astonishment and envy at her ring; yet principally she wanted it for her own pleasure. Just to examine it in the privacy of her room would be a delight.

Convinced finally of the hopelessness of getting anything from her husband but insignificant gifts and unendurable caresses she lapsed into a total ignoring of his presence.

"For the love of heaven," he cried, exasperated, at the table, "say something! I don't care what, anything!" She examined him abstractedly; he had been drinking, his ordinarily pale face was flushed, but his clothes were precise, as usual. There was a flower, a red carnation, in his buttonhole. "The more I do for you the less you're pleased," he continued in aggravated tones. "You'd think I was bankrupt instead of moving right along. I certainly got a frost of a home; it makes me cold only to come in the door. Every excuse in the world," he muttered. Then he cast a sly calculating glance at her.

Anita Jopp missed none of this; probably whatever he did away from her was cheap, like his presents here. Instead of receding from her thoughts the blue diamond now filled her waking hours, her dreams, with its superb sparkle, its perfect cutting and beauty. Anita remembered that it was held by two crossed bands fastened at the jewel's four points, and that the bands in turn were set with small diamonds. Exquisite!

She had heard of wives who had an independent deposit at some bank or other; Benjamin Jopp had never showed her this delicate—no, proper—regard; and she asked, at the door to his room, for some money of her own. He turned from a glass, his scarf partly tied, and frowned intently.

"That's reasonable enough," he admitted; "in regular circumstances. I have thought of it myself. Might teach you to manage better if anything happened to me. But now—you're so queer—I don't know what to say. It's a fact you haven't been yourself for a month. God knows you never were a volcano of affection, but now you are froze up entire."

"Will you or will you not let me have an account of my own?" she demanded.

"I will," he answered after a momentary consideration.

"Five thousand dollars; and if you can invest it so's it makes anything I'll double all you do. If you lose it—why, nothing will be said."

"You pig," Anita replied deliberately. "You miser."

She moved away from the door and his shocked surprise, frigid with resentment, detestation. Studying herself in the mirror she approved her slim figure, her unlined face. Perhaps she would get the ring from some other man—from Mr. Bearne. But recalling the latter's calm detachment, his searching scrutiny, she dismissed the jeweler from her hopes. Her husband still offered a better chance than problematic men.

IV

HOWEVER, she had no intention of permitting Benjamin Jopp to forget his offer; and with the five thousand dollars safely deposited and a bank book of her own, she regarded the investment of money with painful interest. There were a surprising number of ways by which an insignificant sum might be turned into a fortune. Anita read of such happy consummations in the daily papers, and there were the most convincing advertisements.

Studying Herself in the Mirror She Approved Her Slim Figure, Her Unlined Face

Oil seemed to be the most promising. There were regions in Texas where immeasurable richness had spouted from the smallest tracts imaginable. And a few of the latter were invariably still unsold. Almost she put her money into oil; but in the end she was afraid of losing it. At the same time Anita discovered that the safe investments offered such a small return that it would take years and years to gain an appreciable sum.

But after all she had five thousand; she had made a step toward the possession of the blue diamond.

There was now practically nothing left of her married life. After the first year it had sunk to a dead unenlivened level; but they had been more or less conscious of each other; while now Benjamin frankly never inhabited the apartment except from superficial convenience; and when he was there she seldom spoke to him. Indeed, she spoke to no one unless under the pressure of direct address or need, and then she replied absent-mindedly, with a slight frown across her eyes, as though she had been interrupted in an important mental consideration.

Anita was intent on the diamond, either revolving plans, fantastic, impossible, persuasive, for its possession, or dwelling on its splendor, its depth of pure color, the beauty of the cutting, the gem's sheer size. As the days passed her need became more urgent—she became parsimonious and saved insignificant dimes and quarters. She wondered coldly how much the automobile would bring if it could be sold without an actual break with her husband; and then in a tyranny of energy like a fever she swept all her jewelry into her hand bag and drove in a restless haste to Bearne & Co.'s.

Mr. Bearne was in and could see her shortly. Nothing in the man or his office had changed; he met her with imperturbable courtesy, a kindliness touched—like a breath of frost on a sunny day—with shrewdness. Anita Jopp was without any embarrassment at her errand and promptly poured out on the table her little glittering heap of expensive stones and metal.

"I want to sell them," she informed him. At this his gaze, brief and keen, swept over her. She smiled in acknowledgment. "No," she replied; "we can still pay the grocer. You could never guess why." Then the surprising impulse to tell him everything mastered her: "I want to buy your blue diamond, the one cut marquise, for a hundred and ten thousand dollars. My husband won't; and, Mr. Bearne, I have to have it! I must!"

He flattened the pile of jewelry with a sensitive finger. "This won't manage it," he told her after a little.

"Of course not, but it will help. There is nothing I will not sell, or do."

Bearne rapidly sorted out the rings and pins, the pendant and watch.

But then instead of naming their value to her he said quietly: "You mustn't do this, Mrs. Jopp. It would only make trouble for you. I'm sure you'd regret it immediately after. Any jewel at the sacrifice you indicate wouldn't be worth owning. You may have heard that there is a fatal quality in exceptional gems, and dismissed it as a romance; but I assure you that it is an absolute fact. I am, if you will allow me to say so, highly experienced in precious things; I have seen what they do—again forgive me—to women. It's even more dangerous for them than for men, because, as you have just shown, with women like yourself there's no simple question of money. What is it?" He opened a questioning hand. "I don't know. But my profession, my observation, has taught me a very sad truth about humanity. This diamond, for example, is one of the loveliest things in existence, unflawed beauty, a piece of heaven, as the Orient would say. It should spread delight if only because it is a perfect thing in a largely imperfect world. Yet I distrust its influence; it goes to the head. Beauty, you see, is rare, like truth, like the bush burning with God on which Moses couldn't bear to look."

Anita listened impatiently, only half hearing, in her eagerness, his words. "Yes, yes," she said, scarcely civil; "but I want to sell my things. How much will you give for them? You, Mr. Bearne, know that they are good."

He shoved the jewelry toward her. "I won't buy them," he told her tranquilly. "That they are good isn't now important."

Anita impatiently gathered the shining trifles. "Very well," she asserted; "someone else will." A sudden fear oppressed her. "You won't refuse to sell the other!" she cried. "You promised and agreed on a price."

"A hundred and ten thousand dollars," he returned equably.

"Perhaps someone else will see it and offer that."

"Perhaps; as I told you, I am not anxious to part with it—safe with me—and it's not on exhibition."

"Mr. Bearne, could I see it?" She clasped her gloved hands tightly under the table.

He hesitated, and then moved to the safe, from which he returned with the small familiar box. The diamond was even more superb than Anita remembered. It slipped over her finger—a blue splendor on the smooth whiteness of her hand. She drew in a deep unsteady breath and her cheeks were hot. Such a fierceness of longing possessed her that her fingers shut convulsively over the ring; she gazed defiantly at Mr. Bearne.

"Do you know," he said unexpectedly, "that you are not unlike my diamond?"

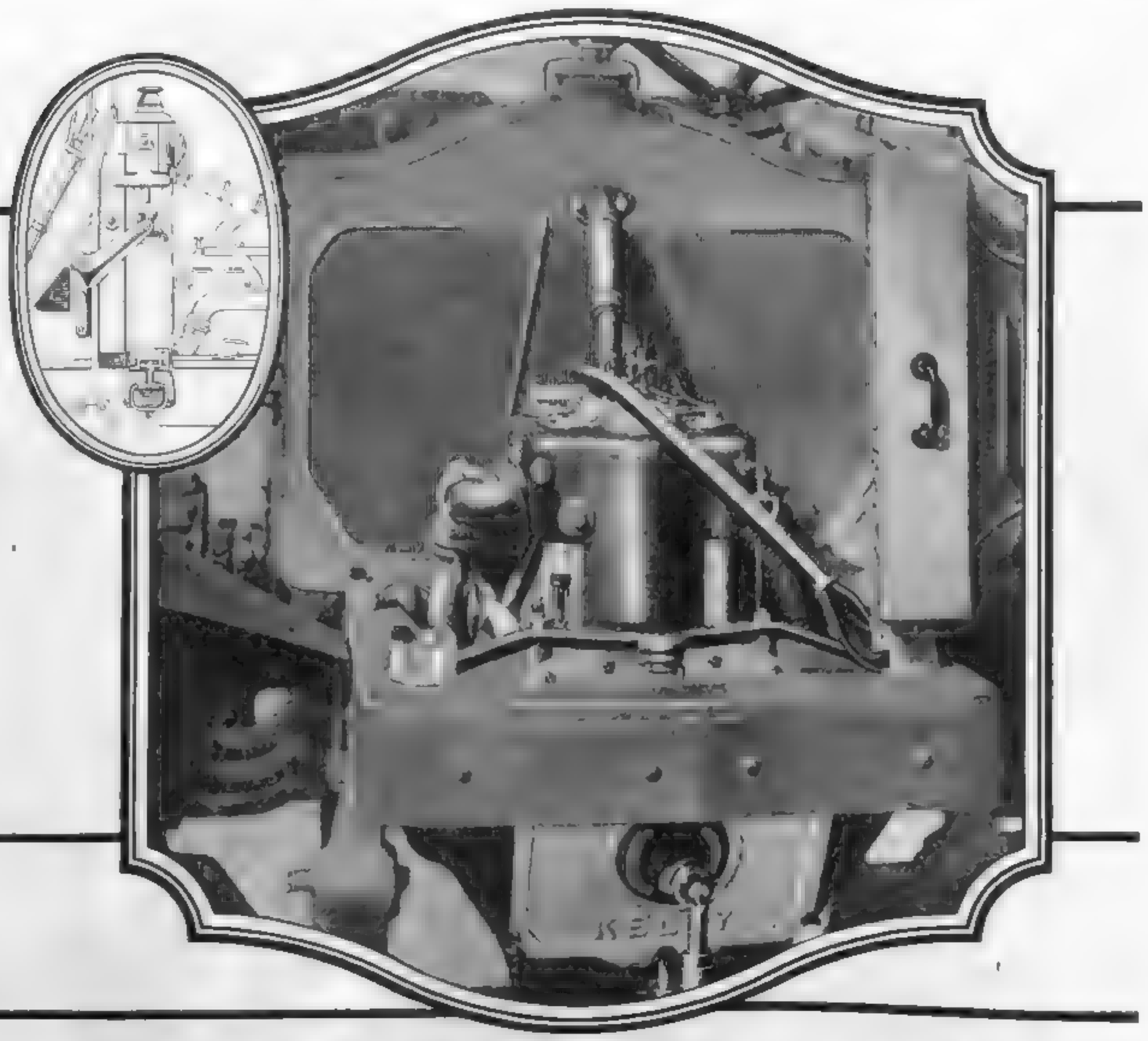
She flashed at him a look of sudden hope, but it died immediately before his aspect of slightly weary wisdom.

"Yet that is ridiculous," he continued, "and most unflattering. Diamonds are quite the hardest substance I know—nothing will cut them but diamonds, they can only be polished with diamond dust."

She was struck by the thought of such a glittering material. Probably it resembled powdered glass. An aimless memory recurred to her of having heard or read that the latter was fatal to the human system.

Anita Jopp drew the ring from her finger, and before she was wholly aware of the impulse dropped it inside the open neck of her dress. She half rose, startled, fearful and defiant. The heavy man across the table sat without a movement, without a sound. Anita saw on a stand a flat black ugly pistol, but of course he wouldn't use it on her. Still Bearne said nothing; but there was a twitch that might have been pain at

(Continued on Page 89)



THE large picture shows the location of the Kelly radiator, in back of the engine, and the bumper on the frame which protects them both.

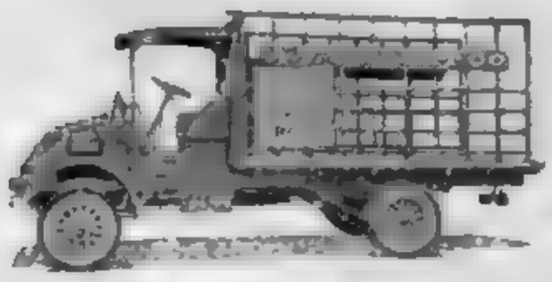
The insert above shows the method of attaching the radiator to the frame and dash by a spring suspension.

Kelly-Springfield Trucks *work* while many others are being *worked upon*.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS

The Big Brother to the Railroads

Efficiency Depends On Steady Service



"Chicago, Ill., October 4, 1919.
Horton & Horton Construction Co.,
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After thorough investigation we purchased eleven Kelly trucks. Used these two years and standardized on this make. Have since ordered twenty additional and are ordering more every month. Trucks are underrated by Kelly Company. We find they are much better buy than we were led to believe when making our first purchase. We cannot speak too highly of this equipment.

A. T. WILLETT TEAMING CO."

Copy of a telegram sent by a user of Kelly trucks to a prospective buyer.

TRUCKING is not all done on the boulevards. Much of it is through difficult back ways, around sharp turns, and in cramped freight depots where flexibility is tested most. In such confined space, the crowded maneuvering of other trucks will eventually smash a radiator placed in front.

The Kelly truck carries its radiator behind the motor at the dash where it is out of harm's way—and out of the mechanic's way when grinding valves or making necessary adjustments. It is suspended flexibly on buffer springs to protect it from the twists, strains and jolts of bumpy roads and deep gutter crossings. The engine itself is shielded by the heavy bumper projection of the frame, and serious results from collision are avoided.

Thirteen years of experiment and scientific research have perfected every feature of the Kelly truck. The complete truck is built and guaranteed by one responsible manufacturer, and must pass the rigid Kelly-Springfield inspection. This assures a quality of material, perfection of design, and thorough workmanship which make Kelly trucks *work* while many others are being *worked upon*.

A Kelly truck operates in your vicinity—write for the owner's name.

1 1/2–6 ton models.

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Builders of High Grade Motor Trucks

(Continued from Page 87

his firm lips. She had risen, backed automatically toward the door; in an instant she would be in the store, the street.

Then: "Remember that it isn't yours," Bearne said.

As she swiftly and silently withdrew she had an impression of a pity marred by contempt.

V

SAFE in her room, incredibly possessing the blue diamond, Anita locked the door and stood for a moment shivering with excitement. She removed her hat and gloves; then recovered the ring. Away from the jewelers' it was even more remarkable and gave her a delightful pang. Anita laid it on her dressing table, and then with a pretense of unconcern she picked it up. On her finger it sparkled in a thousand heavenly shades—a piece of heaven, it had been called by Mr. Bearne.

She sat with her hand in countless different positions; now she was gazing at the gem absorbed in its serene splendor, now she saw it as though by accident. There was a stirring in her husband's room; he was back, then, from one of the trips that constantly grew more frequent, longer. The time sped with disconcerting rapidity. Dinner would be ready almost immediately, and she locked the ring from sight. This hurt her; she didn't want to be separated from it for a moment. But she couldn't wear it in her husband's sight—he would question her closely and she could think of no plausible explanation.

Unfortunately she had spoken to him of such a ring; he had scoffed at the price. It was impossible, as well, to pretend that this was of less or little value. The amazing quality of its size and color stamped it as rare and costly. She realized something of the difficulty Mr. Bearne's surprising forbearance had created for her. There was no security in it—at any minute a policeman might appear, there would be a search and; the diamond found, she would go to prison. Or the jeweler might merely telephone her husband; between them they could force her to return the ring. She studied Benjamin Jopp sharply, and was surprised to see that he had changed in appearance. There was no lessening of the care with which he was dressed, the red carnation had become a fixture, but his face was haggard, leaden. It was evident that he had had little sleep through the past nights. He was, too, uneasy under her gaze, and attempted a clumsy cheerfulness.

"I guess the old man's a little antique for these long swings across the country; better step out, stay in the office, and give the new talent a chance, eh? But I'm not under the daisies yet." His voice grew defiant. "There is a kick or two left yet. Some girls will still talk to me."

Anita Jopp met his remarks with a stony indifference. Her only concern was to finish her semblance of eating and get back to her room, the diamond. She hadn't changed her street clothes for dinner; but alone, the door again fastened, she put on her newest and most elaborate formal dress. It was pale green, a cloud of cool shades contrasting with a soft rose girdle, and the blue diamond was magnificent.

It wasn't, however, enough for her to enjoy it, she wanted other women now to mark and envy her. She wanted the full unchallenged possession of so much loveliness. What was Mr. Bearne going to do? How long would he remain quiet, allow her to keep the ring? And then she wondered how long the sentence was for theft. She might hide it, endure prison, and come out later to have the jewel for her own.

She would go away somewhere, perhaps to the south of Europe, where, in the quietest clothes, she would be known as the woman with the blue diamond.

Pressing it hard against her lips she was startled by the faint salty taste of blood. The gem had cut her. Of course, since it was the hardest thing in the world; nothing but a diamond would cut it, it could only be polished with diamond dust.

The need to take it out of hiding, to have it with her, a part of her, became imperative; and in going out for the afternoon she put it into her bag. The automobile was being repaired, so she walked the short distance to Fifth Avenue, where she hailed an omnibus. Anita sat below. Directly across the narrow aisle were two correctly dressed women, and yielding to a sharp impulse she took off a glove and artfully exhibited the ring on her hand. The response was instantaneous, surpassing her expectations. One of the women immediately called the attention of the other, and they sat absorbed, entranced by the extraordinary jewel. Anita caught their glances, and at an inviting smile she rose in a sudden terror and stumbled from the omnibus.

She was certain that they were about to question her; and in such a way, she saw, talk would spread. Then she began to understand the singular, yes, unhappy distinction of a great diamond. It resembled the conspicuous isolation of a great man, the target of envy, admiration, cupidity, murder. The latter chilled her with fear; she had not yet hidden the ring, and she saw directed at it the amazed gaze of a doubtful-looking man.

Hurriedly putting the jewel back in her bag she walked hastily up the avenue; but a rapid glance backward caught the man on her heels. It was possible that he was merely progressing in the same direction, yet with a little gasp she turned sharply at Forty-seventh Street and concealed herself in the doorway of a store. He was lost. But there would be others. Had the ring been hers she felt that the sense of dread would have no existence. She could care for it properly then; the entire organization of the city, of society, would be devoted to safeguarding her. Now everything, everyone, was against her; there was literally no security

This struck at the foundation of her happiness, her joy. And, too, what did Mr. Bearne intend? She recalled his keenness, his own affection for the blue diamond; it was clear that such a man wouldn't tamely be victimized.

Anita woke many times through the night, shaking with nervousness, certain that a hand was on her shoulder, a voice at her ear demanding the ring's return. Through an untasted breakfast in bed, after the maid had been abruptly dismissed, she held the thing of beauty and wept over it. She was actually ill from worry, her face a sight under the paint she viciously applied. The succeeding day and night were worse, unbearable; she saw everywhere the illusion of the jeweler's shadowed searching eyes; Anita shuddered whenever anyone walked up behind her.

In a gust of strangling and contending emotions she wrapped the diamond in a small box and left it for Mr. Bearne, with a clerk in his store, and watched the man disappear with the package in the direction of the proprietor's office.

VI

THAT humiliating act accomplished, Anita was divided between rage at her failure of resolve, of character, really, and an enormously increased necessity for the diamond. She had actually had it in her possession, worn it with her green chiffon, and been privileged to get up at any hour of the night and intoxicate her senses with its blue perfection; she could leave the trivialities of the day for the secret satisfaction of its loveliness. Now the pressure that had forced her to return the ring to Mr. Bearne seemed only fantastic, ridiculously insufficient.

There was, she observed, another change in her husband's attitude and being: the efforts at a facile cheer had given way to a sullen reserve, a taciturnity as decided as her own. Anita hated him absolutely, and the sharpness of perception bred by her feeling made it clear that he hated her as well.

It was, too, evident that his health was being increasingly depleted. He looked quite ghastly. Perhaps —— She fell into a state of musing, with tightly compressed lips and glimmering blue eyes. After all, Mr. Bearne in saying that she resembled his diamond had paid her a very ingenious compliment. Yet he had practically apologized at once, that was because of the hardness of diamonds. Nothing else could cut them, and they could only be polished with diamond dust like powdered glass.

Benjamin Jopp was getting ready to go out to what he had curtly told her was one of his continual business conferences. A door to his room was open, and from where she sat she could see him taking the most absurd pains in his appearance before a mirror. Probably he was lying to her about the business. It was unimportant; no—any pretense was better than the permissible fact. She might yet catch him in a situation from which she could successfully squeeze money—a hundred thousand dollars. She clenched her hands in a gust of fury and hunger and impotence.

October had arrived, with cooler nights, and her husband at the entrance to their

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"Where did you put my Cosy Toes?"

COMFORT in the home is one of the sweetest joys of life. 'Tis little wonder, then, that CosyToes are so popular with every member of the family. No other kind of felt footwear can compare with CosyToes for luxurious quality and comfort. Make ideal gifts.

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Dipped Pineapple—fragrant pineapple treasured up in rich chocolate; *Parfait Cocoanut*—a soft cocoanut center, covered with vanilla caramel with the added zest of a jacket of finest chocolate.

—but two of the many delights of the *Box Beautiful*. A full two-pound box mailed postpaid upon receipt of $2.50 in case your dealer cannot supply you.

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THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH

HOLDS PANTS
DETACHES PANTS
"Son Is Now A Real Boy!"
Let him hold up his pants "man fashion" with the support he will like to wear.
KAZOO
A Support for Pants and Hose
Keeps pants and hose neatly in place and evenly distributes their weight. Encourages an erect appearance. No tubbing, mending or button-sewing.
HARRIS SUSPENDER CO.
HOLDS HOSE
SAVES HOSE

apartment hastily thrust his arms into a light overcoat. The door closed sharply. Automatically distracted by the noise she saw a long filled envelope lying on the floor. For a while she regarded it indifferently, frowning at her own thoughts; then, in her constant hope of discovering anything whatever to assist her, she moved, stooped and secured the envelope.

At first confused by the formality and mass of the inclosed document she soon realized that it was the life-insurance policy her husband had taken out for her. In a fever of impatience she hastened over its many items and tables until she saw the amount—a hundred thousand dollars.

It was, she knew, quite large, generous; but then she contemptuously remembered that Benjamin Jopp had told her an impressive life insurance was a good business asset and reference. A hundred thousand dollars, and she had at least ten thousand in the bank. That made ——

Her eyebrows gathered in a manner that lined her smooth dryly pink brow and she fell into profound abstraction. Anita remained immobile for a very long while, through which her breathing, undisturbed by any emotion, was regular and slow. Then sharply she rose, put the insurance papers in a drawer of her dressing table and stood gazing curiously at her reflection in the mirror.

Anita's countenance, without the frown, was still unscarred by time; it was smooth, her features were clear, unblurred; if it was no longer quite young neither was it at all middle-aged, relaxed; her throat was firm. Leaning slightly forward, her hands on the glass cover of the table, she continued to study herself. And there were moments when the face looking back at her was that of a total, a terrifying, stranger.

At present her husband was in New York, but that only meant that he appeared in the apartment at odd times. He had stopped giving any explanation of his movements; but suddenly, deserting her supreme indifference she studied his habits. Late on a Thursday afternoon he came in unexpectedly and dropping irritably into a chair declared that he had a headache. He wanted to lose the damned thing, too, because that evening he was expected ——

Anita Jopp quietly walking out to the kitchen lost the end of his remark. She kept two girls; the one for general work had gone out and the other was busy with the preliminaries of dinner.

"Sarah," she said pleasantly, "Mr. Jopp has come in with a headache, neither of us care for dinner, and if you like there is no reason why you shouldn't go out."

The other, it developed, for her part, was instantly aware of the most pressing necessity to be somewhere else; and in a surprisingly short period Anita was alone in the preparation of an informal but inviting repast. Yet this consumed a disproportionate length of time, as much due to long unusually occupied spaces as to her lack of practice in the arrangement of dishes and cutting of bread.

At last the table was spread, with cold chicken, a vegetable salad she had concocted from the ice box, and a neatly piled plate of cinnamon toast.

"Sarah has left something to eat," she announced at the entrance of the room where Benjamin Jopp was sitting. "Not much, but it seems very nice, and cold." He rose, muttering an uncomplimentary phrase about whatever might be on the table.

"And, oh, Benjamin, you dropped an envelope at the door the other night. I found it and put it safely away, but then forgot to tell you." An instant relief was visible on his dull eyes and worn mouth.

"Of course," he observed bitterly, "you didn't open it, and know nothing about the contents."

"That wouldn't be natural," she replied. "It is—is extremely kind of you."

He made no answer to this, but reached nervously for the covered toast. She had put a decanter of whisky by his elbow, and she watched him covertly as he concocted a highball. All at once she understood why he had had the insurance papers in his coat, why he hadn't—the most natural thing in the world—spoken to her about the loss: He intended to rescind the bequest to her. Her entire being hardened into a complete semblance of the blue diamond for which she lusted.

"This toast is gritty," he complained after a gulp of whisky and iced water.

"It must be the sugar," Anita Jopp told him thinly.

"That was a hell of a dinner," he declared in a harsh voice, rising and fumbling in his pocket for the inevitable black cigar. "My idea of something to eat is a steaming green-turtle soup and all that goes with it. Gritty," he repeated, "but I'll get something later." The slamming of the door to the outer hall seemed far, far away to Anita. Her face under its rouge was blanched. She stood for a moment, and, swaying, supported herself by the back of a chair.

Then she proceeded to clear away every remaining trace of what there had been to eat. She reduced to a clotted cinder the remains of the salad and toast, of which she had tasted nothing, and washing every plate and piece of silver twice she put them back in the precise place from which they had been taken.

It wasn't, she thought later, that the insurance was all that he had to leave her—they must be almost rich now—but a hundred thousand dollars, and she had ten safely at her need, was a concrete sum, a fact that she could grasp with peculiar satisfaction. It was, Anita told herself, the price of the blue diamond. How magnificent the ring had been on her hand; it marvelously suited her, was hers naturally.

A restlessness settled on her which made it impossible to remain more than a few minutes in one place, one position. She moved about constantly; and when she went to bed the switching off of the light oppressed her with a stabbing fright. Lying cold and awake phantoms of forgotten memories and scenes flooded her mind. She saw her solitary, unsatisfactory girlhood; her mother, handsome and petulant and selfish, considering children in the light of a menace to the figure, the cause of thickened ankles; she recalled her father, remarkably like Benjamin Jopp. There had been a disgrace when she was fourteen, and her parents had separated. She had never, Anita realized, trusted anyone, given herself to a friend. She had known girls, called them by their first names and met them at the various hotels for lunch preparatory for a matinée, but beyond that ——

They had always been enveloped in a secret critical envy, mostly of each other's dresses and trifles of fur and lace; and all the while scheming for the attentions of men either good-looking or with money to spend. Anita wondered what had become of the girls she had known fifteen and eighteen years ago. Married, they had been lost in the varying possibilities and limitations of their husbands' material resources. What, she suddenly thought, sitting up in the darkness, would become of her?

It didn't matter; only one thing was of importance—the blue diamond. The conviction persisted that sooner or later she would have it for her own, publicly. She forced herself to lie down again, and composed her body into a rigid vain effort for sleep. Sometime in the night her husband entered noisily.

He paused at her door, an unsubstantial figure against the light beyond, and said in a perturbed manner: "I got a sharp pain, you wouldn't believe, low down like. It come on me sudden at ——" He stopped abruptly, almost with a groan. "Damn you!" he cried in a rising fury. "It wouldn't mean anything to you if I dropped dead! You're made of ice, that's what you are. Like the diamonds you'd be willing to sell your soul for—if you had one."

He bent over in an evident paroxysm of suffering. How curious that he should have thought of comparing her with diamonds. She rose.

"Get into bed; you'll be better in the morning. It's only that you have been drinking; the life you've led. Why can't you realize that you are not young any longer? I can't remember when you have been home for an evening. It would be nonsense to send for a doctor. I tell you it will be all right to-morrow. Cramps. Men are perfect fools about themselves. If they have the smallest pain they begin to talk about dying. Anyhow, I won't listen to such language. And if I have been the kind of a wife you say, have you been any more of a husband?"

Her hands pressed against her face were like stone, but her cheeks were fiery. For a little she heard him tossing about on his bed, and then she silently closed her door and shut out all sound.

But in the morning he was not, as she had predicted, better. It was clear that he was worse and in a burning fever. The doctor who called at noon was instantly grave; he telephoned for a nurse, and to Mrs. Jopp

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GILBERT TOYS

"Toys That Are Genuine"

THE day of useless toys is past. Parents everywhere realize the importance of toys that will instruct their boys and give them a better start in life. I have found, too, that boys like such toys much better than toys that are merely playthings.

Every Gilbert Toy is a boy helper—designed on the principle that boys like to make and do things themselves. To encourage their constructive and inventive natures I have developed the Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys, which awards diplomas, degrees, gold lapel buttons and watches for their toy building achievements.

BIG PRIZE CONTEST—I have just started, also, a big toy building contest, free to boys and girls, with a real buckboard automobile or Shetland pony as first prize, and a hundred other fine prizes. Full details, copy of my boys' magazine and the complete Gilbert Toy catalog, all sent free on request. Use the coupon below.

A. C. Gilbert, President

The A. C. Gilbert Co., 119 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto
In London: The A. C. Gilbert Company, 17 Sherborne Lane, London, E. C. 4

Gilbert Erector

With this toy a boy can make square girders like real structural steel and build bridges, machinery and elevators that run. Most sets have Erector motor for making models that run. Note the famous No. 4 set at the left, equipped with motor, steel wheels, pulleys, and many parts, in fine hardwood case. Price $6. Other sets $1.50 to $25. (In Canada $2.25 to $37.50.)

Famous No. 4 Erector Set

Gilbert Mysto Magic

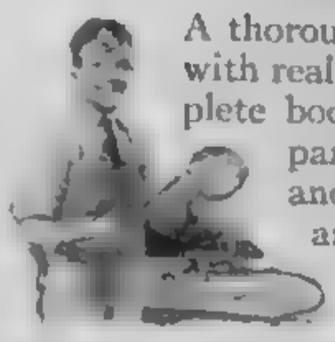
Magic sets good enough for grown-ups. Contain some of the best tricks of famous magicians. Boys can give first class entertainments with them. Fine Manual of Magic, magician's wand, big poster and magic talk for stage in each set. Prices $1.50 to $10. (In Canada $2.25 to $15.)

Gilbert Chemistry Set

With the contents of this outfit a boy can make soap, ink, bluing, ammonia, etc. He can perform many interesting experiments and feats of chemical magic, make a wet cell and do electro plating. Manual of Chemistry with each outfit. Prices $2.50 to $10.00. (In Canada $3.75 to $15.)

Gilbert Machine Gun

A very cleverly constructed toy, modeled after the famous Browning gun. Shoots clips of wooden bullets from an air cooled magazine at the rate of ten a second, yet it is not dangerous. Swivels on base to fire in any direction or up in the air. Fine Machine Gun Manual tells the boy how to form a machine gun company and hold drills. Price $3.75. (In Canada $5.50.)



Gilbert Soldering Set

A thoroughly practical soldering set equipped with real soldering iron, heater, resin and complete book of instructions. Will solder pots, pans, fix small pipes, broken toys, etc., and soon save its cost. A very useful and instructive outfit. Two sizes, $1.50 and $2.50. (In Canada $2.25 and $3.75.)

Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy

No toy invented in twenty years compares with this for boy interest. With the special steel disc wheels, axles, angle irons, etc., in these outfits any boy who can use a screw driver and wrench can make strong, speedy, finely painted coasters, gliders, racers, trucks, wagons and other fine toys. The splendid $10 set (In Canada $15) has gears and pinions and extra parts to make a real geared speedster. Other sets at $6 and $15. (In Canada $9 to $22.50.)

Gilbert Wireless Sets

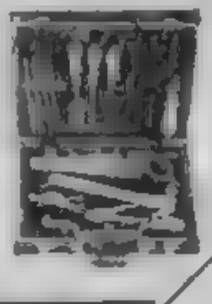
Real radio outfits of the most approved type that receive messages up to 1000 miles and send them 3 to 5 miles. Authoritative book on wireless and instructions in each set give the wireless code and tell how to rig up the outfit. Receiving sets, sending sets or combination of both, $5 to $65. (In Canada $7.50 to $97.50.) Sent direct if your dealer hasn't them. Write for catalog.

Gilbert Electrical Set

A practical outfit with which a boy can construct a motor which will run toys, wire door bells and electric lights, and do electro plating of knives, forks, spoons, etc. Fine Manual goes with each set, teaching the boy elementary electricity. Sets from $2.50 to $10.00. (In Canada $3.75 to $15.)

Gilbert Tool Chests

Not the kind of tool chests that are playthings but real chests of finely tempered and polished tools—the kind you would use yourself. Boys or men can do real carpenter work with these tools. Prices from $2.50 to $37. (In Canada $3.75 to $55.50.)



Prize Contest Coupon

The A. C. Gilbert Company, 119 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

Delco

DELCO has been standard equipment on many high-grade cars ever since they were introduced.

The name "Delco" on the dash, retained year after year, has become one of the quality marks by which these cars are known.

The automobile builder is proud of its presence, for as the name "Delco" signifies quality starting, lighting and ignition performance, it signifies also the prestige of the car.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

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repeated the serious word "peritonitis." When he had gone and the nurse arrived, Anita questioned the latter about the peritonitis.

On the fourth day of his illness Benjamin Jopp was dead.

VII

ANITA was at the window of her living room perhaps a week after the funeral when a Mr. Niedhart was announced. Although she was unable to place the man she was conscious of a familiarity in the name. He was there, it developed, in the interest of the settlement of her affairs; a hugely fat, tall man appropriately garbed for what, his uneasy manner indicated, was a solemn and painful duty. Primarily he was saturated with a conventional sentimentality: he patted her shoulder in the accompaniment of an appeal for her to bear up. Then he informed her that she would need an unusual reserve of sympathy for the dead.

What followed came to Anita Jopp in disjointed periods; but it was finally resolved into the knowledge that her husband had deceived her. He had not been connected with the manufacturing of shoes for two months past, but had resigned, she gathered, at the request of the directors of his company. Benjamin Jopp, it was revealed ever so reluctantly, interrupted by Mr. Niedhart's efforts to support her necessity for fortitude, had been the victim of a most unhappy infatuation. The sequel toward which her informer hastily floundered, and which he evidently regarded as comparatively unimportant, a relief to them both, was that Mr. Jopp had thrown to the wide winds every dollar he could put his hands on.

"Except the insurance," the fat man added. "You have the protection, the safety of that. A hundred thousand, properly invested, is no mean sum. Six thousand or more a year."

He gave a prodigious sigh of relief at the discharge of so nasty a responsibility. "I was connected with your husband in business," he informed her. "Ben Jopp had a splendid head; and in his time he worked for ten. Pity you had no children," he added. "Got six myself—two girls married, and the rest boys; doing splendid too. Little bit of a wife." He rose, perturbed. "Excuse my gabbing right in the midst of your sorrow. And when you're ready, Mrs. Niedhart said she'd love to come and see you."

After she had murmured an indistinct phrase, interpreted by him as the hallowed utterance of shocked grief, and the intolerable oppression of his voice had died away, Anita was filled with a bitter astonishment at the accident that had left her with almost precisely a hundred and ten thousand dollars. Her husband, after all, had made the error she had vaguely hoped for; but rather than serving her it had perhaps destroyed her chance of happiness, of possessing the blue diamond. The money she had, as Mr.—she forgot his name—had pointed out, offered her complete if limited safety. Six thousand dollars a year would protect her from the horrors that overtook penniless women.

She was dimly aware that there had been a change lately in the temper of women toward work; many of them were successfully self-supporting, but she had no confidence in her own ability in that direction. She detested drudgery, early rising, any form of cheapness whatever; coarse underclothes, for example, made her ill. Then she knew nothing, nothing in the world; and Anita recognized in a flash of unusual perception she had no stamina. Her nerves, her fiber—were relaxed; for all the apparent firmness of her figure she had no strength. She couldn't really make herself work.

Anita was no longer young—she was thirty-eight rather than in the twenties—and that barred her from such purely decorative employments as the stage. Managers and the audiences of men demanded girls as young as possible, children practically.

However, she told herself, this long painful mental effort was useless; she had an income for life in spite of her husband's sickening waste. She would give up the apartment and go South for the winter. Then her thoughts slowly, slowly returned to the magnificence of the diamond at Bearne & Co.'s; she remembered its heavenly color on her hand, in this room. Anita Jopp gasped at the stabbing force of her longing for it. The ring drew all her energies and desires, it filled her mind with its absolute incomparable blueness; in looking at her hand, the finger that had worn it, waves of physical exhilaration swept over her.

She was oppressed by such a weariness that, careless of its effect on her appearance, she wept. Partly as a result of this her face was, she saw, older, almost faded. There the diamond was superior to her, harder; its beauty was indestructible; it would always be like a flower, like a celestial sky.

The blue diamond was beyond change; however long she lived, if she had the ring it would be an unfailing delight. Against the vision of the jewel rose the specter of poverty, the hideous uncertainty of want, of pressures even worse, without name. This followed her like a shadow cast by the brightness of the other. Into her passion for the ring came a new element of dread—it might easily be that she was losing her sanity. And in support of that the memory she had resolutely put from her life fleetly, grimly, returned.

Anita successfully vanquished it, repeating the serious word "peritonitis." Her husband had killed himself with dissipation; and if that result had been ever so little assisted there was, it turned out, every possible justification. She thought of him without regret.

But in her fear there was no lessening of her need for the ring; no other thought occupied her days and restless nights. She caught its glitter wherever she looked, and compared it with all the jewels she saw on women or in shops. It had become her occupation to enter jewelry stores and ask to see specially fine diamonds; she couldn't of course go to the same places twice; but there was a surprising number of such stores, and the pawnshops were endless.

Under a dull sky November vanished and December advanced; with no clearing of her difficulty. It grew bitterly cold early in the winter. A number of things must be decided at once: the lease of the apartment; the investment of her money, now lying idly at a bank; the problem of the immediate future. Soon some of the money would be gone, more than could be replaced by the bank's rate of interest; she would no longer have a hundred and ten thousand dollars.

Her passion for the ring imperceptibly deepened. Yes, the diamond was superior to her, harder; it was mastering her, drawing her closer, closer. Her sleeplessness could no longer be borne. It was horrible and she was a wreck. Perhaps if she actually owned the ring for, say, a month, she would be satisfied. It could always be sold. Mr. Bearne would be glad to have it in his possession again. At this reflection, this chance at least of part happiness, she hurriedly put on her hat and cunningly draped widow's veil. Anita secured her check book and left the apartment.

Slender and erect in her black crêpe she hastened toward Bearne & Co.'s, where, fearing that Mr. Bearne would refuse to see her, she followed at the heels of the clerk who announced her presence. Mr. Bearne was coldly correct. From his manner it appeared that he had never seen her before.

Anita Jopp said with stiff lips: "I came to buy the diamond."

The other made no immediate reply and she added with a sense of choking: "You agreed to sell it. The price, you'll remember, was a hundred and ten thousand dollars."

He nodded. "Miss Baker," he spoke to his assistant.

And there, superbly flashing, it was on Anita's finger. She filled in a check with a hand so frigid that it had no feeling of holding the pen. "You will want to telephone to the bank," she observed. Mr. Bearne rose as she left, and accompanied her to the door, in a deference at least to the amount of the purchase.

"A piece of heaven," he repeated of the ring.

She held the jewel, in its small velvet-and-leather box, rigidly, fearful of its loss. How absurd that had been about ever selling it! Why, the diamond was her life! No one could ever take it from her now. Anita laughed loudly, on the street, in triumph. She must hurry home and put on the dinner dress that looked so well with the ring. Then when it became necessary she would hide the diamond where it could never be found, where they would never, never think of looking. She laughed again at the thought of how upset everyone would be.

It had begun to snow, and her jangling uncontrollable mirth was changed to a frightened gasp at the resemblance of the dry fine white eddies to pounded glass.

"He smokes a pipe"

They were talking by telephone:

"I'm afraid I've got to ask him to cash a check. I know his family, but I've never happened to meet him. Tell me what Guthrie's like, won't you?"

"Don't worry about that, but go right ahead and ask him. He's the real stuff. He's considerable of a man in this town, but he smokes a pipe."

"Oh, he smokes a pipe, does he? I get you."

Why is it that when you learn that an eminent citizen smokes a pipe, you know right off that he's probably a regular fellow?

It means that he puts on no lugs.

It means that likely he hasn't room in his make-up for any of those highty-tighty, superior notions that make the snob.

It means that on the other hand he has those natural, genial impulses that help to make a regular fellow.

Now, he doesn't necessarily have those genial impulses entirely because he smokes a pipe.

Others besides pipe-smokers have them.

But so large a number of pipe-smokers *are* good fellows that when you hear, "He smokes a pipe," you just know in advance that you'll probably like that man, not after some hard luck and a few long, hard winters, but right away. Why is it?

Of course, everyone knows that a good smoke after a good meal puts a man into the very friendliest state of mind.

Ask the womenfolks if there's any difference in a man's mood before and after eating and smoking.

A good meal has a lot to do with making a man feel genial—and yet, you'll hear many a frank smoker declare, "Yes, certainly I enjoy my meal, but all the time I'm thinking how good a smoke'll taste afterwards."

And there you are!

All we know is that when a man throws himself back in the big chair and lights up, a big Saint Bernard has nothing on him for benevolence of feelings.

He drops all the petty irritations of the day. He hasn't a trouble in the world provided he's got a pipeful of *his* tobacco.

Just any old kind of smoking tobacco won't do. It has to be just your kind, you know that.

We don't know whether Edgeworth is just your kind or not.

Perhaps.

We should like to find out. If you'll venture a postcard, we'll venture the rest.

Merely send us your name and address together with that of the dealer filling your smoking needs and we will gladly send you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is compressed into cakes, then cut into thin, moist slices. Take a slice and just rub it up for a moment between the hands. That gives you an average pipeload.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed has that rubbing up already done for you. You pour it straight from can to pipe. It packs well and it burns evenly all the way through from top to bottom.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in small pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and also in handy in-between quantities for customers wanting more than a small package, but not quite the humidor size.

For the free samples we should like to submit for your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

HOW THE BIGGEST BUSINESS IN THE WORLD IS RUN

(Continued from Page 11)

road, or village street, with wheel tracks meandering from the colonnade of the Treasury hard by to the white marble columns and fronts of the Post Office and Patent Office, which faced each other in the distance like Greek temples in the abandoned gravel pits of a deserted Syrian city."

In 1851 the Treasury Department of the United States had exactly 437 employees, including the Secretary of the Treasury, Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, and his messenger. There were a few offices—about as much office space as there is on about one-tenth of one floor of the nine-story building now occupied by the Bureau of War Risk, which has nearly fourteen thousand employees and is just one of the fourteen bureaus of the present Treasury Department. Then, the Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, received $6000 a year as Secretary of the Interior, for directing a force in Washington of exactly 413 workers, including himself and his messenger, his staff and clerks of sixteen men, nineteen workers in the Indian Office, 102 in the Pension Office, 98 in the Census Office, and others, among whom were the Washington City Guard of three, and three watchmen at the "President's house." The Secretary of War, Charles M. Conrad, of Louisiana, received $6000. In the Quartermaster's Department of the Army there were, in the War Department in Washington, thirteen employees. The Engineering Department had six; likewise there were six in the Bureau of Topographical Engineering; in the Ordnance Department, nine; in the Subsistence Department, six, including the messenger; in the Pay Department, nine; in the Medical Department, four; and, all told, only seventy, including the Secretary and his staff of sixteen civilians, whose work, with typewriters and modern equipment, probably would be done these days by three or four. In the Navy Department, over which William A. Graham presided at a salary of $6000, there were fifteen civilians in the Secretary's office, nine in the Bureau of Yards and Docks, eleven in the Bureau of Construction and Repair, seven in the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, seven in the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography, five in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. Total fifty-four, not including the Secretary. Daniel Webster was Secretary of State. He received $6000 a year. His force in Washington consisted, including himself and his messenger, of twenty-seven, allocated as follows: In his office, five, including himself; a chief clerk; in the Diplomatic Bureau, five; in the Consular Bureau, two; in the Home Bureau, three; translator and librarian, one; disbursing agent, one; commission clerk, one; packer, one; messengers, two; superintendent of northeast executive building, one; four watchmen. The Postmaster-General, Nathan K. Hall, of New York, received $6000 for directing a force in Washington of eighty persons, including himself and messenger. The entire force of the Library of Congress consisted of four. The entire force of the Department of Justice consisted of four. The entire force of the whole departmental organization in Washington, including the force at the President's house and President Fillmore himself, amounted to about 1100 men.

The White House

Then and Now

Those were the days when the President could whistle out his back window and summon his whole force and call most of them by name. There was an administrative plan, and contact between the Chief Executive and his small official family was understood to be a part of that plan. He could reach out through a window, as it were, to take up any slack, to adjust any inequalities of wage or work. And that was all the more easy to do because Washington was merely a crossroads as compared to the city now, where legislators gathered in relative oblivion, to lend their aid to the Administration and to help the President adjust, by rule of thumb, any or all of the government agencies. Those were the halcyon days. Since then three changes of vast consequence have occurred:

The Federal organization in Washington has "just growed," on top that old-time plan, until there are all manner of inefficiencies, overlappings, injustices to personnel; until the machine as a whole, for want of someone to true it up continuously, is topheavy, unwieldy, wasteful and neglected. Its functions have increased in complexity and scope almost to infinity. The personnel has increased in number fully a hundredfold, until there are about 125,000 government employees in Washington and 106,000 in the bureaus and departments—more workers than are assembled in one place on one pay roll anywhere in the world, which fact in itself argues for the maximum of administrative efficiency instead of a minimum or none, since it is axiomatic that the larger the organization is the better its plan must be. Now, instead of a little group of mere offices, as standards now hold—not counting the legislative arms of the Congress, nor the judicial arms, with all their reaches and complexities—there are ten major permanent departments, every one of which is far bigger and more complex than the whole government organization was when the basic plan for them was laid down; there are more than 200 bureaus, such as the Bureau of War Risk or the Bureau of the Census; divisions, such as the Division of Railway Mail Service; commissions, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission; boards, such as the Federal Reserve Board; or other entities varying from the Shipping Board to the Office of Adjutant General, which conducted the selective draft.

Every one of these entities, which continuously tend to increase in number, is a problem in itself; there are conflicts, cleavages, complexities, yet neither in the White House nor anywhere else is there a real and complete organization chart; in fact, the Congressional Joint Commission on Reclassification of Salaries has not been able to complete one of the War Risk Bureau alone, so rapidly does it change in plan and organization. These huge departments or bureaus or other entities are, in fact, like foreign governments, each unto the other, which fact in itself is proof that the time has long since passed when a President or any one man can attend to the overwhelming duties of the White House and at the same time constitute himself a central bureau of planning such as large corporations employ.

Nor can the secretary of the President of himself accomplish organization miracles with his left hand while he is required to go the terrific pace that Mr. Tumulty, for instance, must travel, while serving the President with his right hand. The fact is, the President's secretary has no time, and there is no reason to presume that any less than half a dozen professional efficiency engineers technically trained to such problems would have time to grapple with such an immensity as our government machine, which is ten times more complicated than any ordinary industrial machine, as all outsiders soon discover, because of legislative limitations imposed on it. There is no reason to suppose, even, that all cabinet members are efficiency engineers; nor any reason to imagine that cabinet meetings grapple with or solve such organization problems. The proof is in. As an illustration of it, one recent President, in a cabinet meeting, naïvely inquired in which department is situated a bureau that is much larger than was the whole executive machine when Fillmore was President.

Washington's Antiquated Machinery

It is no wonder, thus, that much of the potential efficiency of the government agencies goes by default—for reasons all the more patent because, since the plan of the whole machine was laid down, the technic of organization has gone through its mumps-and-measles stage and has long since become an exact science in which America, everywhere outside Washington, peculiarly excels. One-man business has given way to two-man business; the partnership has given way to the unification of partnerships or the corporation; the corporation has become the trust—and the Government, in its field the great monopoly, wags along with a plan laid down in years that to business men are all but prehistoric.

The situation in Washington has been made even more complex than it ordinarily would be by another change: Almost as imperceptibly as one's body grows, the two very essential arms of Uncle Sam have been detached from the body politic. There was a time, in other words, preceding the Administration of President Johnson, when the head of Uncle Sam was in the White House, his right shoulder was the Treasury, his left was upheld by the State, War and Navy departments, and his two arms worked coöperatively down on Capitol Hill. In recent years the divorce between the head and arms became sharply evident, largely for reasons of incompatibility of party, in the Administration of President Taft, when he lost control of Congress. Mr. Wilson, by dint of a victorious party, got those arms, which have as much power as a board of directors, back into place again. Now again they have escaped, but are very alive withal.

Gradually, too, over a long space of years, there has come another vital change, hand in hand with those above, and of growing consequence to Washington. Strange as it may seem, this third change is no more than the efficient perfection of modern means of transportation and communication; and stranger still it hammers

Union Station, Washington, D. C.

(Continued on Page 99

"Yes, sah, Ah been in dis club fohty yeahs and dis yeah's de just lights some membah ain't kicked about"

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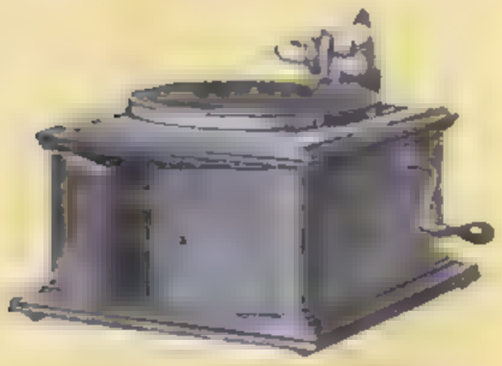

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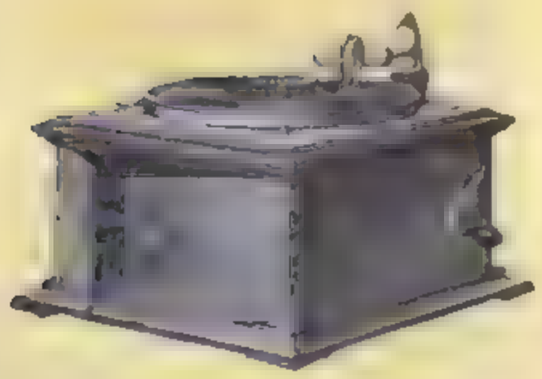

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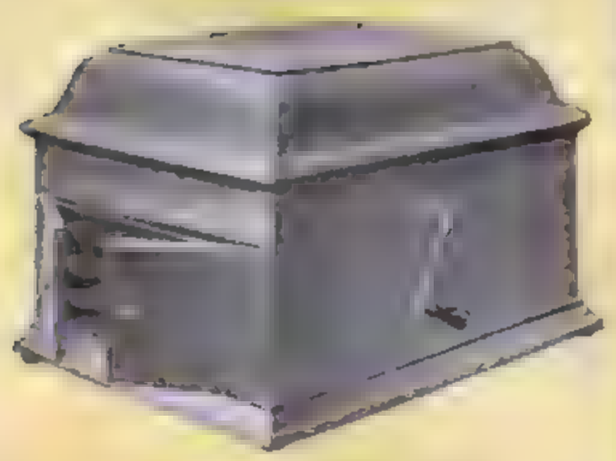

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(Continued from Page 94)

home the contention that the term of a congressman should be at least four years instead of two. A few generations ago, in short, the gap between congressmen and their constituents was bridged by letter principally; days instead of hours or minutes were required to transmit impressions to and fro over the reaches of the country; and congressmen were freer to make the business of legislation and study of our national problems their primary function. That time has gone. Now, faster than time, words are sent telltale from Washington to the Pacific Coast, say, and on, round the world.

The result is that Congress has ceased to be a detached and deliberative body of men studiously toiling at the tasks of legislation, but a rather fortuitous group who, taken generally, make legislation distinctly incidental as compared to serving their constituents in other ways, having to run so fast and so hard and so often in primaries and elections that no time is left them in the short space of a two-year term for the infinite study necessary to full understanding of the intricate government machine. The wise ones know that. They accept the situation without pondering the reasons, and do as well as they can while taking no chances, lest they bob up short at election time.

To take a case in point, there is now in official life in Washington a former congressman who served his district in Pennsylvania for six years and in that time drafted and put through one of the most effective pieces of legislation accomplished in years. He was ardently absorbed in the study of governmental problems from the start.

"And," he says, "when I came I was puzzled to find that only a few of the states were visible on the floor of the House. The great state of Pennsylvania, which generations before dominated legislation, was invisible. New York was visible only in the person of Congressman Fitzgerald, who gave his state a little color in the picture as a whole. New England was almost invisible; most of the Southern States. Missouri, however, and Tennessee and Illinois were continuously visible. Texas also stood out. But it seemed generally, despite the traditional arguments about states' rights, that half a dozen states or so were running the House. I tried to do my bit to put Pennsylvania into the picture. When I went home to my district I thought that I received ample recognition for my devotion to legislation, until in a great political gathering I discovered, just before losing out at the primaries, that I had not served my constituents individually enough. So I was retired, one more lame duck, just when, it seemed to me, I was becoming really useful."

The Need of Competition

"Congressmen generally understand that their duty is to their constituents first. That is why they are so reluctant to give the time required of them to the problems of the District of Columbia, which takes more time on the floor than the Philippines, Hawaii and Alaska, all combined. That is why they do not, and never will in the existing plan, give sufficient study and service to the Federal Departments. Congressmen, like the rest of us, give their attention to the strictly necessitous things first, one of which is to shy their castors onto the floor and make a speech now and then to be reprinted and used for home consumption. They are not legislators primarily, and the fault is one of plan rather than of personnel. They are, rather, like service stations, always at the old stand, ready to pump gas and dispense oil."

Before reverting to the organization remedy, as it is set forth by Mr. Gay, much along the lines advocated by many other experts, it is worth pausing to hear in point the statement of the chief of one of the most important of the Federal Bureaus.

"Not once in a fortnight," he said, "does any member of the House, in which of course all appropriations must originate, come to learn what we are doing in this bureau, with its constantly changing plans; nor what we plan to do. Congress flatters but does not convince me when it presumes that in an hour or two of testimony I can make a year of our problems, which are wholly technical, clear to its appropriation committees. We never get enough money—last year our whole plan was defeated because we got too little—and we always work with a sense that just when we expect it least the ax is apt to fall."

The appropriation committees of both the House and the Senate are amazingly well informed, bureau chiefs almost generally admit, though insisting that with their training, their other functions to perform, and two boards of directors, the House and the Senate to report to, these committees cannot do justice to the tremendous job in hand, especially when there is political cleavage between the Congress and the Administration. Accordingly, Mr. Gay points out, it is impossible for these committees to constitute themselves a satisfactory central administrative or planning agency, even if it be granted they ever were by anyone intended to function as such. And for want of such a central administrative or planning agency, he insists, "the tendency is for any government department or bureau to get into a state of dry rot."

"At periodical intervals, of course," he continues, "either through vigorous action by Congress or because of especially energetic bureau chiefs or secretaries, the bureaus or departments may display new spirit. The war itself had the same effect."

Mr. Gay insists an inadequate plan or inadequate personnel can wreck any organization, but he refuses to admit that the trouble is the personnel, taken individually.

"I have been surprised," he says—and Mr. Taft and many others have testified similarly—"at the number of officials in the departments who are men of the very highest type and experience—diligent, energetic, anxious public officials. In all of the departments and bureaus you can find first-class men, and the majority of the government employees are quite on a par with those in our great corporations. Too many people judge the whole group by contacts with one or two or a few. Then there is another factor in point here: It is difficult now to measure what government employees accomplish. In business you have production as a measurement. You have profit—though as a matter of fact in large organizations other checks have to be employed to measure the work done by individuals or groups, day by day or week by week or month by month. Competitive measurements of many kinds are applied by central agencies to the work done by different subsidiaries or branches or stores or groups. Various means of stimulation aside from such competition are also employed. Due dates, for instance, are set for the completion of tasks by specific groups.

"But few of these measurements as between groups, and few of these means to stimulate achievement and give a sense of accomplishment—are used in the departments; in fact, there is now no agency to put them into effect. The departments generally have furnished no more than annual reports. Some of the bureaus have never furnished reports, even to the secretaries to whom they are directly responsible. Nevertheless, it is clear that every bureau is intended to do something and was established to do something. What is it intended to do? What is it doing? Those questions can be asked, standards can be set up, an efficient central administrative agency can check results, and, in addition to demonstrating those results to the public and to Congress, so Congress and taxpayers can know where their money is going, can afford a sense of accomplishment, and after breaking down barriers between departments and between bureaus employ other methods that have been tested in corporations to stimulate efficiency.

"In the Bureau of War Risk, to illustrate, it is easily possible to set up quantitative measurements of the numbers of letters sent out, say, by individuals, groups, divisions, day by day, with the number of errors made. It is possible to employ such a check on the correspondence handled by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. And so on. Then wherever you can fairly apply a common check on two or more bureaus doing similar work you can rouse a sense of competition and of accomplishment. There is not, in fact, a bureau or a division in Washington, or a department, to which various checks and means of stimulation continuously used in corporations cannot be applied. The fault, in short, is one of plan."

Walter S. Gifford, director of the Council of National Defense before and during the war, comptroller and head of the central bureau of planning of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and now one of its vice presidents, repeats that the best personnel cannot function efficiently on an inefficient plan.

Washington Monument, White House in Distance. Note All the New Buildings for War Purposes, in Foreground and on Right and Left Sides of Photo

After plan, then comes personnel.

Here again the departmental machine is so huge and the complexities are so many one can at best, short of writing a book, merely suggest the picture, after calling to mind again the axiomatic truth in business that the larger an organization is the higher should be the premium upon ability, especially executive and technical ability. Nevertheless, the turnover among cabinet officials has of late been large, as everyone knows, and without exception the reason given has been the inability of cabinet members to make ends meet in Washington. And for good reason the resignations have been just as ominous among the lesser executives, and notably among the technical men.

Thus, in the thirty-fourth annual report of the Geological Survey, issued in 1913, before the prevailing reign of high cost of living, when shoes, for instance, were only two dollars each and a man could afford a vest the director states:

"In the four and a half years ending in January, 1913, forty-one geologists left the government service for the primary purpose of bettering their financial condition. These men are known to have received salaries outside the public service amounting to an average advance of one hundred and forty-nine per cent, or practically two and a half times the salaries paid by the survey."

Undersalaried

The same director, Dr. George Otis Smith, pointed out in an interview that ever since Charles Willard Hayes, chief oil geologist, left the government service to go into the employ of Pierson Brothers, or the Lord Cowdray oil interests, at more than five times the salary paid him by the Government, and stock as well, many if not most of the exploration executives of these interests—which constitute the Standard Oil Company of England—have been drained out from our government service.

"In fact," he said, "the oil geologists of the survey are receiving outside offers graded by their training in the Federal service. I can make the result clear in the case of thirty of our oil geologists. Of this group, when they had a year's experience with the Government and were receiving an average salary of $1200, five received offers from oil companies at average increases of $1000. Two years later, of the twenty-eight oil geologists of the group remaining, while receiving an average salary of about $1700, ten received outside offers averaging nearly $3500. At the end of five years' service the twenty-two remaining Federal oil geologists averaged $2100, and fourteen of them received offers averaging nearly $4000. The demand increased as the experience of the remaining men increased. Thus of nine men of eight years' experience in the Federal service, with an average wage of $2500, six received outside offers averaging $7000; and the story is completed when five men remaining, when ripened by ten years of Federal experience, whereby they had reached an aggregate pay roll of $18,500, left the government service to receive salaries aggregating $51,500."

Doctor Smith adds that the present large inroad upon the survey's efficiency, which, of course, is just as disastrous in a Federal organization as in a private organization, is in the case of the oil geologists due to the pioneer work of the Federal geologists in applying geologic methods to the search for oil and gas. He adds that the exodus is enhanced by restrictions that hedge government employees, which are especially grievous to men who wish to make the public service their life work; many of which restrictions are of legislative origin—such as extremely limited day-by-day allowances for men on field duty, which results continuously in considerable expenditures of private funds for official

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Large photograph: Showing a Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tire after eighteen months' service on a truck owned by The George Rushton Baking Company, Rossdale, Kansas. Insert: Goodyear-Cord-equipped unit of the Rushton delivery fleet

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GOODYEAR

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Pneumatics Reduce Delivery Costs for Rushton, of Kansas

"PNEUMATIC truck tires are far more efficient and economical than solid tires in our delivery work. And we prefer Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires because of their toughness and because we believe the All-Weather Tread has the greatest gripping qualities of any tread made. Goodyear Cords average better than 15,000 miles per tire in our service."—Frank Rushton, Manager, The George Rushton Baking Company, Rosedale, Kansas

The main delivery fleet of The George Rushton Baking Company covers a big territory radiating out of Kansas City, Missouri.

To equip this wide-ranging squadron to do its work most efficiently, the company will specify Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires exclusively in the future.

This decision follows years of experience with both solid and pneumatic truck tires, including a test of different makes of the pneumatics.

Pneumatics, in general, are credited by this company with a 10 per cent reduction in gasoline consumption and a 25 per cent reduction in truck maintenance costs.

Goodyear Cords, in particular, are credited with these results plus superior traction and superior toughness.

Delicate bakery products, formerly damaged on jarring solid tires, now are distributed in splendid condition on the cushioning pneumatics.

Trucks, formerly stalled by heavy mud or snow, now maintain uninterrupted all-year schedules on the gripping Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

Last winter Goodyear-Cord-equipped trucks were called upon time after time to finish the routes of solid-tired trucks held up by slippery conditions.

In thirteen months, during which a truck made 68 stops in 61 miles per day while covering many fierce roads, not a single Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tire of an entire set was removed.

In use thus far on twelve trucks the powerful Goodyear Cords have averaged 15,000 miles per tire while traveling routes administering nearly every kind of punishment.

Rushton drivers find their work far more agreeable on these comfortable, reliable tires and make more and better deliveries when handling trucks shod with them.

The whole experience directs attention to the complete effectiveness of the pneumatic principle as developed by long pioneering work in Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires.

Firmly supporting this progress has been the simultaneous development of the Goodyear Demountable Rim fitted with an oval locking ring extremely easy to remove.

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(Continued from Page 99)

expenses; altogether unnecessary presumptions against personal integrity; and even restrictions upon floor space, whereby scientists and clerks are allowed only seventy-five feet of floor space, whereas the tools of a working geologist usually are several large cases of rock specimens, various map cases, bookcases, file cases and desk and drawing table or bench for simple laboratory tests.

"In a highly specialized scientific bureau," he concludes, "quality of public service must depend largely upon training and experience. The compensation offered must be such as to attract the best men, most of whom must be products of technical or scientific schools, many of whom require doctor's degrees; and sufficient to hold those who prove their aptitude for scientific work. The fact of seventy-seven resignations from the scientific force of the survey during the past year suggests clearly the inadequacy of compensation."

Turning to another scientific bureau, which has already demonstrated its vast usefulness especially to business men and manufacturers, Dr. S. W. Stratton, director of the Bureau of Standards, summarizes the plight of the bureau and something of the philosophy of the situation as follows: "We have had in the bureau during the past year a turnover of one hundred per cent. The general rule is that salaries offered are double those the bureau can pay. Fully half of our scientific staff have gone, and anyone can judge what such a loss means to a scientific institution. The universities and technical schools usually pay about a fourth more than we can pay; industries readily double our salaries. If it were not for the expectation that salaries would be improved we should have trouble holding any of our technical men."

Turning now to the Department of Agriculture, where bureau chiefs especially are laden with great responsibility and usually must call into play high technical, organizing and fiscal talents, we find that the congressional committees—which have solely to do with appropriations for this department except when the appropriations are part of a deficiency measure—have limited bureau chiefs to $5000 for doing work which experience amply shows outside organizations think worth three or four times as much. The salaries in the Department of Agriculture are better, nevertheless, in general than those paid in some of the older departments; yet the disproportion between the quality of the work done, the responsibilities implied and the results achieved are so great that the men most needed often are found to be leaving the Federal service, though the general rule is that they prefer to remain when rewards are sufficient to afford a living in Washington. Recently, thus, two valued men, limited to $1200, left to take places outside the Federal service at $2400 and $3000. Two others left places limited to $1500 for salaries of $3600. One receiving $1800 left for a place paying $10,000. One receiving $2000 left to receive $4800. One at $3750 left to receive $10,000. One at $3500 left to accept $6000 plus a bonus. One more left $4000 to receive $8000 plus commissions.

The Pay in Patriotism

The head of the Division of Investigation in the Department of Justice gave up his place, where he was limited to $4000, to accept one in the oil business paying $15,000. There are lawyers of more than average ability and long familiarity with Federal policies who receive as little as $2500. The United States district attorneys, who are charged with great responsibility, who usually must compete with high-paid talents, as in the case of District Attorney Kline, in Chicago, who is charged with criminal prosecution of the packers, are restricted to $4000 a year. The United States Commissioner of Education is limited to $5000; fortunately the present incumbent owns a farm. The director of the Bureau of War Risk, which during the war did a larger insurance business than is usually done by all the private insurance companies of the entire world, in addition to other great functions, receives $5000, though Secretary Glass points out some of the lesser executives receive far more than the director, the Secretary himself having to go to New York to "appeal to the patriotism of a man to surrender a salary of $20,000 to come here at a salary of $10,000 a year"; and despite the fact, as he himself explained, Mr. McAdoo at the outset pointed out that the heads of many private companies receive from $50,000 to $90,000 a year, and pleaded for at least $6500 for the director, and appropriate salaries for the specialists under him.

The list of underpaid executives and specialists who receive less than congressmen receive is about as long as the roster. The general run of salaries has been suggested here. Enlarging upon a few specific instances, the better to understand the importance of the work that some of the lesser executives do, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury R. C. Leffingwell points out that during the war the Treasury Department had to plead of private corporations: "We need these men here and you must not take them now." And of the men themselves: "We can't pay you more, even though it costs a fortune to live in Washington these days. You must not go. The Government needs you. It cannot possibly replace you."

Bureau of Engraving and Printing

"I came to Washington," Mr. Leffingwell says, "with a prejudice that too many people have, that the government departments are the refuge of loafers who come to Washington from all parts of the country to live in idleness except for a period from ten to four, during which they run a reluctant pen over embossed stationery. But the first thing I discovered was that I didn't know anything about what happens in the government departments. Instead of the situation I imagined, here were men who were working wonderfully well for the merest pittance, according to any standards of living with which I was familiar.

"The chief of the Divisions of Loans and Currency, to illustrate, receives $3500 a year. He has to be a lawyer; he has to be an organizer; he has to be a sound, sagacious, public servant. He is in charge of a great business that has developed out of relative routine. He has charge of the issue and registration, transfer and redemption of the public debt in billions of dollars, and he has also the problem of organizing thousands of employees. All these things involve a knowledge of law, accounting and other problems of the most difficult and technical sort, yet the work, even when conducted during a year and a half of the utmost wartime strain, with an organization expanding day by day and full of people unaccustomed to their work, was carried on so well that to-day you have the amazing fact that the technical, fiscal, accounting and legal problems of these stupendous issues have been solved without loss to the Government and without criticism on the part of bankers or the public.

"When the Army went to France it became necessary to devise a way to pay our men over there. Of course the old practice was to draw checks in dollars on the Treasury and put those checks into the mails. But there was a submarine war and a fair percentage of those checks would have gone down and we would have had more bonds of indemnity and fewer checks paid for a while than was consistent with the proper transaction of the government business; but the more serious objection was that with hundreds of millions of dollars to be sent over there from month to month it would have deranged the foreign exchanges to such an extent that we would not have been able to keep them in order at all and would have had the very painful experience of seeing the dollar at a discount in France while we were lending money to France. Very early in the operation, therefore, the Treasury arranged with the French Government for a supply of francs to be placed at our disposal in France against the payment here of dollars for the requirements of the French Government in diminution of loans from the United States to the French Government.

"In addition to that, it became necessary, in order to avoid building up balances abroad, to change the Army's method of dealing with these things, and instead of having paymasters draw francs on a specified depository, to have them draw francs on the Treasury, in checks payable at specified depositories in France. That was a very intricate operation, involving the reëducation of thousands of army paymasters, who were not accustomed to francs in the first place and who in the second place had built up their accounting system on another plan.

"We looked about for a man to go over there and put the plan into effect, for it was not the kind of thing that could be put into effect by mere letter writing. We took a man from the Treasurer's office. He was receiving $2500 a year. We sent him abroad as the representative of the Treasury of the United States. In six weeks or two months he had that operation in perfect working order and actually released to the Treasury something in the neighborhood of $200,000,000, and this sum might have run up to $500,000,000 or more if the war had continued.

"You will probably remember that when the First Liberty Loan was under discussion there was great apprehension in the banking world about the consequences which would follow from the attempt to pay in such a large sum as two billions of dollars to the Government on one day. The same apprehension rose in connection with the tax payments. There was very considerable agitation about the dangers involved and the expectation that the whole financial structure would be destroyed by the attempt to carry through so large an operation. If a bank in New York decides to buy an issue of bonds, say, of $50,000,000, it is considered a stupendous operation, and days are spent in making ingenious arrangements so that the checks drawn on various accounts are deposited at the same time in order to prevent a money stringency.

"The Secretary of the Treasury announced, in connection with the First Liberty Loan, that proceeds of the loan would be deposited with qualified depository banks and trust companies throughout the United States as nearly as might be in proportion to their subscriptions for themselves and their customers, and called upon the Federal Reserve Banks, as fiscal agents of the Government, to handle that operation, thus making it possible to decentralize the operation. Under that arrangement, which has been continued and enlarged, the treasury bank balances are to-day distributed among 9000 banks and trust companies. The complete success of that operation in the Treasury depended upon a bookkeeper in the Treasurer's office, who was drafted temporarily to my office and put upon the bond roll. Temporarily he received $3500 a year. His salary before was $2500. It is $2500 now."

These illustrations, Mr. Leffingwell insists, are indicative of the responsibilities upon government employees, of the necessity of most of them having long experience in the Federal employ, and of the injustices perpetrated by inadequate salaries—injustices all the more evident for want of any rule by which merit is rewarded in special cases or any rule making for uniformity of salaries for work of similar importance.

Inconsistencies of the Pay Roll

Turning to the rank and file the situation is even worse.

One day during the war, when stenographers were scarce, in large part because the Civil Service Commission has no authority, and no other central agency has, to inquire whether a requisition for a stenographer is warranted or not, a girl stenographer inquired, on the fifth floor of the new Interior Building, for Mr. Mitchell, remarking that she had been assigned as a stenographer to his executive province. She was much surprised when informed by Mr. Mitchell that her salary was to be $300 a year more than she anticipated, but took off her coat and went to work. It then developed in the offices of the Geological Survey that she had reported to the wrong Mr. Mitchell and was working for the Food Administration, part of Mr. Requa's staff being quartered on the fifth floor of the Interior Building, by courtesy of the Geological Survey.

"Most of us old bureau chiefs are panic-stricken," explained one of them when the new bureaus began to spring into existence. "Here we are, tied hand and foot by congressional appropriations, while the new bureaus have lump-sum appropriations and can go as far as they like."

Some of the old bureaus then laid down the policy that none of their employees should go from one department to another at an increase in salary without full approval of the chief. Then the President, upon advice of his Cabinet presumably, laid down the same executive rule. Then Congress, in the Urgent Deficiency Act of October 6, 1916, laid down the law, which is still in force.

Just to illustrate the workings of this law, which is neither the worst nor the best of its kind ever perpetrated by Congress, and at the same time to illustrate a very few of the multitudinous discrepancies between working conditions in one bureau or department and another, let us suppose that you personally have taken the civil-service examination to be an accountant. You passed at the top of the list, and come, moreover, from a state whose quota has not been drawn on. Another boy, from your home town perhaps, passed also, but well down the list in rank. One other fellow, from New York, passes with his head just above deep water. You are appointed at once to the Interior Department at $1200 a year; and needing the money you sign on. A week later the boy from your home town is appointed to the Department of Agriculture at $1600. He commiserates you, and a fortnight later you meet the other fellow, who barely passed his examination, and he remarks: "I'm doing the same work you fellows are doing, at Internal Revenue, and getting experience in tax returns that I can use when I quit. My salary is $2700."

Doesn't your morale then take a slump?

But that isn't the worst; such contrasts, all out of reason, you think, occur on every hand. In the War Department—in fact, in one office—there are, in this day when employment management is a science, nine accountants doing exactly the same kind of work. Their salaries range from $1400 a year to $4000. By common consent the best man in the group is receiving $1600.

"Worse still," says the secretary of the Congressional Commission on Reclassification of Salaries, "are innumerable instances where experienced employees who have been in the government service for years

(Continued on Page 106)

save shaving time—

—now—you can't afford to waste valuable minutes—in the daily dress-hour, when time really counts—by shaving in the old way.

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—you wouldn't travel by ox-cart when an express train was available.

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—here is a fine Badger-hair brush—Rubber-set—that would cost you almost as much without the remarkable improvements.

—it is absolutely sanitary.

—a keen blade and this fine tool make the kit *complete.*

—the price is five dollars.

—your dealer has it—or we'll mail it for Christmas as you direct—write Warner-Patterson-Perry Company, 1024 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

WARNER
SHAVING BRUSH

(Continued from Page 103)

are working in new bureaus where you find them teaching the technic of government procedure to youngsters who receive salaries far higher than they themselves receive."

Last winter Congress recognized at last that since the only basic attempt to reclassify government salaries was made in 1853, when, as described above, all of the departments then existing could be housed on one floor of one of the 200 bureaus or other entities existing now, it was about time to reclassify salaries again. Congress objected, however, to giving any such prerogative to the President, so the congressional commission was appointed, to be composed of three senators and three congressmen. This commission engaged a group of professional classifiers, sought assignment of other men from the departments and bureaus, and in each bureau encouraged the appointment of a committee of employees to aid in the work. Questionnaires were then sent to all of the 106,000 employees in the province of the commission, which figure has been on the increase steadily, and is now more than 3000 above the figure obtaining at the time the armistice was signed. Former Congressman Edward Keating, of Colorado, a member of the commission, sums up the extended work of the commission to date as follows:

"The spirit for work in the departments is, in my opinion, much exaggerated. My own experience has convinced me that the government clerk is much the same kind of individual, with the same kind of prevailing problems and aptitudes, that you find in our great corporations, and I think he comes mighty near doing as much work and in many instances does it wonderfully well. I insist that the clerk is not to be blamed for the want of modern methods and plans in the departments; nor for conditions that obtained in Washington during the war. They came, mostly women, by the thousand, at the call for help of Uncle Sam. Many were inexperienced, many were school-teachers, many others came to accept jobs at less salary than they had been receiving, and went to work at tasks that were neither vivid nor thrilling, where there was precious little hope of promotion. Many of them went home disgusted after suffering serious physical inconvenience and sometimes severe financial loss.

"There are now about 106,000 government employees in Washington. In addition there are between seven and ten thousand in the navy yard, several hundred in the city post office, and several thousand of military status who are doing the work and receiving pay of civilian Federal employees. I think it is a safe estimate that there are fully 125,000 men and women doing civilian work for the Government in the District of Columbia, nearly all of whom come within our jurisdiction. Uncle Sam, you see, is running a ponderously big business, but he has sorely neglected his employee problems for many, all too many years."

When Merit Meets Politics

"Way back there in the beginning, in the eighties—two generations ago—George William Curtis, Carl Schurz and other leaders started the fight for the merit system in the government departments. Their idea was to get the jobs away from the politicians. For me a very hopeful factor in the situation now is—thanks to the fight that has had cumulative effect in many directions down through the course of the years—politicians are beginning to realize that patronage and interference with the merit plan and its civil-service provisions are more of a liability than an asset. And at that, substantially nothing has been done in the way of thorough civil-service reform for thirty years. In other words, the whole lesson of the new science of employment management—in which everywhere in business and industry great progress has been made, though it has been developed during the last thirty years during the growth of our great corporations—has been lost to the departments. Nevertheless, to my mind there is no reason whatever why Uncle Sam cannot be made the best employer in America.

"From time to time politicians have attacked the Civil Service Commission or by limiting its appropriations or by other means have endeavored to defeat civil-service regulations; for instance, by trying to slip job seekers in without proper examination or by seeking to get them promoted without anything to indicate that they have earned promotion. That evil, however, is gradually being eliminated. Still, there are charges of favoritism in the departments. Many of these charges find source in what is absolutely one of the worst evils—that of having army and navy officers or men doing clerical work or supervising it, with the result that the competent clerk realizes that he can never hope to occupy the principal place in his division or section. Moreover, I'll risk the statement that generally these officers are incompetent, temperamentally and as a result of their training.

"Another factor making for discontent is that new departments and bureaus have been created, and in each instance as a rule new salary standards have been raised, while no changes have been made in the salary standards of the old departments or bureaus. The result is that there are innumerable cases where men and women in one department or bureau receive only half what others, doing the same kind of work, receive just across the hall or across the street. In the Treasury Department, for instance, salaries are notoriously low, and the workers in the old department know that the salaries in the new Bureau of War Risk are much higher, though the standards are lower. Salaries in the Department of Agriculture are much lower than those that were paid by the Food Administration. Salaries paid by the Shipping Board are much higher than those paid in the State Department, and salaries paid by the Railroad Administration are much higher than those paid by the Department of Commerce.

"These inequalities are by no means the product of the war, for the fact is that not since way back in the fifties has even an attempt been made to reclassify clerical help. Then Congress passed a law establishing four grades, with different salaries aside from the grades, beginning at about $900. But after that for years there was no Civil Service Commission and no effort at standardization between departments, for want of any central administrative agency, and all kinds of arrangements were made.

"Very often in order to secure an increase for someone the title of a man or woman was changed. Sometimes a lump sum was appropriated for a designated group of workers. All kinds of subterfuges, in fact, have been resorted to, until the situation as a whole is chaotic past words. There are no standards, really.

"We have been for months trying to make a complete study of the situation and of the jobs, in order to make adequate classifications, so that in all cases men and women doing the same work shall receive the same pay, so that avenues to promotion shall be opened, so that superannuates—of whom there are more than seven thousand in the Washington departments, many of whom have to be helped to their chairs—shall be retired, as in many corporations, on pensions, paid to them for the meritorious service they have rendered Uncle Sam.

"Another cause of discontent and retardation of work in the departments has been the knack Congress has of placing restrictions upon the freedom of Federal employees to move from one bureau or department to another, and from one office, in some cases, to another office in the same bureau or department. The result has been that faithful men and women have been caught in departments where pay is low and promotion slow. Like birds in a cage they aren't able to get out without losing their status in the Civil Service. The result is often bitter complaint that is perfectly justified; or all manner of subterfuges by which workers seek their freedom. To illustrate: In the War Department the adjutant general found difficulty inducing clerks and stenographers to come to it, since the desirable positions were held by commissioned officers. The result was that initial salaries in the adjutant general's office were put a little high; then Congress slipped through a rider on an appropriation bill providing that no one could be transferred from one department to another without permission of his chief until he had served there three years. This was done during the war, and the rule still prevails. You can see what that rule meant to workers in the office of the adjutant general when the war broke out, and new bureaus were formed by the half dozen, not only in the War Department but all along the line, and all of them, in order to get workers at all, had to set salaries higher than those where they were employed.

"Clerks in the various departments generally saw, in the establishment of the new bureaus, the chance they had waited for for years.

"But at once Congress thwarted their transfers by tacking another rider on another appropriation bill providing that no employee could be transferred from one department to another with an increase in salary. Clearly that was unjust to the workers, for many who had served the Government for decades in the hope of getting better salaries or promotion saw young and inexperienced girls brought into the service at salaries much higher than they themselves received. They knew then that they were losing the one chance they had waited for, and it was hard to tell if they ever would have another.

"Worse still, from the point of view of the Government, this policy accounted for much inefficiency during the war. Instead of doing as corporations do, especially when help is exceedingly scarce, there was no central agency to take from well-established bureaus or departments a nucleus of workers round whom new bureaus could be built. Instead, the new bureaus went into the street, as the War Risk Bureau notoriously had to do, and with steadily lowered standards got all manner of workers wholly untrained in the technic of government procedure; and, of course, the Government has its technic exactly as any corporation has.

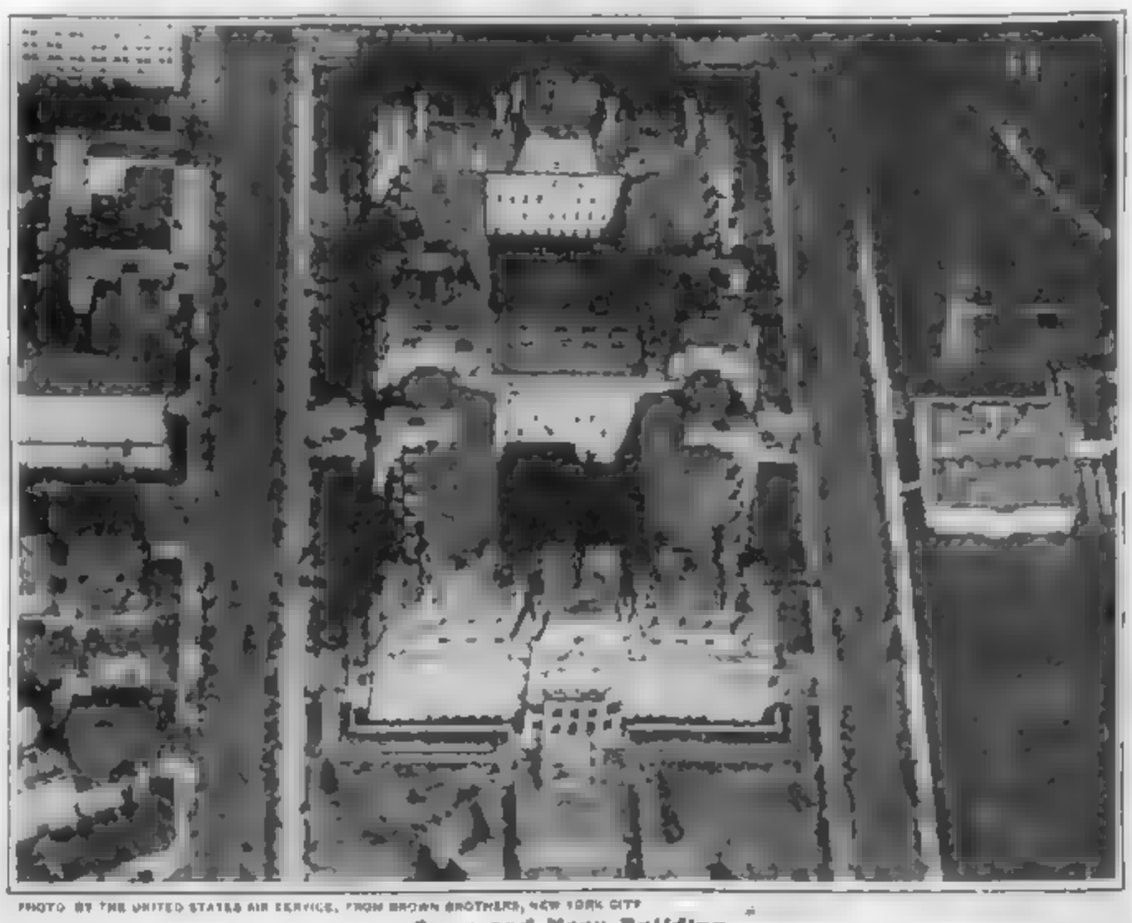

PHOTO BY THE UNITED STATES AIR SERVICE, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Army and Navy Building

"The result was needless confusion and in some instances relative or complete disaster. Worse still, in the instances where experienced, competent, faithful old employees were transferred to the new bureaus, you had the unprecedented situation of their receiving less usually and certainly in no instances more than they received before, which implies that they received less than the new and untrained workers about them. From every approach, thus, a premium was put on inexperience, inefficiency, poor work.

"Then, again, there is not in the Washington departments any clear-cut and defined rule for advancement. The rule of seniority does not obtain—in scores of instances new workers are brought into a bureau, to be put into the places which old workers had sought for years to fill. Nor does the rule of merit always obtain. Clearly a clerk should not be given an increase in pay or other advancement merely because he has a strong constitution and can outlive the others about him; and clearly every premium should be put on merit and endeavor. The modern theory is that a job well done is worth a certain amount, but no more than a certain amount, and that the young man or woman who goes to work starts at a minimum salary which is steadily increased until he reaches the maximum or qualifies for a better position; that he shall be given his chance to demonstrate himself in different directions until he is placed to the best advantage to himself and his employer, and that, above all else, as surely as initiative is the most precious gift of all, he should never be deadlocked.

Problems of Personnel

"It was resentment against deadlocks as well as against inadequate salaries that led the scientists in the Federal service in Washington to form an organization two years ago, which is steadily growing, and before that encouraged the remarkable growth of Local Number Two of the National Federation of Federal Employees, which local has approximately 40,000 members in Washington and is said to be the largest local in the world. Luther C. Steward, the president of the National Federation, contends, and one must agree with him, that no employee paid with taxpayers' funds should receive more, nor less, than he is worth, and that there is no justification in the world for one person in one organization receiving only half as much as another is receiving for doing precisely the same kind of work.

"The Government should, of course, put a premium on ability by encouraging employees seeking promotion. To that end it should break down the barriers between departments and between bureaus so that promotion should first be intradepartmental and then interdepartmental. In other words, if an employee cannot satisfy his ambitions in one bureau, one department, he not only should be permitted but he should be encouraged to try another. Conversely, if a bureau chief or a department head cannot find the individual he needs in his province he should be permitted and encouraged to look farther. In this way, especially if there were a central agency charged with creating and stimulating efficiency all along the line, the right job and the right man would find one another.

"Then there should be a Federal training school to encourage and equip men and women for Federal work, since there are many phases of it that cannot be learned anywhere else in the world. I can illustrate that need in the case of a young man employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose work requires technical training generally. This young man had experience in a railroad office, passed the civil-service examinations, while with the commission studied law and passed the bar examinations, then the examinations to be an attorney for the commission, where he proved to be so effective that the commission has sought such specially trained men ever since in preference to others.

"Altogether, the personnel problem of the Government is little different, except in size, from that of a great corporation. I believe, therefore, that the recommendations that this commission will soon make to Congress not only will look to reclassification of all Federal employees in Washington, and probably in the country at large; adjustment of salary conditions and

(Concluded on Page 110)

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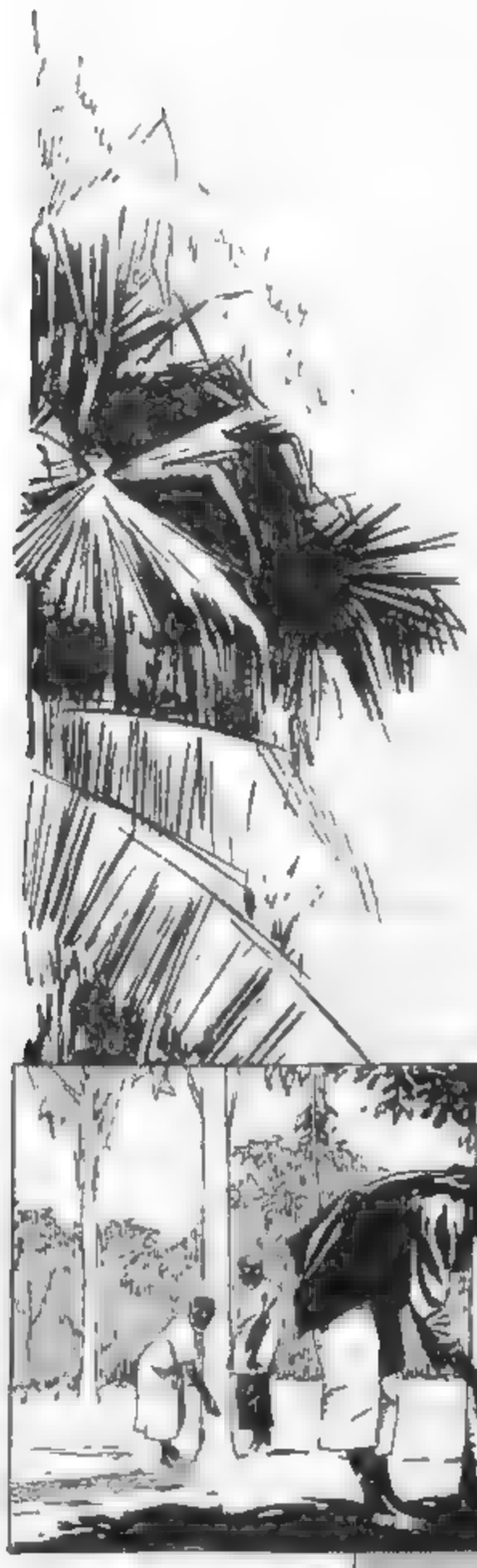

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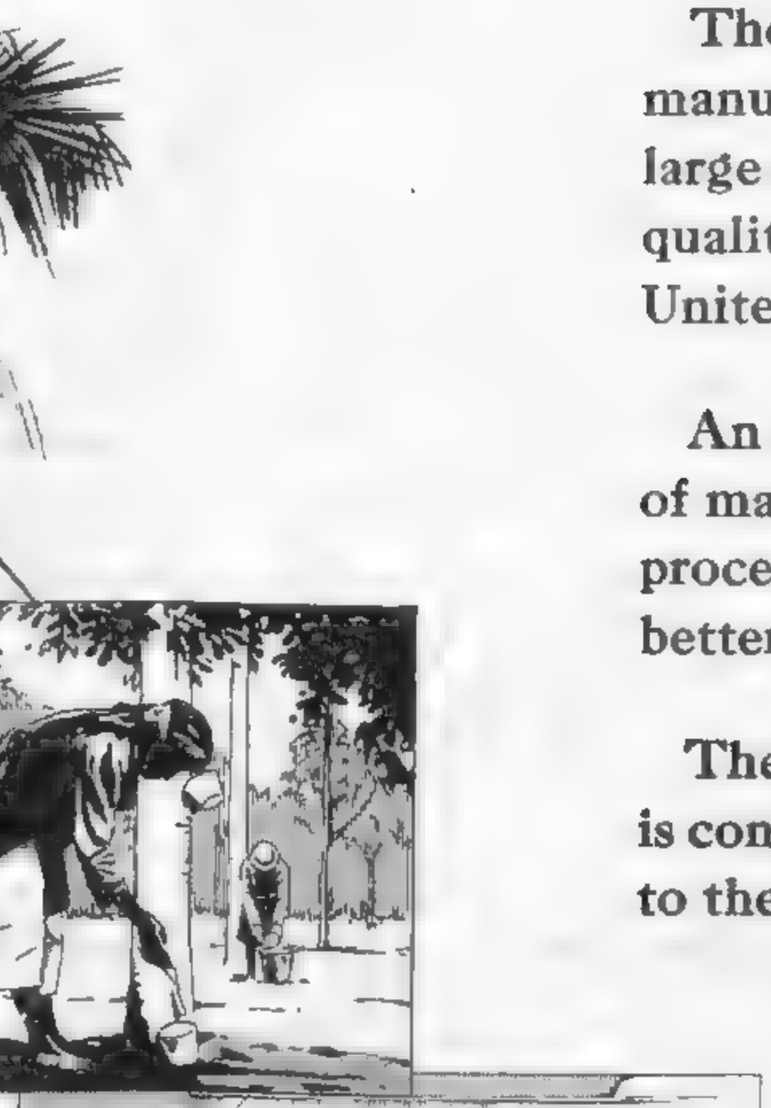

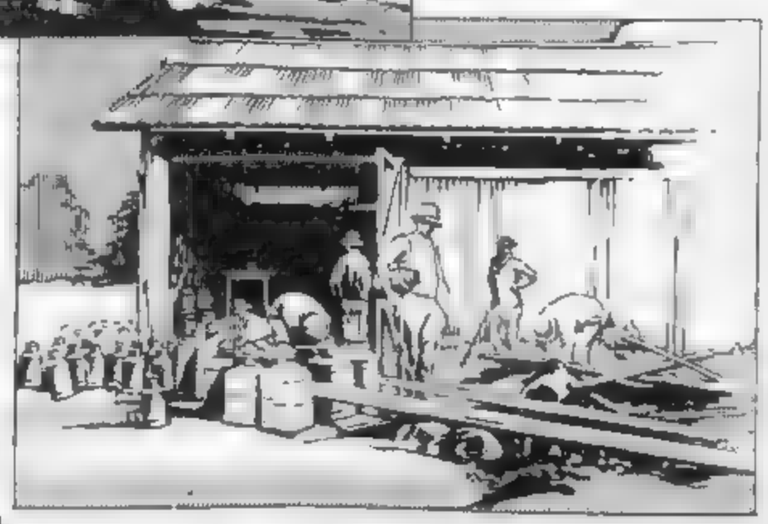

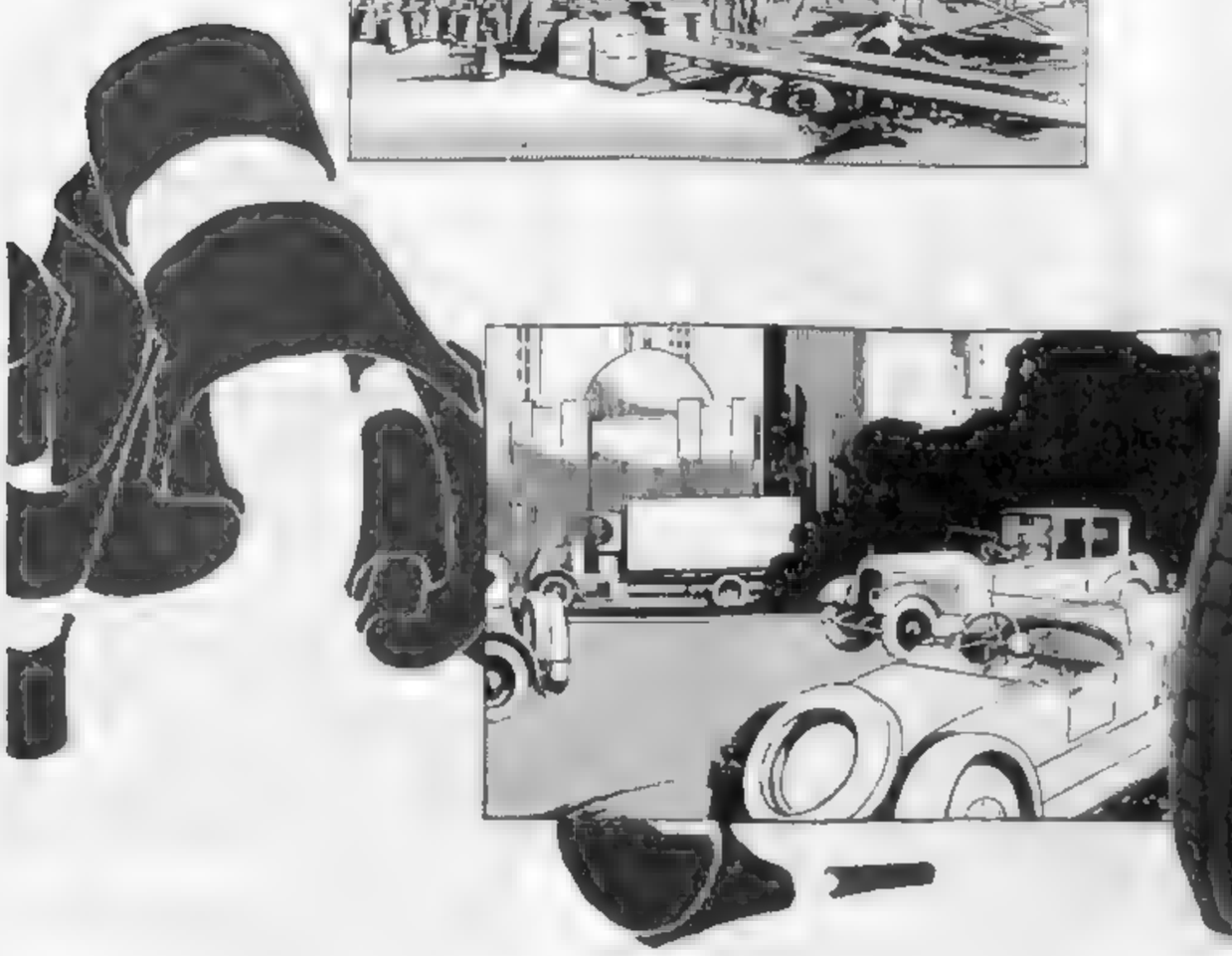

United States Tires are Good Tires

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provision for a living wage—on the theory that if a man or woman is worth employing at all he or she is worth a living wage—and automatic advancement, but provisions such that when an employee reaches the maximum of one grade he can advance still higher by changing the character of his work. In addition to these provisions it is my personal opinion that the following administrative provisions should be made:

"The establishment of a centralized employment agency, such as corporations have, so that there can be uniformity in hiring.

"A plan, such as efficient corporations have, by which incompetents are dropped promptly instead of being shifted, as is now very often the case, from one bureau or department to another; there would thus be uniformity in firing.

"Superannuates should be honorably discharged on pensions after a specified number of years of service.

"These three provisions would open wide the doors of opportunity to the earnest and ambitious employee, who should be reminded continuously that he can go higher if he works hard and efficiently.

"Then, as a fourth provision, clearly there should be, there must be, if reclassification of employees and salaries is to be of any enduring good, a central administrative organization continuously engaged in administering the new classification. This body must see to it that employees who are on the rolls under certain titles are actually performing the class of work that goes with certain titles. We shall divide all the jobs into classes, and all the jobs in a class will be positions which demand approximately the same duties, carry the same responsibilities and have the same reward. The only difference in reward will be a slight increase granted automatically through a certain number of years for efficient service. If the law is properly enforced by a central administrative agency the department or bureau chief who attempts to evade the law will, of course, be called to account by this body.

"This body established to enforce classification should be a court of last appeal. But there is no reason for or any possibility of its passing on all questions of favoritism or grievance in the bureaus and departments. Many such questions can be settled, as in a few of the bureaus they have in the past been settled, with a great increase in organization efficiency, by organization committees. I do not mean mere grievance committees or welfare committees; I mean, rather, office or bureau or departmental committees, on which employees, by their own vote or by nomination of their chief, shall have proper representation with the administrative forces. These committees should be encouraged, as for instance in one of the most progressive bureaus in the Department of Agriculture they have with excellent results been encouraged, to hear and pass on the many minor grievances that arise, with ultimate appeal to the central body charged with enforcing classification. The mere fact that an employee could appeal against favoritism or other injustice to his local court, and if necessary go higher, would challenge and arrest discrimination. But even more important, such committees can, as one of them most effectually has in the case of the bureau referred to, serve in innumerable ways to make the organization more efficient and more progressive and at the same time serve to give employees the satisfaction of self-expression and a direct interest in organization efficiency, while at the same time greatly relieving a central administrative body from all but the most important problems."

Mr. Good's Ideas

Congressman Good, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations and of the Select Committee on the Budget and author of the bill to provide a national budget and an independent audit of government accounts, believes that not only should matters of personnel and employment be centralized but he sees no reason why, though there is no provision made therefor in the so-called Budget Bill, such matters should not be administered by the Bureau of the Budget or a designated part of it. He insists, in fact, that to place administration of personnel under any other agency or to give it separate entity is clearly to do again exactly what the Bureau of the Budget is in part intended to do—to avoid duplication of plan and function. He pleads for centralization and refinement of functions rather than more duplication and conflict.

The need of eliminating duplication is imperative, he insists, pointing out that there is no conclusive reason under heaven why, during the last fiscal year, for instance, ten different bureaus have collected statistical data about coal consumption, six of which printed their findings; why six bureaus gathered and compiled information about coal exports, three of which published their findings; why nine different Federal agencies, working almost side by side, gathered statistical information about prices, seven of which published their findings; why eight different organizations gathered, as if each were a country unto itself, information about production, and in each case the information if not altogether similar was substantially so. He points out that ten different bureaus collected information about meat, and eight published their findings; and four of the eight were in the Department of Agriculture; that eight different bureaus gathered information on so humble a product as cheese, six publishing their reports; that six bureaus gathered information about the price of cheese, and five published their findings. He sees no reason in the world why, instead of all these various yet similar activities by bureaus existing in the self-same city, along with innumerable other duplications similar in kind, cannot be centralized, in the first place, to the end that millions of dollars might be saved; in the second place, for the convenience of those who want to make use of the information; in the third place, to the end that instead of having, say, ten reports appearing at the end of a year there might be one complete report appearing, say, once a month.

Costly Duplications

He adds, also, that one such monthly report would be of such real value to everyone that without question business men would gladly lend their coöperation, and if necessary Congress could by law compel them, so that the cost of making one frequent and really useful report at frequent intervals could be rigorously reduced to a minimum.

Likewise, he finds another potent argument against duplication in the manner in which during the war—when, by the way, the War Department began by having about 300 separate and in many instances competing purchasing agencies—when the cables at best were cluttered with vitally important messages, three or four agents, sometimes more, from different bureaus or departments, carried on, sometimes in the same country, sometimes even in the same city, without communication with one another, expensive investigations, each sending home to his bureau or department long cabled messages frequently carrying precisely the same information.

"All such duplications," Mr. Good insists, "are inevitable unless there is a central administrative agency to control them, when an organization is as great and as complicated as that of the Government in Washington. Efficiency implies such regulation, such continuous adjustment of plans and personnel. And as I see the situation the Bureau of the Budget is to be the big planning bureau. It must plan and carry out a Federal policy. It must make all the estimates for appropriations. It ought logically to have control and be able to direct the whole machine; otherwise, clearly it can work to no effective end. At its head, in other words, must be the architect of the whole structure, who with his associates directs the building year after year, and if he is not a man with sufficient vision he is not the man for the place. He must make and perfect his own plans and provide his own personnel.

"Congress will create his organization, I trust, and give him the right of way. In the Budget Bill we do not tie the hands of the President in a single particular. We make him, the President, responsible for the budget and give him the machinery by which he can discharge his responsibility. We give him unlimited power. It must necessarily be so, because if we throw round him a plan that is not workable the President could say his hands had been tied by Congress. In the bill, therefore, we let him prepare his own plan. It is specified, however, that certain information must be contained in the budget when it is sent to Congress, such as a plain statement of our national resources, liabilities and appropriation needs; and certainly no one can ever complain that Congress, which is charged by the Constitution with responsibility for appropriations, has circumscribed the duties or the prerogatives of the President unjustifiedly in this regard.

"It is then for the President's organization to arrange the various bureaus and departments and other entities so that there will be no duplication. He can reduce overlapping to a minimum. He can see to it that any information necessary for the Government to have to function in a proper and efficient way can be collected and standardized, gathered at minimum cost, used in an efficient way. The plan after all must be his plan. And, in fact, I do not see how Congress could at this time provide for every detail of a plan that the President would be willing to adopt. That plan likely must be arrived at through discussion by the President and his advisers; it will have to be an evolution and be worked out gradually. And clearly if the President and his Bureau of the Budget find that there are chemists, say, or accountants, in one department or bureau of the same qualifications as those in another department or bureau doing the same work, the President would have authority to adjust conditions uniformly; in fact, he would fall far short of his duty if he did not rearrange salaries, or, if the salaries are fixed by statute, suggest to Congress requisite changes in the law. Certainly many such iniquities or inequalities have grown up in a system that is so unbusinesslike and unscientific that it can only be compared with the family of a man who gives every member a check book with authority to draw checks at will.

"As things now are, here's a department or bureau anxious to grow and develop, the bureau chiefs are proud of their attainments and are anxious to promote meritorious employees, to increase salaries that are not a living wage, and to do other things that corporation heads and other organization heads well know make for efficiency. The estimates for appropriations for such a bureau go to one committee in Congress. The committee may be very liberal, having—as the Committee on Agriculture has, say—only one department to appropriate for. But here's another bureau or department where a similar class of work is done, but its estimates go to a committee that has to do with a great many bureaus and departments. The committee has no standards by which to judge those estimates; it cannot in the nature of things be fully conversant with the endeavors and aims of scores of bureaus, and all manner of inequalities and injustices result. There is no central check on wages and plans, there is no logical allocation of bureaus in departments—usually the bureau has been placed in the department which has first or most insistently advocated the establishment of a new bureau. In short, as soon as you analyze the situation the need, the imperative need, of a central administrative bureau is evident."

Mr. Taft's Testimony

The manifold effectiveness of such a central Bureau of the Budget or similar administrative bureau has been demonstrated in so many directions, in organizations large and small, from the family to the corporation reaching round the world, and the need of such an organization in Washington is so very clear that there is absolutely not one sound argument against the fulfillment of the need.

Senator Medill McCormick, chairman of the Special Committee of the Senate on Budgetary Reform, adds that the United States is practically the only country in the world which has gone along without taking into account the relationship between money raised and money expended.

"No business," he insists, "however large or small, could be conducted successfully along such lines. Personally," he concludes, "I believe in a budget plan with full responsibility on the President"—one happy result of which plan, by the way, would be the end of all manner of intermediate conjecture and conflict and a very desirable elevation in public estimation of Congress, which could, once rid of a thousand and one matters of detail now thrust upon it through want of efficient plan, devote itself—as, for instance, the British Parliament is able to do—to matters of larger moment.

Mr. Taft, also, puts great reliance upon an effective budget plan and is entirely agreed that the burden of its efficiency should rest on the President.

"I tried my hand," he says, "when I was President, without any budget plan, upon the total estimates. I had them all brought before me before they were sent to the Secretary of the Treasury and before they went into the hopper over which I had no control. I just read the riot act to the heads of the departments. I said: 'You've got to cut down, because this total is too large.' I cut the total probably $150,000,000. I thought that was the method of reform, but I survived long enough to find out that was a mistake."

Likewise the remarks of Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, which state is only one of many that are far in advance of the Federal Government administratively, are conclusively in point.

"Our service," he says, "has been vastly improved by the adoption of a budget plan. We were able to abolish 125 boards and commissions and turn their functions over to nine departments. No such thing had been possible before. Then, if a governor worked twenty-four hours a day it was not possible for him to know what was going on or what was being done by those 125 separate agencies. By having them properly organized into nine departments, with the heads of those departments in office in the capitol building where the governor can be in daily touch with them, whenever a question rises decision can be made at once, and the whole executive machine is made more pliable, more economical, vastly more efficient."

A Matter of Morale

And, after all, efficiency is concerned with principles and their application to specific problems of plan, of personnel, of morale. All large employers know that considerable groups of workers are apt to be overborne by a faulty plan and by inertia, which, like a disease, is catching. Employers recognize this fact as axiomatic, and proceed, when necessary, to its cure. Thus, to illustrate: When a few years back the United States Steel Corporation added to its subsidiaries one that was so flat on its back that the heights of success looked to it far away, a new manager took hold—took the same plant problem, the same plant, the same plan, the same personnel, even the very secretary of his predecessor, concluded that the whole trouble was as plain as the side of a barn—largely one of morale—and began by word and example to preach about the same evangel as Sir Lynden Macassey, director of British shipyard labor, preached during the war: "There are the three P's—Peace, Pulling-together, Production. They make the fourth—Prosperity, for you, your employers, your country." Then in one year, by just such principles of planning and of employment management as the alert business world employs, results on the credit side began to show.

Principles of plan, of personnel, being principles, are of course not debatable. One principle of modern industrial or commercial science is, incidentally, that any community surrounding and dependent upon any organization for its existence and for its livelihood reflects the prevailing spirit of its central loyalty. Therefore, it is in point here to conjecture that the reason that the city of Washington is so often remarked to lack the push, punch, pep and point of the typical American city is largely the reflection of the spirit prevailing in the bureaus and the departments. The city itself is the child of the government machine.

The Washingtonian, the most overlegislated of all Americans, knows that.

Washington, in short, like the huge machine of which it is a part, is topheavy. It is full of resentment; very tired and weary of it all. It is no wonder, thus, that the Washingtonian seems addicted to procedure.

No wonder that His Excellency, the ambassador quoted at the beginning of this article, remarks that he is concerned to find himself in the most unrepresentative of all the great capitals of the world; no wonder that Democrats and senators, congressmen and Republicans, proponents of and opponents to government ownership all agree that "There is something the matter with Washington."

And the remedies?

"The remedies," say the experts, "are as evident as the side of a barn."

And so the country hopes.

Europe's Fire Losses are One-tenth those of America

One of the reasons for this is that in most European countries the person responsible for fire is penalized or punished for his carelessness.

America has no such laws. The carelessness of a property owner does not release a fire insurance company from its obligation to pay, and the careful man pays a larger premium because of his careless neighbor, and at the same time is constantly endangered by him.

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The Hartford agent in your community will secure for you helpful assistance to fulfill this obligation.

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BRONZE BARS

(Continued from Page 13)

He sighed and went back to his adding machine. He yanked the receipts furiously from the spindle. He glanced over at the dignified ledger and told it bluntly that it looked like a butter tub. When the junior teller came festively up and inquired, "What's eating you? Great short arm jab you got on the machine," Valory said, "Don't be vulgar," which was an entirely new form of repartee in the Palladium cage.

Through the winter Miss Page burst into view at least once a week and conversationally abstracted money from her balance. She observed that she had heard George M. Cohan was going to stage the ride of the Valkyries in a blimp. She confided that the real news of the day wasn't the peace conference, but the fact that since she had grown a bang she could wear a hair net without chopping her forehead in two. She asked his advice about selling a couple of shares of an industrial which she owned. She confessed her limited Manhattan life by snorting about a departing depositor: "What a terrible walking stick that poor dear man is carrying! He must come from out West—Buffalo or some place."

But he realized—he who had listened to confidential people, to boasters and drunkards and the women who weep always—that she talked a great deal about herself without telling anything; that she was more reticent than the merchants who growled "G' mornen'." He never dared, for all his desire to coax her into thrift, to bully her. It was only with whimsical despair that he wailed, "What's this for this time?" when she came in and flippantly drew ten or fifteen or twenty-five.

Twice she said that it was for shoes. Once for an evening petticoat. Once imitation pearls. Once for another hat. And that time he noticed that she already had a new hat—a baskety kind of thing with a white satin facing. He begged her not to waste her money. What on earth did she need a new hat for when she had this triumph?

She remarked: "Do you like it? So glad." She took her money, grinned and departed—flippant, alert, clean, provoking and distracting and gayly aloof.

In July her account was down to seventeen dollars.

And she was not aloof or flippant on the July noon when she entered the bank and, instead of rushing into line, stood back till his window was clear. Her lips were white and tight across her teeth; between her eyes a wrinkle came and went, came and went, while her brows twitched. She rushed to him when he was free, laid her bank book down carefully, begged: "Will you please let me know whether I have any interest coming?"

Normally, interest would have been computed for her at the bookkeeper's window, but Valory himself took the book back, hustled the process through. She had never had the interest entered. While he waited Valory looked down the length of the cage and saw her standing rigid, tapping the counter.

"There is five dollars and eighteen cents," he told her hopefully.

"Oh!" she wailed.

A bulbous, short, pushing man, a prosperous and unlovely person from the garment trades, had fallen in behind Miss Page and was making sounds of haste.

"Is there some place—may I speak to you a moment?" Miss Page begged.

"Certainly. Come down to the Liberty Loan window." To the impatient one Valory suggested: "Would you mind going to the other teller?"

From the Liberty Loan window he looked owlishly, while he ached at hearing her sure quick voice break under doubt, at seeing the stain of sorrow on anything so bright and unscarred. She clutched the edge of the counter with both hands, her thumbs beneath. Valory noticed that her gloves were not so sleek as formerly. There was a distinct darn in one chamois finger.

She was hesitating. "I've heard I'm a ghastly dub about money matters, and I don't own any real estate or anything, but I've heard something about the possibility of borrowing money from banks. Especially if you're a regular customer. And I have been frightfully regular, haven't I? You don't know how hard I've tried to heed your suggestions about saving. But —— I must take out the twenty-two that is coming to me and I should like to borrow fifty more."

"Why—why ——" He could not tell her that her perfect lack of security would not greatly appeal to a conscientious bank examiner. He fenced. "Of course it would be a pleasure, but —— Please let me be frank with you. It's on your behalf. I've ventured to take a good deal of interest in your account. Frankly, why don't you try to get along without this? I know that a—a—well, a pretty girl of your type loves clothes, but honestly—and you are a very honest person—won't you admit that if you go and spend this loan for clothes and hats and stuff, the way you have ——"

"I need this money to send my mother to the hospital. I'll need some more later for the nurse."

"Oh, I'm—I'm—I'm dreadfully sorry. B-but surely you have other funds? It's just that I don't like to see you in debt."

"What makes you think I have other funds?"

"Why, a person who gets all these expensive hats and ——"

She laughed. She said rapidly, looking straight at him: "My dear man, I haven't had a new hat since last October. I haven't had one on my head except this one I'm wearing." She touched it with a tapping finger—and it was another new one, a close-fitting toque blurred with dark blue tulle.

"B-but ——"

"This is the same black beaver I had last fall. Seven times now I've retrimmed it or faced it, and this last time I had to cut the brim off, it was getting so wabbly. Heavens, if I had actually bought a new hat—well, my kind costs shamefully more than the benign ten dollars that I've been optimistically giving you as the price. And I haven't had a pair of shoes since—no matter. My father died and—well, mother and I moved to two rooms, and I deposited the four hundred dollars of family wealth, and got a job in a real-estate office at nine dollars a week. All these frivolous teas at the Ritz I've been drawing money for have been rent and porridge at home. I don't like to whine, but—may I have the fifty now? I—I rather need it."

She drooped suddenly, as though she had been on the witness stand under desperate strain. Her hands feebly flopped down out of sight beneath the counter. She went on with difficulty: "Must I tell all this to the president of the bank or someone, too?"

"No, oh no, I'll take care of it," he assured her. "Please wait here." He turned his back, rushed to a ledger, pretended to examine it while he thought.

The Palladium Savings Bank had a considerably smaller fund for unsecured personal loans to Account 112,761 than it had for the purchase of mouse traps. But Valory wanted her to have the loan more than he had wanted anything in his life. She was his life. In lending to her he was lending to himself, to a larger self than he had ever known. She was the one thing above and beyond making marks in books. And he believed her story.

He'd lend it himself. He had over four thousand dollars saved, and he could think of no use for it so deeply pleasurable as lending it to her.

He made up fifty from his own pocket and furds hastily and severely solicited from the assistant bookkeeper and the junior teller. He brought it back and casually shoved it under the grating, droning: "Do you wish the balance of your account, too, Miss Page?"

"Yes, please. But don't I have to sign something? A note or whatever they call it?"

"Oh, of course, of course. But uh—the personal-loan blanks happen to be out of print. Just write me a personal I. O. U. on the back of a deposit slip that will be perfectly legal."

As she gave him the I. O. U., made out in her trim, smart, nervous script, she murmured: "You have been very kind. I was so afraid I'd have to be catechized about my religion, politics, and favorite filling for éclairs."

Now in his good works and assistance to the poor Valory had been a perfectly pure and noble young man. He hadn't performed them for praise. But when he received the praise it made him hungry. His fingers tightened, his biceps crept across the bone with his shrugging desire to yank the bars apart, come out into the open, seize the hand of this girl whom he had never met without the bronze grille between them. He tried to say something arresting, and wanly stammered: "It's—glad to be able to do anything."

"Damn it, I sound like a scared bus boy," he reflected.

"You have taken care of me. I'm not sure, but I think you're the one person who has kept me going in this world of business. It hasn't been so awfully easy. I was pretty soft. And the absurd pride that made me fib to you—oh, it doesn't matter. Thank you. Good-by."

Two weeks later she returned for another loan—of a hundred—and got it. Valory was not such a hero that he didn't secretly hope she would not keep this up, but his only protest was a suave: "I hope you can soon start saving again."

"Yes, I think I can. I'm not going to borrow to pay the surgeon. I'll pay him two dollars a week. I'm to be raised to eighteen a week before long. I'm learning real estate."

"How did your mother's operation come out? Is she well?"

"I hope so. She was very sweet. I hope she gets the happiness she earned. She died on the operating table."

Miss Page had said it quietly, without tremor, but she turned quickly, was gone.

He was conscious that the bookkeeper and the junior teller were staring at him while he stood at the empty Liberty Loan window. He was conscious that he was shocking them by violating the etiquette of the bank—dreaming while the irritated junior teller had to take care of all the customers. But he did not care that he had become queer to them.

He was stormed and betrayed by an immensity of thoughts. His mind was like scarlet and golden scrolls on a fabric of black velvet. It was like fireworks, red streaks and saffron zigzags and a pattering of colored sparks against a sky of starless jet. And the sable background of his mind was the thought of death. It gave dignity and vastness to what had been a kindly romance. Suddenly he was not a capable young man whose day's grind had been diverted by courtesy to a pretty girl. He perceived thoughts and emotions so large that he could not encompass them. He had in the raw tragedy of Miss Page touched all the terror and glory of life. He had in his sorrow for her lost for a moment his neat propriety and tasted the strong salt savor of danger. He could fight for her now.

While he returned to his window, while he smoothly took in money and glanced at bank books, he was devastated by a thousand thoughts of her. Could he send her flowers? Would they be banal? Weren't there books to give to people in grief? Could he write to her? Only, what could he say? And—where did she live? Cynically, even in the tumult of his adoration, he jibed at himself that he could be certain of one thing—if she moved she'd never remember to change her address at the bank.

After hours he took the subway and, telling himself he wasn't going to do anything of the sort, he went up to West End Avenue. Halfway down the block from Broadway he stopped, stood with his watch in his right hand, his left tapping his chin. This was entirely for the benefit of a group of small boys with two balls and a hoop stick and a dog, assembled on a high stoop. Having tacitly established in the eyes of all whom it might concern the theory that he wasn't really insane, but had recalled an engagement, he turned round, and stalked toward Broadway somewhat more rapidly than he had just come from Broadway.

But he hadn't recalled an engagement. He had asked himself what he would do if he did find that her address was unchanged. What would he say to the maid or to the elevator attendant? That it was a fine day, and he was just asking for exercise? And then turn round and go away? Certainly he could not go up and call on her. Suppose Miss Page was in. Suppose she stared at him and demanded: "Yes, what is it?"

What was it, anyway? What could he say?

Wherefore, keeping clear of West End Avenue, he walked for a hundred blocks, and contented himself with a conversation with Miss Page. She stood before his window at the bank and admitted that he had helped her to bear the heavy hours. He thanked her modestly and explained how near to him were her financial interests ——

"Oh, the devil! That's probably just about the sort of thing I would say," Valory snarled aloud, standing by the rail of the Riverside Drive bridge, glaring at the Fort Lee ferryhouse below, the trucks like beetles, the river and the glowing brown cliffs across. "Why, it's perfectly simple. All I have to do is to come right out and ask her if I may call. I'll do it! Gee—I—hope—I—will! It won't take any more nerve than facing a machine gun or asking the Old Man for a raise!"

She did not appear at the bank for two weeks. Then she stood in line, smiling at him between the shoulders of two men ahead of her, so that Valory gave one customer fifty cents too much and the next three dollars too little, and heard a great deal about it—from the latter customer.

She thrust ten dollars at him. "There's the first payment on the loans."

A slaty lean man with a slaty lean umbrella was behind her, but Valory kept her while he put his lips close to the bars and murmured: "Look here. Aren't you saving too much? With paying the surgeon in installments and all ——"

"No, really. I'm enjoying it. A sort of spiritual adventure, a new power, finding how many things I can do without."

She was slipping away. He snapped at her: "Here now! Wait! There's no need of paying us till you get the surgeon paid. I won't have you. M-miss Page, what did you have for breakfast this morning?"

Her lips widened in two distinct motions of growing friendly amusement till their sharp clean points were overshadowed by rounded wrinkles. "You're worse than a lawyer or a father confessor."

"I want to be. I'm worried about you," he grumbled.

"It's nice of you. But I must do my job." This last she said over her shoulder. Instantly she was hidden by the impatient form of the man with the umbrella, who was piping, in the voice which his umbrella would have had if it had spoken: "Hustle this through, will you?"

Valory thought how pleasant it would be to pop his fingers through the bars and pull the man's nose. He thought it so intently that it was three minutes before he realized that he had not asked Miss Page if he might call. Then it occurred to him that she might have answered: "But why should you?"

What was the answer to that?

He was smothering in the cage. He was at once drowsy and angry. He had to get out of this, to fight somebody. Years might go by while he tried, in moments which he merely caught by the skirts from behind the grille, to impress her as a human being. She probably thought of him as she did of the ticket chopper whom she saw at the subway station every morning, or as she thought of her nail scissors! He pulled at his collar, he clenched his fist, even while he was saying colorlessly to a woman who was looking at him with bored, ignoring impersonality: "Yes, ma'am, seven tens and a five."

After dinner, when he was passing a Forty-second Street theater, he had the most curious psychic experience of his life. He was suddenly sure that Miss Page was in there in the audience. Her presence came out to him, penetrating curtains and walls as a fire shines through a dark and plaited hedge. He quietly asked the box office for a seat in the front row of the balcony—and did not get it. He stalked a speculator to the corner of Seventh Avenue, was shown into the back room of a shoe-shining hall of mirrors, and got his ticket for two dollars more than the marked price. He paid it stoically. But when he flopped into his seat, the pit dim beneath him, he was trembling. He heard nothing of the first act. The instant the lights went up he was bending over the rail, hastily glancing along row on row. Then he examined all of the balcony; made himself a little conspicuous—he who hated conspicuousness—by leaning out to look up at the first row of the gallery.

Gradually, incredulously, he owned that he could not see her. His remarkable psychic revelation had been plain and simple madness.

He grouchily turned his attention to the play. Fortunately it was an easy piece to

(Concluded on Page 118)

"Whatever you do—eat Krumbles" W. K. Kellogg

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Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

(Concluded from Page 112)

follow. It belonged to the great New York school of drama. No remarkable intelligence was required to watch the pleasant round gentleman with the bald head pop under beds and into box couches. Valory betrayed the fact that for all his admirable appearance of maturity and trustworthiness in the bank, he was still young. When he caught himself laughing he stopped, and with all the beautiful plaintiveness of a Freshman he reproached: "You're a fine lover, you are! Laughing at a cheap farce like this!"

Walking to his room near Gramercy Park, Valory longed for the noisy absurdity of the farce. The city, his city, which he had found a diverting background, was lean, grim, gray. The street was an echoing emptiness, a trap lined with ambushes.

He sullenly got ready for bed in his still room. He poked contemptuously at the special editions on his center table—the big book on decorative textiles, with colored plates; the handsome souvenir of the hundredth anniversary of the Fort Vincent National Bank. Till to-night he had admired the air they gave his room. They had lifted the curse of the landlady's blotchy lithographs. Sleepily he wondered why they now seemed so depressing.

The instant he had turned out the light and somersaulted into bed he was flamingly awake.

"Now I know," he worried. "Those books aren't human. There's nothing human about me. The bookkeeper, with his family and his flivver in Yonkers, he's not much of an accountant, but oh, he's living! And I! The years sneak in on me. I'll be bald before I know it. Death will come—before I ever live."

Frightened, he watched the darkness kindle and glow and revolve in dizzy whorls. He folded his pillow four different ways. He tucked it over his head. He furiously slapped the flap of it out of his eyes, slammed it on the floor. He turned over and over, and tried to lie quiet, and gave it up.

He sought to defend himself: "I'm a good banker. And I've helped a lot of people to build up accounts. I've been honest with them. But—no, it isn't enough. I haven't gambled with life. I've never gone to any man or woman and said: 'Here's my heart and soul and honor. Take them and kick them—or make me happy.'"

Then: "Hang it, lying here worrying like a schoolboy!"

He burst from bed, swiftly dressed himself, let himself out of the lower hall, strode to an all-night lunch room on Fourth Avenue. He ate two bowls of crackers and milk, and ardently discussed prize fighting with two men in overalls. He knew nothing whatever about prize fighting, and the men in overalls were not particularly interesting persons, but Valory coaxed them, flattered them, listened to them, tried to keep them, tried to postpone the hour when he should again be dismayingly alone. But they deserted him. He sought to continue the conversation with the cook, but the lord of the night lunch was contemptuous of late conversationalists. So Valory sat silent in a light yellow oak chair, with a broad arm used as table, while he smoked and stared at an electric fan, a collection of miniature boxes of breakfast food on a marble shelf, a huge bowl of crumbly loaves of sugar, and a sign insinuating: "Try our special Denver sandwich on toast, 20c."

When the cook began to look belligerent behind a pile of sandwiches in oiled paper, Valory rose in a genteel and disarming manner, said that it was a damp night, and went away. But as he came out on the street he found himself happy. Without having known that he was thinking about it he had thought out his problem. He had admitted that he was frankly in love with Marcella Page. He had decided that he was not going to stay back of the bars and let her slip away. He knew now, with a certainty quite different from his previous bravado in imaginary addresses, that he was going to ask her to let him call.

He felt extremely heroic and competent.

The next morning he said to the junior teller, "Son, aren't you ever going to get a new zero key in your adding machine?" and he said it so masterfully that the other teller was impressed, and sighed: "You're right. I've got to 'tend to that."

Only—Miss Page did not come that day. Nor did he see her for two and a half weeks. And after the two and a half weeks his vacation time arrived, and he reluctantly left for New Hampshire. He thought about her through a fortnight of fishing and apple sauce. He came to know her and to know himself.

On the Monday of his return he entered the bank briskly. The junior teller gaped at him, and the bookkeeper rushed over to grunt: "Say, the president wants to see you. Bad! What the deuce you been doing?"

"Doing?"

"Them was the word I denunciated."

"Don't know what you mean."

"Well, I don't know what's up, but the Old Man comes in here roaring like a World's Series after a three-bagger and wants to know your vacation address, and then he says: 'No, I'll wait till he comes back, but by the gods ——' Oh, he was sore as a crab!"

Ten minutes later the junior teller informed him: "Say, the president wants to see you about something."

Ten minutes after that the porter-guard whispered through the bars: "Say, Mr. Valory, the Old Man was peeved at you for something while you was away. Don't know what it was."

The president came in at half past ten. As he passed Valory's window he glared. But not for half an hour did he summon Valory to his desk, behind the railing at the back of the bank. Then, with booming mock courtesy, he begged: "Do have a chair. I want to have a conference with you. It's a pleasure to know that we have a financial genius and an intellectual giant in this humble institution."

"I don't quite get you, sir "

"Ye don't, heh? You will! But first perhaps you'd like to give me a little advice about some investment that I might make a million out of. I have no doubt you're an expert on Pretty Polly Oil Stock and that class of sound ventures. Or do you confine your genius as an innovator to banking methods?"

"I'm sorry, chief, but I don't understand."

"Ye don't, heh? Then will you kindly tell me since when savings banks in the sovereign commonwealth of New York have been permitted to invest in the unsecured personal notes of pretty girls?"

"Oh! Oh, that. Well, of course that wasn't ——"

"Don't tell me what it wa'n't. I know what it wa'n't. In all my years of banking, since I started in sweeping floors in a bank upstate, I've never had such a scene. Here comes her Royal Highness, and she wants to see the Honorable Mr. Valory and oh, no, the other boys wouldn't do at all, she must see me if the great Mr. Valory wa'n't home. And she looks me over —— Well now, without prejudice, I must admit that I haven't felt comfortable in these congress shoes since the day she looked them over. Well, she allows she'll take out another loan for fifty, and this would be the last. I didn't seem to catch the idee, and she condescended to explain that the bank, through our Mr. Valory, had loaned her a hundred and fifty dollars. Oh, no, certainly not; 'twa'n't a personal loan by Mr. Valory. The idee! I tried to explain the law of savings-bank investments, but she wouldn't listen. Now was she crazy, or was I, or are you?"

Valory explained.

"Well," the president puffed, "it's beyond me. Of course, it's a case for a commission in lunacy, and we certainly will have it understood that it's never to happen again. Cat's sake, think of what would happen if every loafer in town learned we were making personal loans to everybody that cared to come in and apply! But still, I don't suppose it was criminal. Hm. Curious. Sort of the opposite of embezzlement—giving funds to the bank. You don't care to buy us a new tile floor too, do you? Well, one good thing—I'm glad to learn you're making so much money you can throw it away. That means you won't ever need another raise."

Valory looked coldly upon his chief. For once, with Miss Page behind him, he was not embarrassed by the ancient roarer.

"On the contrary, it means that I'll need one right now to keep up the good work. I want to stay here, but I found a wonderful location for a country bank in New Hampshire ——"

"Then ye better take it, I guess!"

"No, sir, it isn't that, but—I may get married."

"Oh, well, I'll talk to the directors. Mind you, though, don't go getting false notions. I'm not saying but that I may advise them against it. New bank! Huh! Absurd. Leaving a sound, conservative institution like —— If you must get ideas and notions, why don't you try to work out some schemes to get a little new business for us?"

"Have."

"Oh, ye have, heh? Since when?"

Valory's new schemes had been conceived and developed during the time the president had taken in sneering "Since when?" and patting his whiskers as though he were congratulating them on having said it. But it was in the authoritative manner of one who has revolved his problem for years that Valory whipped out: "How about sending a man round to the biggest offices near here on pay day? And maybe some East River factories? To accept deposits on the spot? Lots of clerks would put in something every week if they didn't have to take the trouble of going to the bank."

"Huh. Well, it might be worth thinking of. We'll talk about it."

Valory paraded back to the cage. Twice during the day the junior teller was distinctly polite to him, and once the assistant bookkeeper asked his advice about writing movie scenarios. He became agreeably superior, and he thought up sixteen distinct ways of promoting the Palladium Bank. But at two-thirty-three his new dignity collapsed into gasping apologies. For at that time he looked up from counting bills to discover Miss Page standing at his window, glowering.

"I want to see you alone," she said impolitely.

"What was it?" he begged.

"Alone and at once, if I may, please."

"Y-yes. Please come this way."

While the junior teller, the accounting department, the president, the treasurer, the porter and two depositors watched his feeble progress, he got through the cage—his knees perfectly worthless for walking—and led her back to the directors' room. In his nervous progress he wanted to turn back to look at her, but he kept on.

The directors' room was dim—and he wanted to see! He yanked up a shade and light so thick with dust that it glistened like honey crept across the long rosewood table, the cobalt blue of the carpet, the deep crimson and black and rusty brown in the portraits of ex-presidents of the bank. He turned toward her and for the first time he saw her without bronze bars between them. She was more slight and tired than, in the spell of her frivolity, he had ever realized.

She was staring at him in turn. For a second a smile rose to the surface of her anger. But it sank, and she flung at him:

"I couldn't make much out of the explanations of your fussy old president, but I've finally thought it out. The loans you made me were personal loans advanced by yourself."

"Yes."

"Why did you do it? I'm not a charity patient."

"Why shouldn't I? I'd have charged you the same percentage as the bank would."

"But it makes me furious to have been treated like a child, fooled, teased ——"

He sat on the edge of the directors' table, looking at her in the ooze of thick sunshine, amid the richness of tapestries and dark wood. He said casually: "I never realized you wore pumps. I never could see from the cage. When you turned away I could only see your heels."

"For that matter, my dear man, I never realized you wore shoes at all. I'm relieved to find that you have legs too. I thought you were a statue bust."

"I'm not. I'm practically human. But I will admit that taking care of you is the first amusing thing I've done in years. I don't apologize for having fooled you. In fact, I'm going to continue it. You will be sick of this city struggle in less than a year. You're not trained for it. You need care."

"But"—angrily—"does it occur to you that I may already have a number of charming young males desirous of caring for me?"

"No, I sha'n't let it occur to me. Did it ever occur to you that I was a human being? The only trouble with a young woman of your kind—I suppose you're what's called 'a well-bred girl'—your chief fault is that you can't conceive that people you meet in business may function almost like the people whose families you know."

"No, that isn't true. I've wondered about you—as a person—with your funny, dark, sophisticated face, there in the cage, like a poet behind bars."

"Honestly?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Miss Page! Are you engaged to be married? I mean, very fatally and unavoidably engaged?"

"I'm—I really don't see why I should tell you. Please let's return to the business ——"

"Are you? Oh, I know how unimportant I have been to you ——"

"Oh, please, please, please don't bully me! Can't you see I'm trying to be sane? You—you've been only too ridiculously important to me!"

She walked swiftly to him, held out her hand as she went on: "I think you're trying to tell me you like me, and I think I'm glad. You see, the day you gave me the second loan, for a hundred—well, I hadn't eaten but one meal in forty-eight hours, and I was going quietly back home to kill myself if I didn't get the money. You reached out from the bars and gave me back my life."

Then she was in the seat vacuously occupied at directors' meetings by J. Swann Ebenflicker; her face was on her arms, and she was crying, while he shyly stroked her hair.

She raised her head to say furiously: "I never thought I'd fall so low in egotism that I'd be grateful. Thank heaven I'll get over it. In fact, right now let me say that I never have liked your collars."

"Please come out and help me buy some you do like," he said meekly.

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MAD HACK HENDERSON

(Continued from Page 25)

"Look at Dave and me, general! We're a pretty pair to ransom now, ain't we? My hair is red—his is white. I'm good-lookin' we'll admit, but I got freckles all over me like a speckled heifer, while Dave has almost got a harelip. The Army wouldn't ransom us. They wouldn't bother. They'd just mark us two ciphers missing. Our outfit's wagging right along without us already—right along. Fifteen minutes and it's roll call. 'Privates Galloway and Henderson absent and unaccounted for,' says the top. 'Noted,' says the cap. 'Fall out for breakfast,' says the top, and the incident is closed—unless we turn up. In that case we both draw a court."

The general appeared to weigh this argument and to be somewhat impressed by it, whereupon he looked disappointed but brightened up with: "But your mamma? Your papa?" with the accent that way on the last syllable, suggested the thrifty bandit hopefully.

"My pa and ma are sure going to feel mighty bad about me," confessed Hack, "but they're poor. Ransom? Say, in these old H. C. L. days they're keepin' busy ransoming my little brothers and sisters from old Mister Wolf."

Again the general looked disappointed.

"Nop!" urged Hack, taking courage. "You got the wrong pair, general, but you don't need to go to the bother of taking us back. Just turn us loose and we'll be willin' to go back ourselves, and no questions asked."

A curl of scorn came to the proud thin lip. The bland eyes narrowed fiercely and glowed with a bitter hatred that had been cunningly concealed there all the time.

"Loose!" he snarled. "Turn loose! You invade my country! You kill two my men! If your Army—if somebody does not ransom you, we pick out you eyes, we cut off you hands and you feet—then you can walk back, as you say!"

The hard eyes glittered with an ecstasy of cruel joy at the picture of two men walking back across leagues of desert, sightless, footless, handless, and he laughed quite as amusedly as Hack had laughed a few moments before.

"God!" groaned Dave. "My flesh is crawling already, Hack! Talk to him pretty. Don't mad him any more."

"That's the trouble," deduced Hack. "I been talking to him too pretty."

He feigned a frown and manifested a bold spirit.

"Hop to it, partner!" he said, "but if ever you so much as touch a hair of the head of an American soldier you know what that'll get you! They'll hunt you plumb to Panama!"

But the general laughed outright at this—laughed till tears overflowed his eyes.

"Somebody killed two captains down by Carrizal—or was one a lieutenant?—and nothing happened to the killers," taunted the young gallant when he could get his breath.

"What answer you got for that, huh?" murmured the pessimistic Dave.

"I haven't got none," growled Hack. "I'd like, by heck, to know who has."

But the laughter died out of the eyes of the Mexican chieftain. In its place appeared a covetous gleam. He moistened an eager lip and it was plain that greater even than thirst for a blood vengeance was his lust for money.

"The Army will not ransom you? The father and mother will not ransom you? Maybe then you got sweetheart?"

The intimation was unescapable.

"Sweetheart? You bet!" boasted Hack, spirits rising at a piquant memory. "But say, she hasn't got no money at all! She hasn't got shoes on her feet even! But she's some looker," he drooled vainly, "even if she is as poor as dirt and herds her old man's goats. Chona Machado—you know her?"

Perhaps the general started at the name, and perhaps the sight of that egged the doting Hack on to silher vauntings.

"She has got them soft dark eyes that just grab onto your soul like fishhooks. She's got long black eyebrows and there's some peach color on her cheeks that comes out through all her tan, and lips that are red like the red of a California cherry. And teeth? General, you never saw anything white till you saw those teeth of Chona's."

"And does she love you? A gringo?" smiled the general incredulously, artfully.

"Like a world on fire!" boasted Hack. "Say, if she knew ——"

"She shall know!" laughed the general in exulting cadences that suggested the malicious cachinnations of a jackal. "She shall know."

The dark eyes kindled again with the fire of cold cruelty. Hack's face suddenly paled.

"You fool!" growled Dave. "Now you've dragged her into it!"

"I never thought about that," admitted Hack, and trembled from head to foot.

The bandit leader walked over and roused three or four of the sleeping men and appeared to give quick excitable instructions, at the meaning of which the troopers could only guess.

"You done it all right," reproached Dave, "with that darned loose wabbling tongue of yours," as he saw three men making for their horses. "They're going for that girl. They'll bring her here and show you before your own eyes what's coming to a *paisano* skirt that has a gringo for a sweetheart. Lovely people, ain't they?"

Trooper Henderson was depressed and silent, watching moodily the preparations of these three men for instant departure.

"Dave," he muttered presently, "we got to get loose! We got to get horses! We got to get back to old man Machado's wikiup before these dinges get there theirselves."

"Swell chance!" opined Dave. "Do we get any breakfast, I inquire? I smell *frijoles* that's been parked somewhere in those embers ever since we camped and it looks like this *mestizo* here is getting ready to make tortillas. If they would give us anything to eat they'd probably untie our hands to eat it with."

"They would, I reckon. And by the time my hands was free a few minutes my feet'd be accidentally free, and if we could beat a couple of these *hombres* to their rifles ——"

"We had rifles last night."

"Yeh—we did! But it was night and we run into 'em sudden."

But in so far as these two young men entertained any hope that their captors might remember them at breakfast time they were doomed to disappointment. The camp roused, stretched itself, breakfasted, gathered in its mounts and prepared to move, but it gave the prisoners neither food nor drink. The only attention paid to them was when a pair of *paisanos* approached, looked their shoes over, removed them and donned them with grunts of satisfaction.

Yet the band did not move, even though it had been ready since sunup, even to mounting each prisoner barebacked and tying his feet beneath his horse's belly. The young man of the pretty clothes whom Dave had dubbed the picture actor and whom Hack still diplomatically addressed as "general" held his command in *situ*, kept a watchful eye to the northward and from time to time sent an observer to a near-by eminence.

"What's the idea, Hack, you reckon?" speculated Dave, whose bruised face was gradually screwing up to protect his eyes from the increasing sunlight, for both the men had been hatless since the encounter which had resulted in their capture.

"Why, if they're still tied to this notion of a ransom they must have sent word over somehow to the captain and they probably've got pickets out to see what sort of a rise they get—whether it's the old paymaster coming with a jingle in his saddlebags, or whether it's the captain coming with the whole blame troop, Rio Grande or no Rio Grande."

"If it is the troop," moaned Dave, "they'd be pulling a boner, for these pirates would just split our throats and depart."

"I'd feel kind of proud, at that, to think they come after us," said Hack humbly, wistfully.

"Which do you figure?"

Dave could be pessimistic, but he could not be philosophically hopeless.

"I wisht I figured either one, but I don't. Fact is I been thinking about Chona. It wasn't such a sucker play to bring that girl into the game. She's got just Indian enough in her to be cunning. I'm beginning to pin my hopes to her."

Trooper David Galloway groaned.

"They might as well back us up against the wall right now for any faith I've got in that little squaw!"

A snarl broke out of Hack's parched throat.

"Who you calling a squaw?" he demanded. "If I wasn't tied on this cayuse I'd knock you off of that one—if you wasn't tied on."

"Buddy," placated Dave, "I will not take advantage of your hopeless position. I will withdraw the objectionable language. Chona is not a squaw. She is an Indian maiden and her name is Laughing Water."

"She's not all Indian. She ain't even hardly fifty-fifty," argued Hack. "In fact, she's the big half Spanish."

"And the worst half—if you ask me."

"I don't ask you, and there's no worst half to that dusky little queen, I'm telling you. She's smart. She'll be too darned cute for 'em."

"My tongue's getting too thick for conversation," said Dave, by way of getting away from an idea so unpromising that it was distasteful.

"I would give my next furlough for three drops of water," admitted Hack.

A man cantered up and reported something to the general. The general heard him out, waved him back, took position at the head of his small command and led it out of the gulch at that little dog trot at which the *paisano* likes to ride. Sometimes this trot was quickened to a gallop, sometimes it was slowed to a walk; but the movement continued with minor halts till well past noon, when camp was made at a ruined corral with crumbling walls of adobe buildings about and a well at which both man and beast took water thirstily.

When the prisoners were finally untied from their horses each risked a shot by plunging headlong at the tree-hollowed trough in which the horses drank. But instead of shooting, the Mexicans only laughed at their antics as with hands still lashed behind them they plunged their faces into the water, sucked it over swollen tongues into parched throats and occasionally threw their heads back like birds to let the cooling fluid trickle down the outside of their necks as well as inside, but only to bury their faces in the water once more.

"Wait a bit now," commanded Hack when he had drunk one-fourth as much as he wanted and judged that Dave must have done about the same, "or we'll kill our fool selves. They let us drink now; they'll let us drink again after a while."

On arrival at the corral a scrawny steer had run away from the watering trough and it now came hopefully back, but only to meet a rifle shot that brought it down kicking. While some men attacked the carcass with their knives others were making a fire, and presently a Mexican mulligan was concocting in a huge simmering pot that appeared to be all that remained of whatever culinary utensils had once abounded at the place.

"Maybe we eat," said Dave, sitting back upon his heels and sniffing hopefully in the direction of the fire.

But again hope was dissected from their bosoms. The Mexicans were apparently incapable of such charitable intentions toward temporary prisoners who would either be ransomed or executed within the compass of a few hours. If they were ransomed their comrades would feed them; if they were not, what matter a few pangs of hunger more or less? Such, no doubt, the *peon* ratiocination.

The prisoners were not even permitted to lie upon their sides as in the night, but at a terse order from the general were lashed to two of the four well posts. But to accomplish this the hands, bound behind the back till wrists were swollen and shoulders and elbows ached, were untied and lashed straight down beside the bodies. This in itself was some relief, but the effect did not last long. Slowly the sun wheeled westward, its afternoon rays burning into their unprotected faces.

"It's hot—hotter than the hinges of hell," complained Hack.

"I'll say it is!" concurred Dave.

Flies and smaller insects attacked in swarms their battered features. In vain they twisted their necks and distorted their lips, seeking to blast these winged tormentors away with breaths.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Hack. "I'm getting all flyblown."

"Don't mention it!" withered Dave.

"But I'm standing on an ant's nest too," detailed Hack. "They're crawling up my legs! They're biting me! They're eating me alive!"

"What are ants?" inquired Dave pettishly. "There's a yellow jacket setting down on the bridge of my nose."

For another hour the men turned and fidgeted.

"Ain't this hell?" inquired Hack.

"I'll say it is!" concurred Dave, which was two concurrences in two hours, a record for a man like him, who was constitutionally in the objective case.

"*Agua! Agua!*" Hack demanded when a man came to the well and drank.

Dave twisted his neck and looked at Hack critically—pityingly almost. Hack had got a terrible crack on the head with a rifle or pistol butt. His voice sounded strange and queer. It was just possible that the heat and the suffering and the blow were going to old Hack's head a trifle.

"You'll never get it, buddy, asking that-a-way," chided Dave, but chided gently.

"Darned if I'll whine for it!" broke out Hack in his natural voice once more. "I'm a U. S. soldier, I am!"

"That's right too," agreed Dave again with a glance of admiration at his tormented pal. "Let's don't forget that, Hack, no matter what happens!"

"You better believe!" announced Trooper Henderson stoutly, but in a minute he was rather off again, tossing restlessly in his bonds, muttering and then staring excitedly dead in front of him, eyes set on distance. Did he see a dust cloud out there, or did he not? Was it a mirage? He made out plainly as many as four troops of cavalry advancing on a wide front—colors flying, captains at the head of their troops, lieutenants leading their platoons, sergeants and corporals with an eye on their squads—in as perfect a formation as if they were on parade at the cavalry school in Fort Riley. The long line came on at the trot. It lengthened till it filled the whole horizon. Hack's pain-tortured soul had never before caught the full grandeur of the cavalry maneuver.

The horses broke into a gallop. More magnificent still! They moved across the desert with a kind of flowing motion. His vision became marvelously acute. He saw the animals plainly, the play of their shoulder muscles, the sweep of their legs, the nice precision with which they planted their feet. He noted the suppleness of their wonderful riders, the trim of their shoulders, the set of their faces, the lifting of their sabers; and then he saw them quicken their speed from the gallop to the charge. Sabers flashed in air! A chorus of mad yells broke out! They—they were charging charging to rescue him and old Dave here! A sense of great dignity came over Hack—a sense of power and greatness and self-importance. He was the ambassador of a great country—the greatest country in the world. His comrades would come on. They would wrap the Stars and Stripes about him. They would say to these bandits, "Shoot if you dare!"

An ant bit him and he came out of it with a jerk. He was still hanging to the old well post. The dust at which he had been looking was the smoke of the fire. Round it the Mexicans sat in a wide circle sucking bones vociferously.

"Reckon they'll come after us?" inquired Dave, bringing up that subject whereupon he had speculated once before.

"N-n-naw!" said Hack stoutly.

"Down Brownsville way, when a private went across and only after mescal and the spigs grabbed him a young lieutenant swam over and brought him back."

"And the young lieutenant drew a court, too, if you happen to mind."

Dave tossed impatiently in his bonds, making the old well frame rattle.

Hack felt his mind putting slowly out to sea once more, when it was recalled sharply as the camp became suddenly filled with the sound of trotting horses that broke into the gallop preparatory to the usual Mexican flourish in coming to a halt with sliding haunches. But this flourish took place behind the ruined wall where the general having eaten first and off the tenderest morsels of the stew had for some time been wrapped in the unconscious refreshment of his afternoon siesta. Yet Hack and Dave were accorded immediate hint of what went on behind there by the shrill protesting voice of a woman uttering herself in high denunciatory key. This time it was

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Hack's well post that creaked as his wearied body, sagging in its bonds, abruptly straightened up.

"Chona!" he murmured, and stood blinking.

The language in which she spoke was to the troopers the familiar but little-comprehended tongue of Northern Mexico, yet the tone of it, the flood of speech in scalding geyser jets, in phrases that cracked and blistered like the lash of a whip, was perfectly intelligible, and it told of a female spirit rampant, of a woman who refused to be awed or cowed by whatever outrage had been put upon her.

Hack listened with a smile.

"By golly!" he croaked excitedly. "Ain't she giving him down the country?"

They could hear the general's attempted interjections also, at first hot and angry, then growing more and more deprecatory, until at last they were almost apologetic, but Chona's wrath surged on.

"Gosh!" breathed Dave in stupid wonder. "She's getting the picture actor's goat!"

"Goat herding is her profession," chuckled Hack. "Bet she's telling him he better go a little slow shanghaiing two cavalrymen like this," he exulted, and began recklessly to prophesy. "Bet she talks us loose in five minutes! Bet we're setting right over there eating tortillas in ten minutes from now! Bet we're on horseback and started for home inside of half an hour!"

"You got your hope with you, all right!" withered Dave.

Abruptly this colloquy behind the wall ceased and the general hove in sight, escorting Chona. As the two prisoners were prepared to observe, she looked rather than the hapless captive the indignant and offended queen—aye, every inch a queen, though there were not many of the inches! Clothing she wore. It was sufficient but unimportant—sun-scorched, desert-faded, brush-torn stuffs that clung unostentatiously, subdued entirely by the personality of the girl which stood out compellingly. The lithe shapeliness of her figure, the suggestion of quick, animal-like strength, the sway of the hips, the flirt of the coquette in the switch of her shoulders, the feline grace of every movement, the regal head pose and the hot smoldering eyes as she continued to breathe out resentment at the indignities these bandits had put upon her—those were the things of which one took account. Her small bosom heaved violently, while the play of her dilated nostrils told yet more clearly how her proud spirit chafed. She did not call the leader "general" either, but addressed him as Juan and denominated him *renegado*, whereat he laughed superciliously.

"Some little she-devil, I'll say!" declared Dave, who was looking on Hack's lady love for the first time.

"She's a queen!" murmured Hack reverently.

Though the girl was walking straight at the prisoners, her eyes were still upon the general, whose expression after the last change in mood when she called him *renegado* might be described as a landscape of smiling impudence, with thunderheads appearing over the tops of the hills.

"She's riding her high horse too far. That guy's stood about enough," perceived Dave.

"Shut up!" retorted the admiration-blinded Hack. "Can't you see she's got his little nanny and it's bleatin' something frightful?"

But now the girl seemed to become aware of the prisoners and at a dozen paces halted abruptly.

"Aha!" she exclaimed with a little gasp as of satisfaction at seeing the men of this uniform in the hands of her own countrymen; and there was every sign of a quick rising hatred in the steely gaze of the eye and the tightening of the upper lip. She started forward again slowly, but with that feline, resilient stride which suggested the stalking movements of an animal, and her features grew hard, her gaze intense as she drew boldly near to the distance of a yard and peered first into the face of Dave.

"Thees man I nev' saw before," she announced in tones of tense deliberation and in English, as for the prisoner's benefit, though speaking with a pronounced accent. Then she turned to Hack, started, drew back and stared again at the man who peered at her out of a lugubriously disfigured countenance with a look of adoration and wistfulness mingled in his blue eyes. The girl drew herself up straight.

"But thees man"—and her voice rose almost to a shriek—"thees man I know ver' well! Juan," she shrilled, "I mak meestak to be mad weeth you! Thees man"—and she confronted poor Hack once more, face quivering with anger—"thees man one ver' bad *hombre!* He steal my father goat. He mak mud my father water hole! He mak eensult to me weeth hees lofe!"

She screamed out the last indictment like a wild woman and flew into an ungovernable rage. She thrust out a hissing tongue at the hapless trooper, then literally gnashed upon him with her teeth. She slapped him violently first upon one cheek and then upon the other. Finally like an aborigine she spat vindictively in his face and went raging back to the general with "Juan, I could kees you for tak thees man preesoner! You keel heem, Juan! No—you burn heem! Tie to the wall, then mak brush fire at hees foot! You burn heem slow so he can know that he cannot mak eensult with his lofe to the daughter of Jesus Machado!"

Her pose was leopardlike and her eyes, intense, eager, blazing, were fixed in pleading upon the face of the Mexican chief. But the young hidalgo was not to be rushed off his feet. When Chona had begun to rage at the prisoner Juan had looked surprised and then had laughed. When she slapped poor old Hack and spat upon him he had laughed uproariously. Now that she demanded to have him burned, this man whom he held for a precious ransom, he ceased to laugh but smiled patronizingly and chuckled, rolling a cigarette, unyielding but immensely entertained.

"No?" said the girl with sudden change of tempo. "No? You weel not avenge eensult to me? To Chona Machado? Then I will avenge it myself."

Insane with sudden fury, she snatched at the knife in the knot of the general's sash. When he evaded her she turned and leaped for a rifle in the hands of the guard. When they barred her from this she dashed upon Hack with her bare hands, nails hooked like talons.

But the general's patience was exhausted. He had planned an exquisite bit of torture for a pair of lovers and found instead that a gringo soldier had told him a boastful lie, the result of which had been to encumber his camp with a desert termagant who was impossible. Himself he seized the frenzied girl by the wrist and dragged her back, squalling. By his command her horse was brought and the escort who had come in with her flung the girl into the saddle, raging at the general all the while, demanding sometimes in English, sometimes in Mexican, the slow, sure death of Trooper Hack. With two *hombres* practically holding her in the saddle, she was ridden out of the camp, hurling maledictions on Hack to the last, with Juan—after enjoying her baffled rage—finally lifting his hands above his lowered head and shaking them loosely from the wrist as indicating that he considered his camp well rid of an unendurable person.

"Now then, what you got to say?" muttered Dave fiercely.

"Nothin'," said the humbled and astounded Hack.

"And you call her your sweetheart, huh?"

"Gosh!" mumbled Hack thickly with a profound sigh. "Me and her had some few little words night before last, but shucks—I never meant nothing like this!"

"You can't trust 'em, none of 'em regular bobcats," condoled Dave, really feeling sorry for Hack now that a broken heart was added to his other troubles. "But the question is, old-timer, what are we up against next?"

Hack was up against the personal anger of General Juan for one thing.

"Gringo," he said, advancing and staring at Trooper Henderson, "don't lie to me again!"

Then he lifted his hand and slapped Hack first on one cheek and then upon the other, just as Chona had done—but her slaps were only stinging. The general's blows were head rocking and caused little jets of crimson to issue here and there from fractured surfaces upon the prisoner's face. The sight of the starting streams appeared to excite the general still more, but his passion was broken in upon by the sound of hoof beats, and a galloping messenger entered the camp.

Juan listened to this man's report with clouding brow and a nasty drawing away of the corners of the lower lip from his yellow teeth. He uttered two short exclamatory sentences, and lo, half a dozen men leaped at once upon Hack and Dave, loosing their bonds and then literally tearing their uniforms from their bodies. The two pairs of trousers and the two tunics, stained with drippings from their mauled faces, were made into a package. Upon this package Juan fastened some kind of written message. Meanwhile the courier had refreshed himself with food from the pot by the dying fire and exchanged his jaded mount for a rested one. As this man dropped over the rise to the north the sun sank slowly behind the western range.

"The end of a perfect day," groaned Dave.

"That's his second bluff to the captain," speculated Hack, unheeding David's sarcasm and thinking of the messenger. "Instead of sending our ears, the general's sent back our uniforms. Hello, we're going to move!"

The camp was indeed breaking up. The hobbled horses were being gathered in and men were mounting. Wearing their O. D. shirts now as outside garments, reënforced beneath by those thin issue undergarments provided by a thoughtful Government for life upon the border, where it may be hot as Hades at noonday and cold as Baffin Bay at midnight, Hack and Dave, hatless, shoeless and famished, looking like two caricatures of men, were invited once more to bestride their bareback steeds.

"Oh, Lord, but this *caballo's* spine is notchy!" groaned Hack. "It's like riding one of them old alligator saws tooth side up." While he complained his feet were being tied beneath the animal's belly, and as this process went on the two men who had ridden out with Chona returned. It was clear they had gone only a mile or two with her before that indignant young woman decided to consider herself lucky to escape further consideration of the bandits and became tractable enough to consent to strike out alone across the sandy waste to her father's home and his goats.

"Where do we go from here?" peeved Dave, completely gone in pessimism.

He got no answer, but they went—furiously. It appeared that General Juan was in a nasty mood. That message from the outside which had evoked his defiance had also disquieted him.

"The boys are coming out after us, is what I figure," theorized Hack, "and young velvet breeches is riding like Old Nick to get out of reach."

Night had fallen, but presently the moon was up and made their direction clear. It was south-southwest they rode. League after league of the desert was reeled off behind them. Then they were in mountains and at length they stopped—in a deep cañon which the rays of the moon could penetrate but dimly until bright Luna rose higher in the heavens. A faint glimmer in the darkness betrayed the presence of a pool of water and there were the ghostly shadows of walls about, yet half a dozen years of internecine strife had left their mark upon them also and they were but ruined walls.

With entry into this secluded spot a feeling of security seemed to pervade the entire troop. Horses and men were utterly fagged after this long pounding ride of twenty miles or more which had been made through darkness almost without a stop. Men slid from their saddles, slid their saddles from their horses and sank to sleep almost where the saddles fell. There was no pretense even at a guard upon the prisoners. They were merely bound hand and foot with extra care and dumped over like barley sacks. But each was feverish from famine and the small irritation of minor but open and undressed wounds that had been stung and poisoned by the noxious insects of the day. Hence they moaned and muttered in their sleep. Yet the sonorous slumberers all round were undisturbed by mutterings and moanings any more than by that shadowy shape that one-half hour after the camp had stilled appeared in the midst of them and began with slow soft footsteps to be very busy, moving hither and yon among the sleepers, bending low beside each one, searching their bodies over, sometimes even turning them as they drowsed.

Last of all this shadow came to the prisoners—and first of these to Hack. Hack—slumbering restlessly, half in his delirium, which was more pronounced than Dave's, for he had that ringing crack of the rifle butt upon his head to contend with—wakened at the touch to make out a small head and shoulders bending over him.

"*Querido! Querido!*" a voice whispered softly.

For a moment Hack thought that he dreamed, but when he obeyed the impulse to reach up and grasp this figure he found to his surprise that he could do so. His hands were free and their fingers closed upon the shoulders of a woman.

"Chona!" he breathed softly, wonderingly.

"*Querido mío! Querido mío!*" crooned the girl, caressing him softly with her hand and printing tender kisses on his bruised face. "Mak not one so leetle noise."

But Hack, mind still slightly off its balance, could not resist a gloating chuckle.

"You damn she-cat!" he gurgled. "You fooled hell outa me!"

The girl clapped a hand over his lips.

"Sh-h-h! I fool hell outa them too." And she nodded at the stertorous sleepers round, who, unconsciously accustomed now to moanings from the prisoners, were quite undisturbed by these low-voiced murmurings. "Wak you partner!"

Dave, without being aware that his feet and hands had been unbound while he slept, had stretched into the sounder comfort this permitted and slept more deeply. Hack worked him into consciousness and made him understand what had happened.

"Here!" whispered Chona, and hung over the shoulders of each two bandoleers of cartridges so that they crossed upon the breast and looked like the regalia of a colored lodge. "Now tak you guns!"

She thrust into the hands of each a rifle, and they saw that her small breast also was double crossed with cartridge belts and that she, too, bore a rifle.

"Thees way! Hol' my han' and mak not one so leetle noise with your foots," the girl commanded, and led them softly without the circle of the camp, the two stepping warily, and fearful lest in the filtering shadow light some rousing sleeper should discern their escape. But no bandit waked, and the girl conducted them for one hundred yards down the narrow canon, then stopped, and ignoring Dave entirely threw her arms about Hack and looked up with rapture into his face, her head thrown back, her smiling features illumined by the moon.

"You theenk I'm smart some?" she demanded, childishly pleased with her exploit.

"I sure do, queen!" averred Hack proudly.

"I'm smart some more than that yet," she laughed softly. "*Tres caballos allí!*"

She pointed to where the shadows of three tethered horses appeared behind the shelving bank.

"Dog-gone! You brought horses?"

"No, I peek out their horses."

"Gosh, but you are smart!"

"I'm smarter some more than that," shrugged the girl, so happy at Hack's admiration that she could barely refrain from laughing aloud, and produced from behind a rock an old canvas sack and a canteen. The sack contained cold tortillas and meat. The canteen was full. The men sloshed water from it into their mouths and throats and then wolfed down the food.

"I feel like a human being again," admitted Dave.

It was the first word he had spoken.

"But how the hell ——" began Hack, and suddenly his mind was opened to the mystery of it all.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Chona softly. "When my escorts are return I snik back slow. I see Juan break camp; I get the meat and tortillas from what they leave and all night I ride not ver' far behind."

"You can't never tell nothin' about 'em at all," conceded Dave, deeply impressed, looking at Hack but speaking of Chona.

The girl was urging them toward the horses, but Hack's food had gone to his head. He was feeling refreshed and stronger, but his delirium had returned.

"I'm going back and get me a spig," he boasted thickly.

"You darn fool!" exploded Dave.

But Chona marked her lover's wild, strange manner understandingly.

"I'm going back and get their guns—something!" persisted Hack.

A radiant smile lighted Chona's features and drove away concern.

"I'm hid their guns already," she explained. "Their peestol, knife—everything. Not for one month can they find them eef they look all time."

Hack stood a moment dumfounded. "You stripped 'em, little pal?"

"*Seguro!*" answered the girl with a shrug, and again turned toward the horses.

(Concluded on Page 125)

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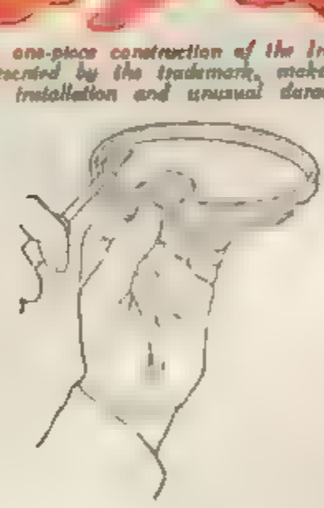

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ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

(Concluded from Page 122)

But Hack still stood, amazement and admiration at and for the girl mingled with self-reproach upon his distraught countenance.

"I didn't get myself loose—a girl did it," he murmured accusingly. "I didn't disarm that bunch—a girl did it! Well, I'm double dod-gasted! Then"—with an air of profound conviction—"I'm going back and herd every darn one of 'em on foot ahead of us like cattle, plumb back to our own outfit."

Dave gazed a moment at that stubborn, deranged expression, then turned and looked at Chona.

"He's gone bug-house! Loco! You sabe?"

Chona nodded comprehension. Anxiously she dragged Hack toward a horse.

"Be darned if I will!" he snapped irritably. "I'm going back and get 'em! It ain't more than forty miles to the border. We can walk 'em in in two days."

"Loco! Plumb loco!" bemoaned Dave.

"*Querido mio! Querido mio!*" crooned the girl, a note of fright in her voice.

Dave laid a coaxing hand upon his comrade's shoulder. "It's been tough, old pal, but we're ——"

Hack flung him off roughly. "I'm a U. S. soldier, I am!" he declared, remembering all his grievances. "They sniped at me, beat me, stripped me, starved me! I'm not goin' sneaking back to our outfit with a story of what happened to me! I'm going under escort, I am, by the men that took me away!"

This was not demented man's talk exactly, but it was under the circumstances a demented idea, for while they had escaped and had mounts and Chona with the unerring Indian instinct would guide them back if no mishap occurred, mishap was liable to occur. Suppose they encountered any one of the roving bands of Carranzista or Villista soldiery which infested the district? The two Americans would put up a fight, but they must in the end fall or be captured, while Chona would fare less fortunately than she had in the camp of Juan.

Yet what could one do under circumstances like this with a brave madman but humor him, or, if the situation be critical enough, obey him? And the situation was critical. Besides, the madman with all his stubbornness was very canny. He did not venture on rousing the camp in the darkness, but daylight found "General" Hack Henderson sitting on his horse in the midst of the sleeping troop, bleary-eyed, muttering but determined. Trooper Dave was also mounted by his side. Chona was nowhere in sight.

With a harsh shout Hack brought the general and his band into wakefulness. There were a rubbing of eyes, a chorus of angry grunts and exclamations of dismay, a hasty reaching for weapons that produced a series of disconcerting discoveries resulting in complete bewilderment, during which state a line of seventeen helpless Mexicans, standing at a distance of three feet from each other, was created in the spot where the camp had been and dressed in column where, at a single unauthorized movement, Hack's rifle could cut the rash person down. Hack might be an unerring shot or he might not be, but nobody, it appeared, cared to make the experiment which would determine this fact; not even Juan, whom Hack had ordered to the rear of the column, nearest to himself.

It was Juan's hands therefore that Dave first bound behind him, making a corking good job of it. Juan protested haughtily, proudly, but unsuccessfully. A general? A hidalgo? Such treatment! It was outrageous! But Dave with sections from their own reatas was moving from man to man, binding as he went.

"And, believe me, I cinched 'em tight!" he declared, coming back to mount again. When from between the animal's ears he saw how helplessly meek this line of captives looked he turned to Hack and conceded: "You ain't so darned loco at that!"

Hack muttered at him angrily out of those narrowed, bloodshot eyes. His face was swollen with bruises and insect bites till it looked like a huge pumpkin with slits in it, and a kind of morseness had come upon him.

For an hour he did not speak, then suddenly blurted, "There's one thing I forgot," and rode along the column deliberately sweeping off every tall hat. To the resulting growl he answered: "You damn *hombres* rode me two days without a hat. Now I'll walk you a couple that way."

All day this column plodded forward slowly—not more than two and one-half miles an hour, but forward. Hack's delirium grew more pronounced. He muttered continually, at times talked wildly, boastfully. But his canniness, his ferocity, never deserted him. With bowed heads and weary legs the prisoners shuffled along and as they shuffled began to moan: "*Agua! Agua!*"

"Water? Blast you!"

Hack rode along the line, taking an ostentatious drink from the upturned gushing canteen Chona's thoughtfulness had provided. "Water! Ha, ha! You rode me twenty-four hours without water! I'll walk you twenty-four without it!"

And Dave, knowing well enough that this insane freak of Hack's exposed them doubly—yes, trebly—to the dangers that infested the way ahead, nevertheless not only stuck loyally by his mad-mullah buddy but obeyed him unquestioningly. One reason for this, however, was that Hack's tactics were excellent. For instance, Chona had not disappeared so completely as it seemed. She was merely scouting on ahead, keeping well out of sight of the marching prisoners, who tramped sullenly with eyes upon the ground. Had one of General Juan's dispatch riders appeared upon that trail it is likely Chona would have dropped into ambush, and she might have let fly a bullet that would have given him something else to think about for a time. But none did appear. This perhaps was because Chona, framed for an instant on a crest where prearrangement had taught the eye of mad Hack Henderson to look, made a human semaphore of herself and was gone. When the column reached in due course this rise Trooper Hack turned his squad of prisoners due northward, off the beaten track, through a crack of the mountains and out upon the flat of the desert.

When night came on Hack ordered a halt and his prisoners dropped in their tracks. General Juan protested bitterly that his feet and hands should be untied.

"You kept mine tied two nights," said Hack. "This is only your first one."

Juan clamored also for food.

"Yeh!" remembered Hack. "You gave me and my buddy a lot of grub, didn't you now?" Before Juan's eyes he and Dave ate the last of that with which Chona had supplied them.

Then while Dave stood guard Hack rode off into the dusk for a trysting with Chona. It seemed that she could make this old desert produce many things. She had water and in an undiscernible crack of the rocks a fire over which a young jack rabbit was broiling. Here she bathed Hack's wounds, cleansed them, squeezed into them the juice of a strange-looking plant that burned like flame, but a flame that presently went out and left a delicious sense of healing behind. Chona had also brewed in a small silver cup that she slung about her neck like an ornament a concoction that she gave him to drink, and when he went back to the prisoners his fever was down, facial swellings had begun to depart and his delirium was almost gone.

But he still clung to his one idea. He made Dave lie down and sleep while he kept guard; yet as he guarded he thought more of Chona, curled up yonder like a fox in the nest her saddle blanket made in the rocks, than he did about getting back to his outfit. When half the night was gone—and he determined this by his own watch which Dave had salvaged that morning from the wrist of a peon—he called that faithful ally to stand his trick and laid himself down to sleep.

Morning found him much refreshed. One would have said he was not mad at all any more, unless it was because he took two extra canteens of water—now mysteriously at their dry camp—and himself went along the line of the prisoners standing shackled and in column ready for the resumption of the march.

"Up! Up!" he commanded as to an elephant into whose mouth one is about to throw a handful of oats, and when the men threw back their heads with parched mouths open wide he poured into each a dash of water, laughing as the prisoners lapped and gurgled, much as they had laughed when he and Dave two days before had plunged their faces into the horse trough.

And all day once more the file of prisoners, which must have looked from a distance like a gray caterpillar with two horsemen attached behind, inched slowly northward. Here and there, both to eastward and westward, appeared clouds of dust upon the horizon, clouds that told where parties of horsemen moved, but the canniness of Hack led him carefully to avoid all these. His walking horses raised no dust; he hoped to creep by unobserved. Yon might be Carranzistas—they might be Villistas. In either case they were parties he did not wish to meet.

But at noon—or perhaps it was afternoon, though the sun still shone brightest—there appeared upon a rise to the left, not dust but a squad of horsemen halted. Hack looked at them long. They were a good two miles away, but in that clear atmosphere they loomed so plain, so still, so statuesque that they were picturelike. Hack feared that he was seeing things again. He would not risk Dave's scorn at calling his attention to a mirage—Dave who drowsed in his saddle. Abruptly the squad moved—or did it fade out slowly like a dissolving view? Anyway, it was gone and, anyway, the careful Hack veered his marching squad more toward the right.

But a few minutes later another squad or the same one appeared upon the rise to the right. Hack rubbed his eyes and veered the march to the left again. This squad, however, did not disappear. It came straight on, moving at a trot, and the formation was familiar. A great lump came into Hack's throat. He turned and prodded Dave into wakefulness.

"Look! Is it, or ain't it?"

"Goshamighty!" exclaimed Dave. "Yonder!" And he pointed dead ahead. "Yonder!".

Why, certainly there was a second squad, and—and a third! Hack's eyes became strangely blurred. The desert foreground was full of trotting horses.

"There's a troop of 'em at least!" stammered Dave.

Four men—a major and his aide, a captain and his orderly—detached themselves from the general equestrian pageant, rode forward at a gallop and halted to survey this curious procession of the bound, sweating, trudging Mexicans, with—goading them forward—two men on horses, strangely clad, but who sat their saddles like cavalrymen and whose right hands came smartly up in salute.

"Who are you?" demanded the major sharply, as majors always demand things.

"Privates Henderson and Galloway, Troop E, sir."

"For the love of the Lord! And who are these people?"

"They kidnapped us and held us for ransom, sir," answered Hack, and hesitated a moment between leaving Chona out of the story—and thus pretending to be a better man than he was—and bringing her in and having some of these brown cattle in front of him, just plain devils on the hoof that they were, exact a cruel vengeance upon her later. "But—but we kind of dehorsed 'em and brought 'em in, sir."

The major grunted unbelievingly, but the light of pride was in his eye.

"Of course it would have been Troop E men that pulled that stunt," chuckled the captain proudly, and there was Hack's and Dave's troop commander beaming on them.

"Troopers Henderson and Galloway," hailed the major, "I congratulate you. You have borne yourselves like true soldiers—like cavalrymen. I shall see that this exploit is suitably recognized. Advance with your prisoners!"

At such words from a major, Trooper Henderson's throat was all constricted—he was feeling weak and all mussed up in his emotions.

"They—they did come after us," he stammered, turning to Dave.

"Why, of course, we came after you!" exclaimed the captain, who had ridden closer. "The major turned the whole squadron out. Come after you?" The captain was a little outraged. "Why, what do you think we would do? For three days we have been conducting an unofficial invasion. We've been combing every mile of a strip forty miles wide and a hundred miles long. How we ever missed you this long—but, say, haven't—haven't you seen troops moving all day?"

"I saw dust, but I was afraid of it," admitted Hack. "I didn't know whose dust it was."

As they moved slowly toward the border, gradually the most of Troop E was gathered in and followed the two scantily garmented cavalrymen and their prisoners into camp with the entire aggregation in defiance of discipline—whistling Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here! Even the major and the captain were whistling.

"Well, pal, you got your escort all right," remembered Dave.

"Yes, but I'm miserable," confessed Hack, and bestowed upon his friend a look that Trooper Galloway understood.

"Don't be!" counseled Dave. "The only man that could tell 'em the truth about the start of our little invasion is the guy that sniped at you, and it ain't our fault if his own friends bumped him off, is it?"

The significance of that hesitation before the last two words was not lost upon Hack, and yet Dave had not plumbed him with complete accuracy.

"But you know we're not the kind of heroes they're making out—because we can't tell about Chona."

"Hack," said Dave solemnly as his mind sketched over the entire adventure, "at that, you're some hero, I'll say!"

Trooper Henderson noted the utter absence of cynicism in this statement of his buddy's and was moved by it.

The post surgeon washed and sterilized the two troopers' facial contusions. They were bathed and fed and put to rest upon the softest beds in the camp. They slept soundly. So—after three days of strenuous going—did everyone else, saving only those whom duty compelled to be awake, and it would seem that possibly one of these nodded slightly, for when morning came, lo, the bull pen which contained the prisoners was empty of their leader, General Juan. But the investigation which resulted was so ostentatiously clamorous, yet actually so lightly pursued, that it might have been inferred that the escape of the entire band would not have been regarded as an especial calamity. The fact was that in the present state of things upon the border prisoners were rather a complication. There was an understanding current that the patrol officer who sent too many embarrassments of that sort up to division headquarters—each one of which might lead to fresh international complications—would find himself frowned upon.

But there was one man who worried nothing about international complications. He believed in them. This was Trooper Hack Henderson. He roused in the morning to take breakfast and learned with some disgust that his prize prisoner had escaped, but he drowsed off to sleep again immediately. All day he slept and ate at intervals. About sunset it appeared that Nature's balance was somewhat restored. He rose, treated himself to a shave that for obvious reasons had to be very carefully conducted, and then being somewhat privileged under the circumstances—discharged himself from the hospital.

The long dusk was over. The brilliant moon was mounting and Trooper Hack, spick-and-span in the uniform that perforce was new from top to toe, sauntered out—out into the silvery radiance of yon complacent swimming luminary, out into the desert and down to a familiar spot by the river. There Chona met him.

"*Querido mio!*" she exclaimed, embracing him rapturously, then holding him off to admire. "Ah! They geeve you much honor, what?"

"*Mucho,*" smiled Hack. "But say, General Juan vamoosed! What do you know about that now?"

"I'm know all about it," smiled the dusky minx with a shrug of her small shoulders.

"No?"—incredulously. "You darn little she-cat!"

"Juan is my brother," Chona explained. "He been ver' bad to my father and ver' bad to his own countree. But ——"

"But why the Sam Hill then," demanded the astounded Hack, "did you let me tie him and march him and bring him in? He'll kill you if he finds it out."

"You weel not tell heem, *querido?*" inquired Chona with sauce piquant in her inflection and a pert maneuvering of the upper lip. "I deed that to punish heem and so—so your *capitán* would geeve you much honor. Did he geeve you much honor?" she queried again naïvely.

"Much honor," admitted Hack. "But you ——"

"And you, when you marry me, weel you not geeve me much honor?"

And this is why Trooper Hack Henderson looks anxiously forward to the day of his discharge. He has it figured out that there is money in goat farming and has been known to creep off and spend hours alone in a pup tent drawing pictures of bungalows in the sand.

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THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 27)

her way and she had fourteen mile to do anyway; and there was a dance in the schoolroom that night and she wasn't going to miss that. Her boy was home on leave and he was coming to dinner at her house, and of course the soldier would deliver the letters. They wouldn't take him a foot out of his way, not a foot.

"Of course," Roger said. "Give them to me and go on. I can't stick this pace."

She looked him over, surprised. "Did you get it?" she asked.

"Yes, gassed."

"So was Jim, last year," she grinned. "Three months blighty. I was parlormaid at the vicarage then."

"Parlormaid?" he repeated incredulously.

"'I must take what I can get,' Miss Vaughan said," the girl repeated cheerfully; "but there was not enough to eat and so I chucked it. D'ye see that oak? Look. You put your hand in the hole, and there's nine letters. Then you go up the lane to the right."

"When did you leave them?"

"Some yesterday, some the day before." She tossed her head at his surprise, and laughed. "You can tell 'em if you like. If the post office sacks me I can go into munitions at Castlechepe at thribble the wages, only my mother's poorly and wants me home. I say, will you have the price of a Woodbine?"

Roger declined the proffered tuppence to buy cigarettes, and followed in the wake of this rushing postgirl hurrying to her soldier lover. Two letters in the oak, he found by the postmark, had been five days there. As he delivered the nine, one by one, at lonely wayside cottages he apologized for the delay; but he found everybody thankful to get them at all.

He learned with amusement that this artless village letter carrier had sent him two miles out of his way. He might have kept straight on to the front door of Dundry Towers. Now he was approaching the place from the back by way of the kennels and the home farm. Foxhounds? Oh, yes; rough kennels knocked together for the best drafts from the pack which His Grace had broken up in the shires when he had sold his estate there. Roger went along a lonely path beneath cluster pines to the sound of baying hounds and finally turned the corner of a small rough structure of concrete. A white-haired old man stared moodily through the bars at the hounds, whose paws were on the sill, their heads close together, their sterns waving like snakes. The man turned.

"Eight couples," he said mournfully without greeting. "Fifty-one couples on the 30th July, 1914."

He took bits of dog biscuit from the sagging pocket of his old tweed coat and gave one to each hound.

He was a tall spare man of nearly seventy. His rugged wizened face, irregular in shape, told of dry humor. His eyes, set slantwise, were the kind that glint with a mellowed cynicism on an inferior world. But his relaxed figure was almost drooping, the lines of the face were flaccid, and the eyes were slack; a melancholy figure of dignity, who soliloquized in jerky sentences of the lost glories of the pack.

"Cinnabar—Cinnamon—a great hound, that."

A hound puppy came lumbering round the corner. As it slobbered with ungainly antics at his feet he studied its points with an absorbed interest, and his dull eyes brightened as he evidently approved.

"Out of Lady Margaret by Cinnabar," he said, glancing at Roger with an expression of satisfaction.

"Yes, sir," Roger answered. He wished to be in kindly sympathy so he added: "Looks a promising dog."

The old gentleman turned on him with the expression of one who has cast pearls before swine. Roger knew that he had failed in the language of sport, and made a vow that he would never volunteer another sentence about sporting matters to an Englishman. He was made to feel that he had lost caste.

The kennelman, a burly, red-haired figure in a white-duck overall, approached.

"Jenkins," the old man demanded, "did Martock walk this puppy?"

The rough red face showed embarrassment. "He wouldn't walk it, Your Grace."

The duke straightened and looked incredulous astonishment.

"It be so, Your Grace. He said as he hadn't nobody to look after it and nought to feed it with."

The duke bowed his head and walked away. For a tenant farmer to refuse to care for a puppy till it was old enough to join the pack was an unprecedented slight to a landlord.

"Times is changed," the kennelman said to Roger. "No wonder the old un's heart's broke. And mine too, what with finding dead 'osses and oatmeal for 'em."

He jerked a mighty thumb toward the hounds, and then advanced respectfully as the duke reappeared.

"Stayin' at the house?" the old man asked.

"Yes, sir," Roger answered, and accepted the proffered hand. "I'm Sergeant Hill."

"Up stairs or down?" the duke asked as they trotted off side by side.

"Perhaps down," the astonished Roger replied, stifling laughter. "I don't know."

"Most of you chaps prefer the servants' hall," the duke said. He politely added: "I shall lose the pleasure of seein' you at dinner. Interestin' old place. A pocket manor, they call it. Too big for a farmhouse, too small for a country house. It has its powderin' closet where they used to powder the wigs, and—er—er—other things. It's a dower house. Two of my grandaunts lived to be ninety. One had this place, another a huntin' box in Scotland. They put all England between 'em, but they quarreled by letter."

He was trying very hard to be a courteous host, Roger thought. He seemed dazed all the time, and sometimes when Roger addressed a polite question he did not seem to hear. He paused on a hilltop and looked at a circular quarter acre of tree stumps. He put a hand on Roger's shoulder and leaned as though the support was grateful. "Dundry Roundtop," he said. "See it once for twenty miles round. I had 'em set out when my son was born; a round top on every estate I own. Lord Dundry will be eighteen next October. Not one of 'em left—not one of the hilltop coverts I planted. Spruces mostly, you see, and just the right age and size for pit props. All gone to the coal pits—some to Scotland, some to Staffordshire, some to the South Wales Field. They had to go; government sent girls and Canadian timbermen. Fine fellows, those timbermen; they beat my own woodmen. They sang as they cut."

The old man straightened and hummed the refrain of one of their songs, nodding to Roger. Then he fell into moody silence as he swept his eye over the bare hilltop and passed on. He stopped beneath a great elm whose spreading boughs, Roger saw with surprise, were supported by heavy iron chains which hung amid the foliage like a giant's necklace.

"Favorite tree of mine," the old man explained. "I never lived here till now, but I came as a boy for summer holidays. Elms are dangerous in old age. Branches drop without warnin'. Couldn't bear to lose it, so had 'em chained. Twenty-five years ago. That's left anyhow." He saluted the old elm as he passed. "Left because it was old and rotten," he said. "Men the same way, some of us; old and useless; and left."

"You have that, sir," Roger said, pointing to a great oak.

The old man nodded. "They came for it," he said. "They wanted a sound oak trunk, growing alone in deep clay soil. This tree was sixteen feet round five feet from the ground, and sound to the heart. But its acorns are sessile, and the wood of the sessiliferous is not quite so tough as Pedunculata. So they left me that. War feeds on the best, my boy. It gulps youth and strength and all that is perfect, and it leaves the old to mourn."

They were near the house now. An aged brindled mastiff, limping rheumatically, came to heel with drooping head, stiffly wagging his wearied tail.

"Four of his descendants are in France doin' their bit," the duke said.

"Perhaps I've seen one," Roger cried eagerly; "in the summer of 1916, near Hooge. He found two wounded in my platoon. I saw him at work. It was fine."

"Do you hear that, Ranger?" the duke said, pausing; and the old tail flicked a wag. "What was the dog like?"

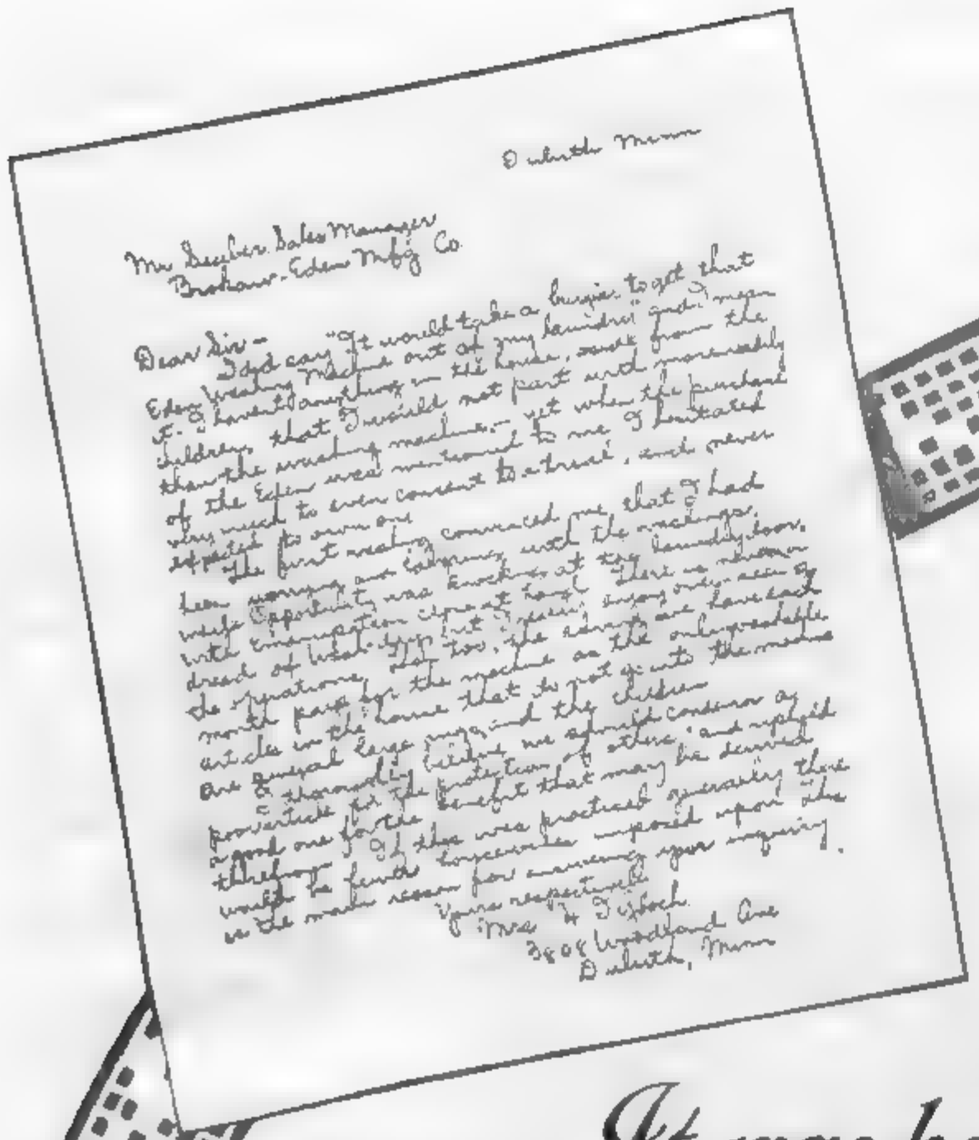
Roger had no trained eye for form. He could not accurately describe this dog. The duke drew back and politely hoped that he would enjoy his stay.

Roger walked on alone, thinking of the jolly jovial tales he had heard of this old duke, who was personally unknown at St. Dyfrigs and who was assumed still to be the gallant sportsman of a generation before. The ax of war had cut down more than trees on this grand seignior's estates. Roger was full of pity, yet asked himself why. No son had been lost; there had been no anxiety about sons at the Front; why should he feel so sorry for an old gentleman who mourned over hounds and trees? Yet sorry he was.

He had spent some weeks as a convalescent in one of the most grandiose of ducal palaces, and so was no stranger to their splendor; but he was not now surprised when he came to the front of the house to find Dundry Towers a simpler mansion than St. Dyfrigs Manor. Its plain stone front and five gabled roofs gave it a look as of five joined houses, and its front windows all looked out on twenty acres of nearly ripened oats; for the park-like pastures about it had been plowed up and planted to rotation crops. There were circuits in the furrows round stumps which marked where trees had been cut down. He sat on one of these stumps and brushed his dusty shoes and khaki trousers with a handkerchief. The old khaki solved all difficulties. He was a private soldier, and nothing could be expected of such a visitor in the way of fancy dress. He had never owned evening clothes.

(Continued on Page 131)

She Got Round a Curve on One Wheel, and Then Seesawing Gently Brought the Horse to a Trot


Duluth Minn
Mr Snyder Sales Manager
Brokaw-Eden Mfg Co
Dear Sir-
I did say "It would take a burglar to get that
Eden washing machine out of my laundry" and I mean
it. I haven't anything in the house, since the
children that I would not part with immediately
than the washing machine- yet when the pendant
of the Eden was mentioned to me I hesitated
why much to even consent to a trial, and never
expected to own one
The first washing convinced me that I had
been wronging our clothing with the washings
wash Especially was I shocked at the laundry bon.
with the exception of hose, there is shown
dread of what it did to, yours very truly,
the operation, all too. The edges are bevelled
made pure for the machine as the underside
are smooth edge and the
provided for the benefit that may be derived
upon our part of the was practical generally there
therefrom. Expensive upon the
would be found
in the make
Yours respectfully
Irma M Dietsch
360 Woodland Ave
Duluth, Minn

I don't see how I ever got along without it.

It was hard to believe that a washing machine could do up my nice things as well as I could do them up by hand until I took advantage of the offer of a free trial, and saw the Eden wash my own soiled things in my very own home—not only my most delicate garments, but even rag rugs and blankets!

"..... *Now*—how I am regretting the hours I spent in doing that distasteful, unnecessary Monday task!—and how I am regretting the loss of many fine things that I innocently wore out on the rub-board—things that might yet have been good had I known how gently and carefully the Eden washes without rubbing or pulling or wearing thin! Washes just by sousing up and down in warm soap suds exactly in the same way that I used to cleanse my delicate silks and laces before I understood the science of Eden washing.

"I chose the Eden above all other washing machines because it is so easy to operate!—There are no confusing and dangerous belts or bicycle chains in which things can become caught and injured, and I know that Billy is perfectly safe when he plays about the floor under and around the Eden. It is operated by gears like an automobile—all enclosed and packed in hard grease, so I *never* have to bother with oiling. And then, too, there are eight whole years of success—of perfect service and of improvements behind the Eden machine, and I know that I am not taking a chance in buying it.

"..... but the most wonderful part about the Eden is that it pays its own cost out of the money it saves on laundry bills—and, as for *time!*—well, I now have my whole washing on the line by nine o'clock, whereas it used to take me until noon when washing with the rub-board. Oh, I *don't* see how I ever got along without it!—and I don't see how any woman can neglect to accept the free trial which doesn't in the least obligate one to buy or even cost a cent, yet which gives her such a new vision of the actual joy that can be gotten out of washday when the laundry is 'Edenized'."

Send for "An Eden in the Home," a beautifully illustrated booklet that will give you a great many helpful suggestions on that important problem of home washing.

Brokaw-Eden Company

New York

St. Louis *Denver* *San Francisco*

Factories at Lowell, Mass., and Alton, Ill.

The Eden

An Eden Makes a Christmas Gift that will be remembered long and lovingly—not upon occasions, but on every cheery washday for years and years to come.

Blackheads are a confession

BLACKHEADS are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin. Try the treatment given above and see how easily you can keep your skin free from this disfiguring trouble.

Make this treatment a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's brings.

You will find treatments for all the commoner troubles of the skin in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap
with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 615 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 615 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

How to reduce enlarged pores

Enlarged pores make the skin coarse in texture. To reduce them, try the special Woodbury treatment for this trouble, given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Try this famous treatment for blackheads

APPLY hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with *a piece of ice*. Dry carefully. To remove the blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

The other famous treatments for the commoner troubles of the skin, as well as the above, are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

(Continued from Page 127)

He ranged himself for the coming meeting with the duchess. He was sorry that he was suspicious; it seemed so ungracious and ungrateful; yet he could not escape the conviction that Bickley Ryker had written about him. The duchess had not been clever; she had changed too quickly. Dorothy had overplayed her new part too. Their plan was too obvious. He was probably to be led to the feet of Dorothy, and she would accept him for himself alone—a beautiful disinterested romance—and be overwhelmed by joyous surprise when he confessed that he was the disguised prince.

This was Miss Elliott's reading of the future on the Friday; for he had seen her again and she had again teased him about his extraordinary position, and absolutely refused to be serious. He was no match for a duchess, she had flatly declared; how could the training of the trenches equip him for a battle with a charming woman of the world? Miss Elliott's bright shafts had sunk just deep enough to put him on his mettle, so he was approaching Her Grace in no spirit of a lamb led to the slaughter.

"Are you always dreaming, Roger Lingard?"

He jumped to his feet, startled, to see the duchess standing before him. She extended her hand, smiling.

Her welcome thrilled him; it was so kind, so genuine, so simple. Her extraordinary eyes, large, limpid, seemed transparent. These eyes as a matter of fact had made much trouble for Her Grace in younger days, for they expressed more emotions than any human being could possibly feel, and shot out lambent beams when no fire was behind them. It seemed to Roger that she looked at him as an adorable, beautiful, youthful mother might.

"I'm ashamed," he said.

She would not let him withdraw his hand. "Of dreaming again? But you have earned the right to dream."

He hung his head. "I distrusted you," he said. "I thought you didn't mean to tell me that you knew who I was."

She smiled. "Come in," she said.

She preceded him with rapid elastic steps. He looked at her youthful figure and made contrasts. He glanced round. The old duke was not in sight.

He entered a house adored by antiquaries, but he did not know that. It had been newly furnished in the time of George the Second. Nothing had been added, nothing taken away; it was the perfect example of a period house. He thought it heavy and somber, but it accurately told the story of a nation's development at a fixed time.

She led him through dark winding halls to the kitchen. "Our three maids are in the wheat with sickles," she said. "They are cutting swaths so that the reaper can start Monday. Jameson—poor old man—a son missing. A telegram this morning, a grandson killed; he's gone home to his old wife. So there's no butler."

She reached forward toward the range, but he was before her. He lifted the heavy kettle and poured boiling water into a can.

"Not a bathroom in the house," the duchess said. "The duke would never allow the old place to be cut about for pipes. You walked. I thought you might have to. Sure you're strong enough to carry that one flight? This way."

He followed up the servants' stairway to a sun-flooded room so large that the stolid four-poster bed seemed small. Bread and cheese, a jug of cider and six great peaches stood on a table.

"A bath, a snack, a nap," the duchess ordered. "Find me on the ground floor on the sunshiny side at three o'clock. We must have a talk before the others come, Roger."

She was away before he could thank her for that friendly use of the first name, which he had not heard in more than four years. He flung off his knapsack, basked in luxury for three hours, and proved himself a true American by eating every peach. Americans will never learn that the delicious hothouse or sun-wall fruits of England are morsels to be sampled, not products to be consumed. There were six more on his table the next morning; and he never knew that he had eaten every peach from one tree.

He went to the sunshiny room with an inward sense of proud elation. Ancestral ties might clasp and grasp, but there were high compensations. To be accepted immediately, to be received with such friendly simplicity by this charming lady, was happiness to the lonely Roger. She looked up from a busy table when he entered the sunny black-oak room.

"Rested? . . . Find everything you wanted? . . . That's good. Now sit down there and tell me why you came into your own like this."

He felt guilty, such was the effect of those accusing eyes. "Accident, duchess. I came first as a boy on vacation, a tenth cousin on a lark. I was feeling my way, but the police chased me and I had to go. I came back again and sat beneath the oak, and a little girl told me that I was the squire of St. Dyfrigs."

"You didn't know before that?"

"Not an idea. I was dazed. I couldn't face Miss Lingard."

"Say Dorothy," she ordered. "You're cousins."

"Then I found I was learning, learning heaps, that a landowner ought to know and couldn't know unless he went round and picked up things."

"As one of the people," the duchess cried. "Yes, yes! And as a soldier too; you were in the ranks and would know what they think. A great chance; the only landowner in all the country who knows. But haven't you learned enough?"

"Not half enough," he responded promptly; "and I am beginning to get things into order." He laughed. "The milk round is regulated. The pigs are fed. The newspapers arrive at seven in the morning instead of at noon. I met the workmen yesterday and followed your lead about wages. Next come the tenant farmers. When I know what they think I shall know what's best to be done."

The duchess' wonderful eyes expressed admiration. She sighed. "We are at sea," she murmured. "We want to learn, if it is not too late." She shrugged her shoulders and moved her hand as though to wave away care. She smiled. "Is it fair to Dorothy?" she asked with a caressing intonation on the name.

"Doesn't she know?" he asked eagerly.

The duchess shook her head. "I had a most extraordinary letter from Colonel Ryker. Look." She took up many pages from the table.

"It is certainly long," Roger said dryly.

The duchess glanced through them, searching for some wanted words. A great tenderness was expressed in her eyes, for this frank and impassioned letter had profoundly moved her. The blunt stern soldier shot through and through with love and remorse had confessed himself as none would unless going to probable death. The duchess' heart had beat fast as she had read, and she had sighed as she had thought of her elderly duke, and of the fiery boy whom she had loved and had had years ago to send away because he was poor.

"'Sergeant Kellie Hill,'" she read aloud, "'claims to be Roger Lingard. Though I told him I wouldn't give him away the deception is not fair to Miss Lingard. She has the first claim on us all. Please use this knowledge as seems best to you. I have no proof of his claim, but I feel certain that he believes in it.'"

The duchess' lips curved to a smile as she looked at Roger. "And so, as the head of the house, you went to Colonel Ryker to call him to account?" Roger reddened under her teasing scrutiny. "Ryker," she continued, "has done rather a fine thing, don't you think? He was never in the running of course; but a man who writes a letter like that will never believe himself out of it. Yet he puts himself out of it. His own act, his atonement a chivalrous deed, Roger."

"Why?" Roger asked defiantly.

"Oh, if you don't see." The duchess' eyes could not twinkle, but they expressed what a twinkle would.

"Must I?" he asked bluntly.

She laughed outright. "The question is, Will she?" She answered her own question: "I think she will. You are personally eligible beyond our wildest hopes," she continued with remorseless candor. "You are a figure of romance, the kind of romance that Dorothy adores. A fighter, in it from the first. I——"

"You English," Roger burst out hotly, "don't care a hang about a human being! You only care about estates. You put me in the inventory as though I were a statue in the banqueting hall. You don't know anything about me, and yet you throw Dorothy to me as though she were a bedroom bolster." He jumped up and walked frowning about the room.

The duchess only laughed. "War brings frankness," she said. "You are eligible. That is the starting point. When the time comes inquiries will be made. Don't deny that you were nearly bowled over when you were introduced to your stately old hall. I watched you. It's worth having and cherishing, isn't it? Well, it's there and it's cherished because your ancestors were what you are—a link in a chain."

"A link!" Roger exclaimed violently, pausing in his stride. "I hate the word! I'm me. I'm what I make of myself. My house is what I build. I'm not just another stone."

"Sit down," the duchess cheerfully commanded. "No one can compel you, you know. Talk about yourself, do you mind?"

With an ardent interest that made him eagerly responsive she led him to tell of his old home life, of his father, of his plans and his hopes.

She made him her adorer in that hour. He did not perceive toward the end how deftly she brought the conversation back to Dorothy and how she drew from him his innermost thoughts.

She summed up his intentions, with laughter near her lips and a wistful romance shining from her eyes.

"If Kellie Hill can win her Roger Lingard will marry her?" she asked.

"That's it," Roger answered.

The duchess looked down, considered, then said: "I will help you. I will say to her as chance offers that you are of good family and well off. I will give you every chance to meet on equal grounds."

"Thank you, duchess; but won't she suspect?"

"Why should she? The duke and I have many friendly associations with soldiers, especially with Canadians."

The duke came in. He greeted Roger with a kindly courtesy, and only after half an hour recalled that they had met before. He was brighter, more collected in his wife's presence, drawing vitality from her superabundance. Two Canadian officers, week-enders, drifted in from a long walk. Lady Millicent danced in with a friend, Miss Charteris, who, as Lady Milly explained, was twice her weight, double her height, and half her years. These exaggerated comparisons made for laughter.

The duchess with a quiet persistence kept the talk on Canada, making friends with these officers while she drew facts from them. When the maids from the fields came with tea it was to a comfortable and cheerful party where everybody was at ease. Roger saw that the duchess was everything and did everything in this family, but that she deferred to her husband with a touching persistency. This bewildered old nobleman staring out from the past on a world which he knew not, was shielded on every hand by the firm and dexterous hand of his able and energetic wife.

The next day after church, to which they all went, Roger had another talk with the duchess, astonishingly frank on her part. This was due to her illusion that Roger's unique opportunity for learning the minds of the soldiers made him a prophet of the future. Though untitled Roger belonged to her own class. He was descended from a longer line than her own, and though he did not know it he was a member of one of those few families of landed gentry which pride themselves on the honors and dignities which their ancestors have refused. His Americanism gave him an unbiased view; she had taken a strong liking to him and she trusted him; and she was in profound distress of mind.

She had in fact with characteristic decision boldly chosen for the future; for the future belonged to her son, the darling of her heart, who must be surrendered to war in a few months, when he would be eighteen years of age. But in breaking with the past she had broken the aged duke. That unforeseen result of her policy caused daily sorrow, remorse, uncertainty of purpose and grasping at straws. She ceaselessly sought in all directions for information and advice which should fortify her convictions and justify her course. She had sold the Scotch properties, the principal estate in Lincolnshire, the hunting box in the shires, and two large properties in the southern counties. Land was bringing astonishing prices, though nobody knew why. The duke stripped of his acres and of his ancestral homes had had more money in bank than the richest of his forefathers. All this, through trusted agents, had been invested in lands of Western Canada.

"We understand land and land only," the duchess said to Roger. "The future belongs to the American continent. I have transferred my son's interests to Canada. He will hold a principality there."

She straightened shoulders bent for an instant as though weighted by too heavy a burden. Her thought was: "I have transplanted my son, but I have uprooted my husband."

"Will you go? Will the duke go?" asked Roger, surprised.

"Perhaps. There will be no finality to the demands of labor here. One concession given, another is demanded. Land may be taken from us. Coal royalties too. Over there there is land enough for everybody for a generation. What are our men saying in the trenches? The Canadians too; what are they thinking?"

"Of mud and dirt, and the coming rest behind the lines, and when they are going over the top—of the present moment only," Roger answered. "In the convalescent homes it's different."

The duchess lifted her eyes in a question. Roger thought them at that moment the saddest eyes he had seen in the whole wartime.

"Hundreds of thousands of men have read about luxury and jolly splendid comfort," Roger explained. "They've seen it through windows perhaps or when doors opened as they passed. But they've never felt it, never tasted it, never been lapped in it—till now."

"Ah!" The duchess bent forward. "I never thought of that. We have treated them too well." Instantly she was ashamed of her comment. "We could not do less for them," she cried, and she meant it; "but we must pay for feeding tame lions with too much red meat."

Roger was silent. This class antagonism, then, of which he had heard so much and seen so much among his comrades, was matched by class fear on the other side. "You are British," he had said, "you are a nation, an empire. Why split into layers?" He said the same now.

"My class," the duchess answered, "made the nation, the empire. Education and intellect, which in the long run must always rule, first raised my class. If it goes down another will rise in its place. Most of us would give up titles without much regret. All of us would give workers a far greater share of the profits of work. All we ask is peace and security and part of our present fortunes. Shall we be allowed these?"

"I'm not afraid of revolution nor of confiscation in this country nor in the United States," Roger answered confidently.

He could not understand why the sad eyes looked sadder still. She was thinking that if he was right she had sacrificed her husband for nothing.

Lady Millicent came dancing in. "Uncle is waiting for his walk with you, aunty," she cried. She turned to Roger. "I'll show you the decoy pool," she said. "It's a bit broken down, but I can explain how they used to catch wild duck with dogs. The dogs didn't really chase them of course. The ducks thought they chased the dog—just curiosity, you see, and there was a net at the end of it. Come, if you care to."

As they walked along a squared border of trimmed yews, Lady Milly became vivaciously reflective. "The ducks and the dogs are like us people now," she opined, holding her head sidewise and looking up at Roger. "We're frightened of each other and curious, and don't really know which is chasing the other. And it doesn't make any difference in the end anyhow. The ducks get fast in a net, and the decoy-pool man chains up the dog. The decoy man is always silent and stealthy and mysterious, like Fate. He is Fate. And you and I are dog or duck, it doesn't matter which. It's the net or the chain."

"You," said smiling Roger, "are a duck."

"Then," Lady Millicent answered, "you are leading me into a net."

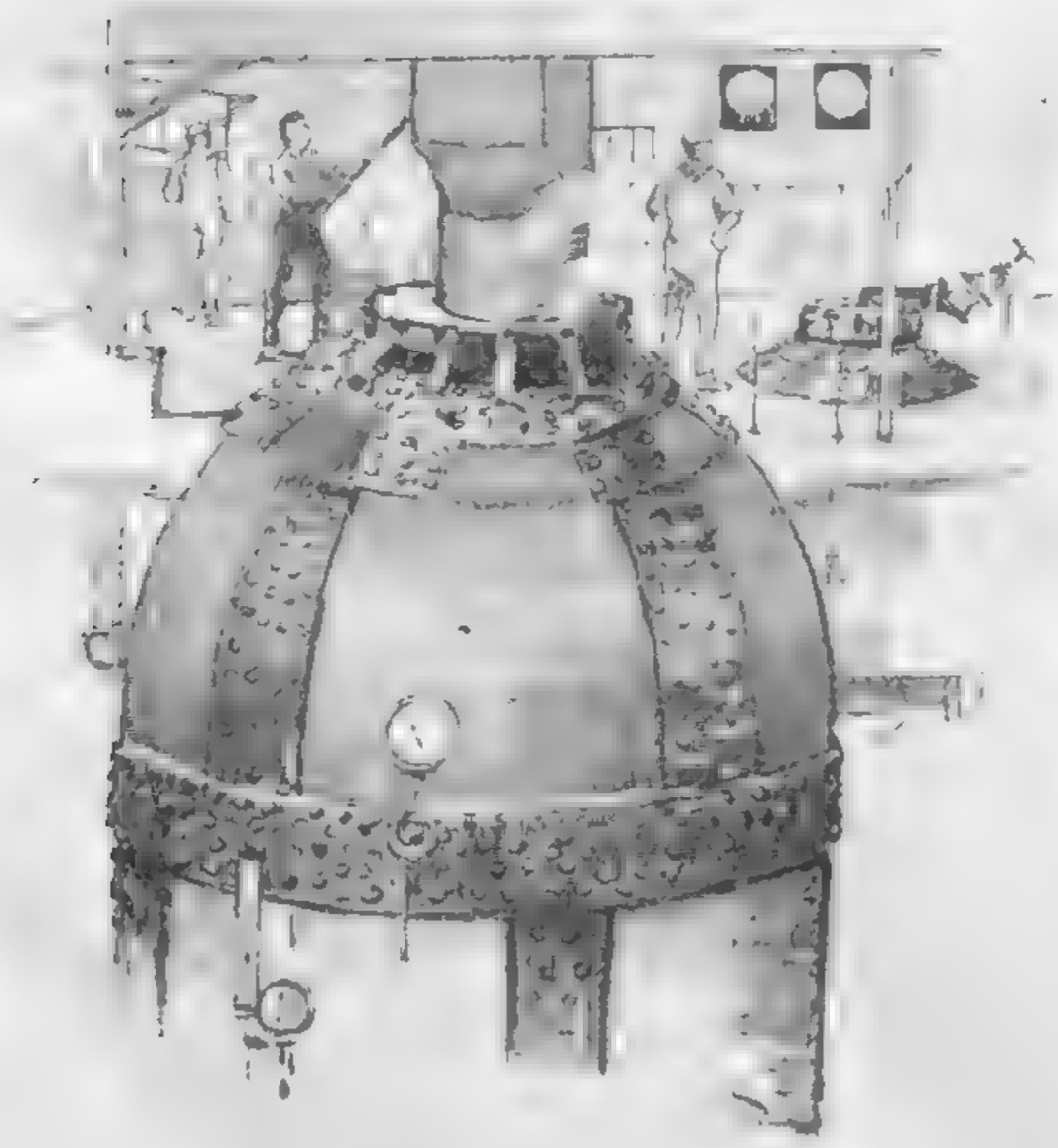
Roger by the silent secluded pool thought of the duchess, and his thought was that which he had had for the duke. Why was he so sorry for these people, who were only mourning for lost splendors while millions were mourning for lost lives?

XII

"A DEAR boy, that Kellie Hill," the duchess said casually to Dorothy in the course of the succeeding week. "He's of English descent and his people are in Landed Gentry. I think that he must be very well off from the way he talks. He has done well too. He has two decorations. He would not say what they are. I am curious. Can you make him talk?"

Thus simply was it accomplished, and when Roger next met Dorothy he divined

(Continued on Page 134)



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Do you know, from your own experience, what this means? Its effect on your business?

Your output keeps hitting new high figures, and as for quality, you don't need to give it a thought. You know it's at the highest notch, and will stay right there because every man on the payroll is making it his particular business to see that it stays there.

Here at Hammermill are men whose chosen work is the making of paper, and whose pride is the making of good paper.

Some of these men came to us twenty-one years ago, and joined hands with us in the production of the first carload of paper that bore the Hammermill watermark.

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Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

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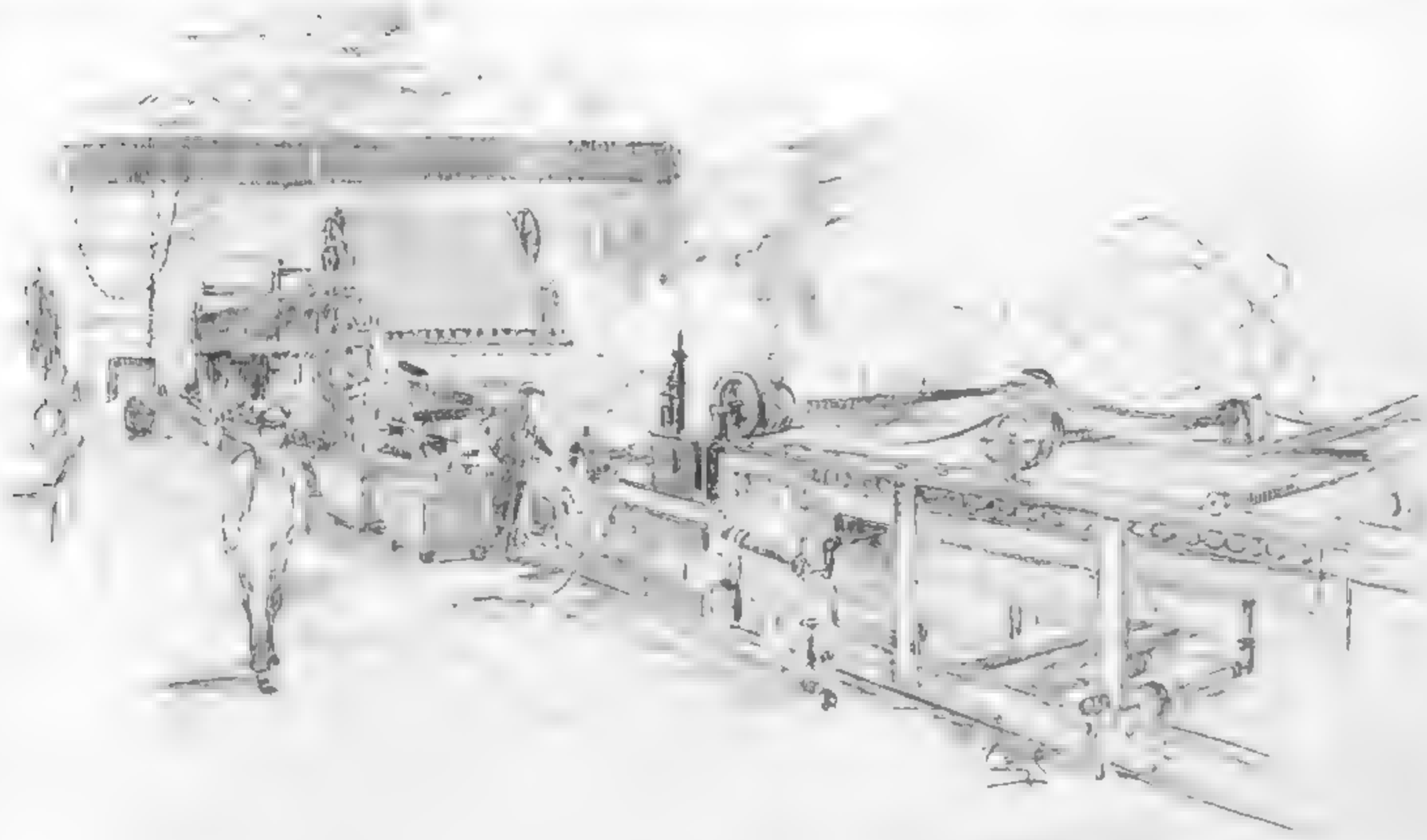

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The cleanness of Hammermill Bond, its crispness and toughness, its perfect surface for writing, typing and printing, result from constant watchfulness by *every worker at Hammermill*, keen attention by each and all, to every minute detail that enters into the making of good paper.

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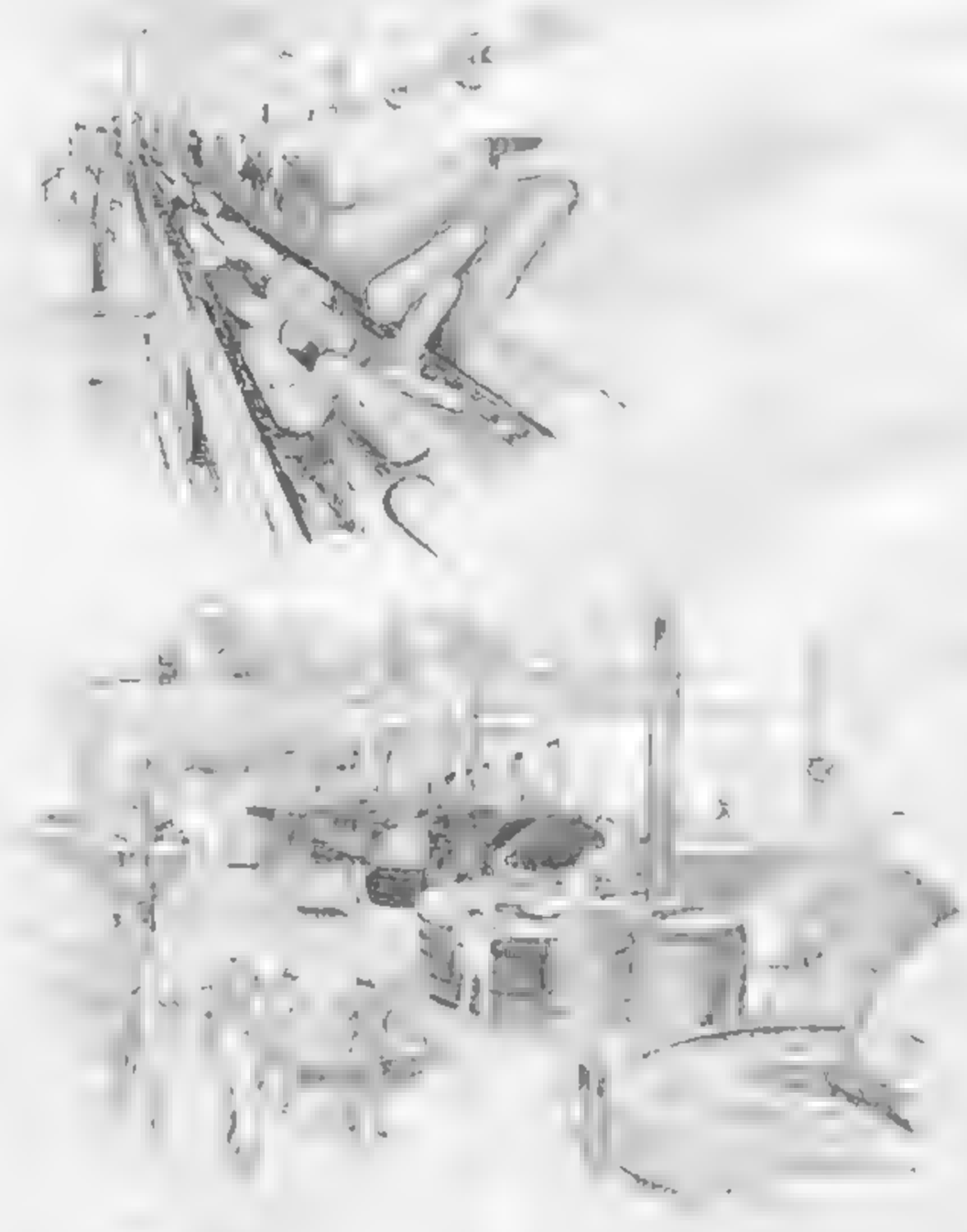

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pa.

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HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

(Continued from Page 131)

from her companionable friendly manner that Her Grace had established him as a social equal. He ventured comments about the heir, about her position and about her future. As he was really deeply sorry for her and as a decision of immense importance to him hung on her answer, his sincerity and his sympathy were marked.

She answered with simple frankness. She talked about the home with the same sudden flame of emotion as had marked her talk to Tim Parfitt about the people; she could not bear the thought of a stranger at St. Dyfrigs, could not face the prospect of banishment. Yet go she would and must. She would not stay as an ordinary dweller in the countryside in which she had once been queen.

That clinched Roger's decision. In that moment he began to woo her. He began in a spirit of optimism which was personal, national and international. All Britain was in better spirits and the suffocating cloud of depression that had hung over the first half of 1918 had been dissipated. Foch's great counter attack was brilliantly proceeding, a million American soldiers had been officially announced as in France and they had already made their mark at Château-Thierry and St.-Mihiel.

Roger's pride in his country and his people burned the more fiercely because its light must be concealed. From a distance he wistfully regarded his one fellow countryman in the place; but he could not fraternize with this mysterious white-handed Mr. Starlow, who hung aimlessly about and clumsily watched the girl on the hilltop.

One hot August day walking a lane he saw those absurd immaculate chamois skin gloves—the man must put on a clean pair each morning, he thought—resting on the top bars of a gate. A pair of hands, bare and brown, were beside them, and these belonged to Charity. The two were standing side by side just within the field, shoulders all but touching. Charity's cheery laugh rang out as he came abreast. He would have passed with a bow, but she summoned him.

"You two have met, I hear," Charity cried, her eyes twinkling with fun. "I've just been explaining that you are not a military policeman."

The two crossed glances, but Mr. Starlow's look was not hostile.

"I figure," he said gravely, "that you were a Britisher doing right by your Empire, but you did me a good turn too; a mighty good turn. I had meant to report myself as an alien the next morning. If you had said anything against me there was a heap of trouble coming to me. These confounded regulations! But never mind. You were fair if you were suspicious. You Britishers stand stiff on your rules, but you are blamed fair."

"We try to be," Roger said with dignity, and passed on.

That night he warned Charity against strangers with milky hands who came slyly into villages and watched honest people work.

"You were beastly rude," she retorted. "Any Yankee who comes to this village now shall have butter if I can get it for him; and what more can I say than that?"

Charity was a figure of radiant sun-browned health and in high spirits, for luck and energy had dominated her harvest. Intermittent rains had delayed hauling the damp shooks, but she had watched the skies and pounced on every dry hour. Reaped oats on a neighboring farm were almost beginning to sprout, but hers were under cover of an iron-roofed Dutch barn.

Her success was partly due to the devotion of her motley band of workers. These did not measure hours on the Home Farm, and even the German prisoners condescended to move quickly. These came in a toy lorry every morning from Castlechepe and worked in a band under the closed eyes of two guards who dozed all day in the shade of the hedge. That protocol, Tim Parfitt, regularly after tea left his little cobbler's stall and gave a hand till suppertime, at nine.

Charity found—as everybody found in the English villages toward the end of the war—that personal popularity was far more valuable than money. Short-handed blacksmiths repaired her machines the next day. Some farmers waited six weeks. The wheelwright would postpone any job to hers. The watchmaker in Castlechepe sent her watch back in three weeks. Watches of others had lain four months untouched in his safe. She got a tractor within one month and successfully plowed with it the next day. Some farmers never got theirs at all that season, and those who received them late often found that the stones in the ground broke the coulters of the plows. But the county expert gave Charity a whole day and taught her how to set the shares to suit her land, so that her accidents were few. Mean or grouchy or overbearing farmers paid heavily for their reputation. They had a heartbreaking job and gathered sprouting wheat in late October with government-supplied and inefficient labor.

Among his incessant activities Roger gave time and thought to falsifying estate accounts. He had been thrown more or less into contact with the Castlechepe solicitor to the estate. But the old lawyer was senile and the two junior partners were serving; hence it was only by accident that Roger received useful guidance. He learned that personal property accruing before the old squire had died went to Dorothy as next of kin, but that real property came to him as heir-at-law. Now a standing tree is real property but a cut tree is personal. Roger laboriously antedated the felling of a large covert of ash stoles, of one entire beech wood and of two thousand cubic feet of oak. By this means he built up a nest egg for Dorothy of nine thousand pounds, which apparently belonged to her in her own right. But no sooner was this egg placed in the nest than it was smashed. The government woke up and began to ask about estate duties. Most of this ready money had to be promptly paid over.

"I can't do anything!" the helpless Roger cried in despair. "Hoards of silver for Charity; no good. Pouched money for trees stolen from myself; no good. I shall be buried under a mountain of silver and gold, and Charity and Dorothy will never sneak a dollar from the heap."

He did what he pleased with the estate. Dorothy, hating details, did not care what happened to a stranger's property. Charity was too busy with the harvest. Dorothy signed checks placed before her, without a question. Such of these as were for wages Roger banked in a separate account and took the amount from the silver hoards. Thus by degrees he lessened these. He put so many Georgian half crowns in circulation as to astonish numismatists and bring a paragraph in the county paper.

On every possible point he pretended to defer to Dorothy. So he met her at least three times a week on matters of the estate. He was often asked for Sundays to Dundry Towers, and Dorothy was nearly always of the party. The duchess pretended that his help was necessary in connection with the books of the hospital; so there again he met Dorothy.

The duchess' fears about the future—an idolizing love for a son had made a coward of a woman who was brave to the core of her soul—had profoundly impressed Dorothy, had altered her outlook on life and changed her external manner. She was not allowed to relapse or to forget.

"One is a die-hard or one is not," was a saying of the duchess. "The die-hards will fight the rabble and lose everything. The wise will bend and save something. The fools who are one thing one day and the other the next will go down."

Now young people who begin daily to study the thoughts and interests of other people may begin from selfish motives, but will end in imbibing great lessons. Dorothy began to be interested in human beings. Her hard shell of egotism, already cracked by grief and war, now gaped and was sadly rent. She was more humble, more kindly, more gentle. She was soon on such friendly terms with Roger that they could violently quarrel on occasion; but these were honest squabbles between equals. The worst of these came on a day when he drove her to Dundry Towers in a borrowed trap of shameless decrepitude pulled by a young horse hardly broken. Dorothy criticized the position of his elbows, the slant of his forearm, his way of holding the reins, and the angle at which he held the whip.

"You English drive like grooms," he said tartly, much annoyed.

"And you Canadians behave like them," retorted rude Dorothy.

"Drive yourself!" he hissed bitterly, and handed over the reins.

She looked a sportsman, he thought as he eyed her sidewise from beneath clouded brows. She was at her best whenever she was doing anything out of doors—playing tennis, riding, driving.

He relented quickly, but she began to instruct with cutting malice.

"This rein between the first and second fingers."

And then the horse went down on his knees, to Dorothy's anger and confusion; but quickly recovered.

"Yes," Roger said silkenly. "Go on. Where do you put the other rein?"

Only once before had he seen so deep a crimson beneath her clear dark skin. That was when she had threatened him with her tennis racket. He took the snapshot of that scene from his pocket.

"You look like that now, Dorothy," he said. He had never called her Dorothy before.

She glanced—and flamed. The way she showed the flame was to bring the whip down smartly across the horse's back. The horse bolted. The trap swung and skidded. Roger set his teeth, clenched his hands and watched for a sign that his greater strength would be welcome. Her slender arms were extended, her fingers firmly flexed round the reins, her back was straight, her feet pressed against the dashboard. She got round a curve on one wheel, and then seesawing gently brought the horse to a trot.

"Fine," he breathed.

She looked ahead in stony silence.

"I carried it all through the war," he murmured.

But she would not ask him why. She was as friendly as ever before the drive was finished, but she made no reference to the picture. He called her Dorothy once again and she responded as though accustomed to the familiar address. If she knew that he had a special interest in her she gave no sign of her knowledge. Her attitude perplexed him.

The duchess had her solution. "She has had a most unpleasant experience with Colonel Ryker," she said. "She will keep all men at arm's length until that memory has gone."

The duchess gave Roger advice with much charm and delicacy and humor. She was fascinating when she forgot to fear the future for her boy, and she found jolly fun in this wooing. She was not of the tribe of born matchmakers, she declared, but she really hoped that Dorothy would stay at St. Dyfrigs, and there was only one way toward that end. She played her part with consideration and faithfully kept her promise of secrecy as to Roger's identity.

But Roger had another counselor. Miss Elliott had come so intimately into this affair, was so frankly interested in it, and so sympathetically tactful about it that Roger told her of every step he took. She never went back to that bizarre and luxurious dress which had so repelled him, and her manner and her thought seemed to have been changed with her costumes. He tried in vain to get an explanation for an alteration so startling, but Miss Elliott would not talk about herself. He believed that the simpler girl was the real girl, and he enjoyed learning from her about the wonders of cryptograms and the mysteries of English girls. She talked ferns and Dorothy and the future of the estate with equal enthusiasm and absorption. Her Americanism gave great weight to her views. Roger felt the tie of a common nationality, even though she was from Massachusetts and he from the middle West. He knew that she understood his resolve not to be married as an adjunct to an estate, and that she did not find it romantic and ridiculous. He was sure that the duchess thought it both.

Miss Elliott sometimes startled him with her highly original theories. "I have been reading up your family," she said one day. "I've been picking up trifles about Miss Lingard. They've always been doers of things, blunt and straight and outdoors, fighters with their hands, not with their heads. They stole three of their brides in one century. Elopements, rows, hurly-burly, duels. There's your clew. There's the reason you seem to stand still with her. Your American methods are too subtle. She doesn't understand."

Roger contemplated with pleasure the reflective face of Miss Elliott, now wholesomely brown.

"I call her Dorothy," he answered. "I show her the photograph of her ——"

"Which you carried next your heart all through the war," interrupted Miss Elliott. "And you show her in a hundred ways that you are her slave. She's used to slaves." She hesitated for an instant, then: "She wants a master; not a slave."

Miss Elliott resumed the potting of her fern. They were in the potting shed behind the garden of the farmhouse on the hilltop and the setting sun was pouring on her from a level west. There was a pleasant smell of wholesome fresh mold about the place and little breezes sometimes played with Miss Elliott's brown and no longer absolutely tidy hair.

"You talk to her," she resumed, as the fern was adjusted to her apparent satisfaction, "as you would to an American girl, don't you?"

"Well," Roger answered meditatively, "I've never drawn the national line that I know of."

Miss Elliott smiled and overturned the fern. "American girls are supposed to be on a pedestal, aren't they?" she questioned, refilling her pot.

"We look up to you, of course," he responded; and she glanced up at his mischievous accent on the pronoun.

"You're doing a lot for her," she said slowly. "She thinks it is for her, anyhow. Is she grateful? Or are you just one of the army that have been fetching and carrying for her since she was born? She understands being on a pedestal to that kind. But to her mate? Well, is that the Lingard way? Lingard men, and husbands of Lingard women—they're the ones who have been up aloft; not the women."

"Me? On a pedestal?" Roger laughed.

"Climb," she said. "Climb right up her shoulders roughly!" She turned and stood up straight and looked at Roger. "Don't believe I'm criticizing her. I hate to speak such tired words as 'stone age' and 'primitive women,' but if such things will keep on existing you must tell about them as best you can, mustn't you? She's that kind."

Miss Elliott caressed her fern with a delicate brush of the finger and stood back, examining it. "Her friends," she added, "have been the heavy-dragoon kind with records for big game." She turned as the sun dipped behind the hills. "She wants the strong arm," were her last words to Roger that day, delivered over her shoulder.

Roger strolled down the hill thinking what a sunny picture Miss Elliott made when the rays were failing like that on her. She was very clever too. She seemed to know more about Lingards than he did himself, and could draw practical conclusions from her knowledge. Most people never got brainwork so far as that. It did not matter that she was ridiculously wrong. She had an intelligent theory anyway, even if it would not work. It had been tried. Bickley Ryker had tested it.

Roger smiled, contrasting the counsel of his two advisers. The duchess told him to be patient and move slowly until Dorothy forgot that she had received primitive treatment. Miss Elliott told him to be prompt and primitive. There was no real need of an umpire, for the facts had already decided against Miss Elliott; still, it would be interesting to have Charity's opinion. He wanted a talk with Charity, that was all. Both had been so busy that they had only met at hurried farmhouse meals for weeks. But he found that she had gone over to the hospital.

Charity had received a note from the duchess asking if she could come and talk about a projected sale of work in the parish. The sale was for the fund for welcoming returning soldiers when peace should come, and perhaps as the harvest was over Charity would have enough leisure to take a stall. Charity thrilled as she read. This was high social promotion. She left supper to her helper, bathed with leisurely delight, dressed underneath in her most cherished linen and outside in a new white coat and skirt of prewar serge without a thread of cotton in it. Only she could have got such a fabric and the friendly storekeeper in Castlechepe had searched for it for two months.

As she dressed she thought with pleasure of the duchess' call some weeks before, a call made, as the duchess had openly said, to show appreciation of her hard clever work on the farm. If she had known that it was due to Bickley Ryker she would not have valued it less. After all, she would have admitted, it was a decent thought in him to obtain such powerful support for her against village gossip. She thought of him as she passed the spot in the park where they had last met. She was glad that all had happened as it had. Her dreams were now of a future in the United States and vaguely in the vision loomed the figure of Kelsie Hill.

She had hardly been conscious of her growing interest in this friendly clever soldier until she had seen him snatched

(Continued on Page 137)

GRANT SIX

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LAST Fall kindly Mother Nature looked around and said, "The world's at war and coal is scarce. The boys in the trenches need more underwear. Home folks must be kept warm. I'll give these good Americans a calm, balmy winter." And so she did, as you well remember.

But now—watch out! Remember—Nature seldom gives the same performance twice in succession. Cold winds will blow. It's sure to snow. Better get your 10-rib Mayo Underwear now.

Then you can laugh at winter weather. For with warmer 10-rib Mayo you can make your own weather—cosy, balmy weather.

As they say in the Zero Belt, "Mayo 10-rib knitting is a man's best friend when the mercury begins pushing the bottom out of the thermometer." And active men everywhere agree that Mayo—knit with 10-ribs to the inch instead of 8—puts new s-t-r-e-t-c-h into the Mayo underwear fabric.

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But now medium priced Mayo has this better 10-rib knitting. As a matter of fact, Mayo is known as "the only medium priced underwear knit in the 10-rib way." Nowadays those who have to look at both sides of their dollars can have 10-rib knitting in Mayo Underwear.

And dealers everywhere with their weather-eye on the lookout for *real* underwear value for their customers sell Mayo. One near you would like to show Mayo to you.

DEALERS: *If your jobber has no 10-rib Mayo Underwear in stock—write us for the name of the nearest jobber who has.*

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Sales Office: 346 Broadway, New York City

Mayo
Made from Mayo Yarn

WINTER UNDERWEAR *for* MEN *and* BOYS
UNION SUITS . SHIRTS . DRAWERS

Look for this trade-mark in the neckband of your underwear. It identifies the real Mayo Underwear.

To mothers of boys:
Look at Mayo Boys' Union Suits. See if you don't say, "Here is a better underwear fabric." And see if your boy doesn't agree that Mayo says, "Away with scratch, itch and tickle."

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suddenly from her and lifted into spheres inaccessible to her. She had heard the rumor too—everybody had—that he was of good family and rich. But he had never altered one jot toward her, and she did not undervalue either her personal attractions or her abilities. She knew that her face was now baked to a dull red, too bucolic for beauty, but she was well aware that this was a badge of honor in the eyes of Kellie Hill. She knew that her hair was a little bleached and robbed of luster, but she could not stop to cover it every time she was called out of doors. Kellie Hill admired her energy and her efficiency. He turned to her, to her alone, for practical advice. H followed it too, nearly always. She knew what weight he gave to Dorothy's words. Of course he had to pretend to consult the nominal mistress of the estate. That he was more and more with Dorothy never troubled Charity. Her theories of equality were fondly cherished, but some things are stronger than theories. Charity would have wished to strike anybody who said that Dorothy would make a *mésalliance* in marrying Kellie Hill, but that would precisely be Charity's secret unacknowledged thought.

Another unacknowledged conviction was that Kellie Hill belonged to her own class. He had neither the language nor the ideas nor the manners of aristocracy. That gift—if gift it be—of friendly cordial condescension was not his. He was just friendly, just the same to everybody, and you could see that he did not think that anybody was above him or below him. That was partly personal, partly Canada, Charity thought; and it was one of Kellie Hill's greatest attractions. If they were all like him over there life was sweeter and better and more human.

So Charity went to the duchess in happy mood. The duchess would have a stall, and Dorothy would have a stall, and she would have a stall; and Kellie Hill would be there; and he would see her among these great people—holding her own, she hoped.

The duchess was no hypocrite in her cordial greeting. She was not a hypocrite to anybody. Every human being has to be pleasant oftentimes to unpleasant people when self or other interest demands it, and the duchess, fighting for her son, showered many a smile that would have been withheld before August, 1914. But she had a high admiration for Charity's work and genuinely liked this "unfortunately over-educated girl who cannot marry in her own station and cannot hope to marry outside it."

The details of the sale were adjusted and Charity's enthusiastic and capable help secured. She was placed on the committee and given a prominent part. She was delighted but did not say half that she felt. She knew that she would give as much as she got.

"And now there's another little matter, Miss Turle," the duchess said. "It's confidential. It's quite between you and me. You've been kind to all the soldiers who have come back. You've been specially kind to that interesting Canadian sergeant."

The duchess' great eyes were fixed with gentle invitation on Charity's face. They learned nothing, saw nothing, but natural surprise.

"I'm glad I took him in," Charity said. "He's the most useful person in the village."

"So I hear. I've got to know him very well and like him very much." The duchess nodded and smiled significantly. "All of us feel—I am sure you do—a kind of responsibility for Miss Lingard." The duchess again saw nothing but surprise. The village girl was her match. Charity never so much as dropped her lids.

"Oh, yes," she agreed, and waited. But she knew now and braced herself.

"Mr. Hill is greatly interested in her," the duchess said. "Have you noticed it?"

"How should I, Your Grace? I am out in the fields."

"If every woman were like you ——" the duchess praised. "It is so," she went on. "Mr. Hill very properly has spoken to me."

"Oh." It was the one unguarded instant, but astonishment was natural.

"Yes, he has acted well. It is not what we should once have thought of for Dorothy, of course. But her position is greatly altered and you know chances for marriage are few now. He seems to be eligible, but I can learn little about him. You have seen a good deal of him, seen him under all conditions. What do you think of him?"

Charity well knew that her opinion did not count at all, nevertheless she answered: "He is all right, Your Grace."

"It is a relief to hear that you agree with my opinion of him," the duchess said. "He is an enterprising young man and hard hit. About her—well, she's interested, I think. It would be a great thing if she could be safely sheltered in the upturning that's coming."

Charity bowed assent and rose to her feet.

"You and she are very friendly, Dorothy tells me. Don't hint this to her. I have broken a confidence, but I know I can trust you."

"Oh, yes, of course."

The duchess smiled and held out her hand. "Speed his wooing," she said. "Strange times, Charity. We must move with them."

"Or away from them," Charity responded, showing her strong white teeth in a smile as cheery as the duchess'.

"No aeroplanes fly to Mars. Thank you so much for your promised help. Good night."

When she was gone the duchess' thoughts ran thus: "My warning was not needed. Still it is just as well. Straight girl, that; but not emotional. Oh, no."

Charity raced home by the more distant main lodge. She did not wish to pass the spot at which she last parted from Bickley Ryker. Some words came recurrently, fitting in with the rhythm of her quickened steps. These were "The second time the second man."

When she came to her cottage she looked into the open window. Round the lamp so many moths circled that she could see them, and Kellie Hill sat there in his shirt sleeves poring over accounts.

On the table in the farmhouse kitchen lay a letter from her brother Tom, postmarked London. She tore it open with eager hands. It told her that he was on the way from Egypt to France, that he had three days' leave, but that he could not possibly come down to her. She would understand. He was engaged to a Red Cross nurse; and the nurse was in London.

This was the heavier blow of the two which had been dealt to her that night. The low-ceiled room stifled her. She went out and round to the lawn and sat on the garden seat beneath the old oak. A full moon had risen and was flooding the place with a soft ethereal light. Such cloudless golden nights are rare in England and proportionately powerful in their effect on imagination, but Charity was insensible to external influences.

She thought only of Tom, adored since babyhood—companion, tormentor, protector, bully. Sharp memories came of one trifling incident and another. They brought no tears. She only sat and stared wide-eyed, seeing Tom, only Tom. He had dismissed her from his life curtly. He had not even suggested that she should come to London for one hour, for one meal. He was going to France, to the dangerous Front, where the casualties among engineers were disproportionately heavy; and he had not asked her to come.

A soft familiar whistle told her that Sergeant Kellie Hill was near.

"Charity," he called out to her as he crossed the lawn, "you look like a statue cast in silver." He sat beside her as one sure of his welcome. "I went to post and saw the light of your open door," he explained. "A wonder of a night, isn't it?"

"A wonder," she agreed.

A long silence came. It seemed to Roger that to speak would be to profane sacred mysteries of a silent temple. Vague thoughts and fancies flitted through his brain and came and went like idle harmless little clouds in the sky. He thought of a girl under a Lebanon cedar, costumed like a gorgeous idol, and how beautiful and right she would look if she were here now dressed just that way. He thought of Dorothy and her orange-colored coat, and how it would gleam if she were here and how the moonlight would make a halo round her dark head. He thought of his father and of a red sash his father had worn when grand marshal of a Fourth-of-July procession. Incidents marked by bright colors were recalled—a dozen of them. He thought of Charity slipping past one night with red roses in her belt, flying to a meeting with Bickley Ryker.

He flung off the spell of the night.

"Charity," he said.

He saw her startled movement, the swift surprised turn of her head.

"Complimentary! You forgot I was here. What were you dreaming of?"

"I'm past dreaming, sergeant."

"That's fine!" he congratulated. "Too practical for dreams. So here's a practical question for you. If you were walking along a road and a man dashed up and lassoed you and dragged you to the church and married you, would you love him the more because he loved you that way?"

Charity's subdued laugh sounded natural.

"Men have their little pleasant tricks," she said, "and women put up with them."

"But I am serious, Charity. Are you for the strong-arm methods?" He had to explain his meaning. "On the other side we plead. Here, they say, we should command."

Charity, having the key, unlocked his meaning. She rallied to guard her secret.

"If you've found an English girl, sergeant," she said, "shall I tell you how to win her?"

"I wasn't exactly personal," Roger answered. "Still, I'm curious."

"If she's country —— Is she country?" She bantered with a smiling face.

"When I find her I'll tell you. But suppose she is country."

"Then get your sport right."

"By jove!" Roger exclaimed. Charity had given, as always, useful information.

"Cram on the sporting books at the manor," she continued. "Get your terms right."

It was simple to Charity to give this advice. Dorothy had told her with contempt that Sergeant Hill drove like a yokel and rode like a stockbroker. "He has a good seat and a light hand," Charity had answered. "That's so," Dorothy had admitted, "but he doesn't know what to do with the curb rein."

"That's a mighty fine idea," Roger said gratefully. "I'll read up and when I meet her I'll know whether a heron's nest is called a nest or some other confounded thing; whether wild geese flock or herd; and what foxes really do when they run to earth."

"That's it," Charity assented. "Have you ever shot a grizzly?"

"My father once thought one came near his camp."

"Quite enough to build on," Charity advised. "You were only nine and couldn't hold the heavy rifle barrel straight, but you rested it on a notched stick and got him through the heart. Let it come out naturally. Force questions about it. Be shy, but get it out. And the tigers?"

"None; only pumas. Rocky Mountain lions."

"Splendid! Call them that and tell how they died. You harpoon big fish over there, I've read."

"But, Charity, I've been farming and going through college."

"Never mind. Keep all the useful acts dark. Tell how you've killed things."

Charity rose.

"You're a mighty good sort, Charity," said Roger.

"Thanks, Kellie Hill. Good night."

He heard her cheerful laugh as she closed the kitchen door.

Charity broke down that night, but no one knew that. Roger was delighted and amused. The duchess and Miss Elliott, knowing all the circumstances, had not helped him a bit. Charity, knowing nothing, had given wise and clever advice; and she was not a society girl either.

The bazaar was ultimately held, but Charity was too busy, it seemed, to take part.

XIII

THE weeks went by and everybody knew but Dorothy—if indeed she was as innocent as she appeared to be—that Kellie Hill was greatly interested in her. They were spending a week-end at Duncry Towers in November and Roger made up his mind that the time had come to propose. He asked Dorothy on the Sunday afternoon to go with him for a walk.

She was in extraordinary spirits, proved by her bright eyes, her lively color and her gayety of manner. Everybody was brighter as things had gone so well on the Western Front, but a national awakening to hope could not account for all Dorothy's vivacious charm. Roger went by her side feeling for the first time that she was responsive to his mood in the way in which he had long wished and hoped to see her. He led her toward the decoy pool, not alone because he had crammed on a volume about such pools but also because it was

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Don't be satisfied with smoky lamps or flickering, unreliable lights. Install a 4 K. W. Universal Electric Lighting Plant, operated by a water-cooled, standardized

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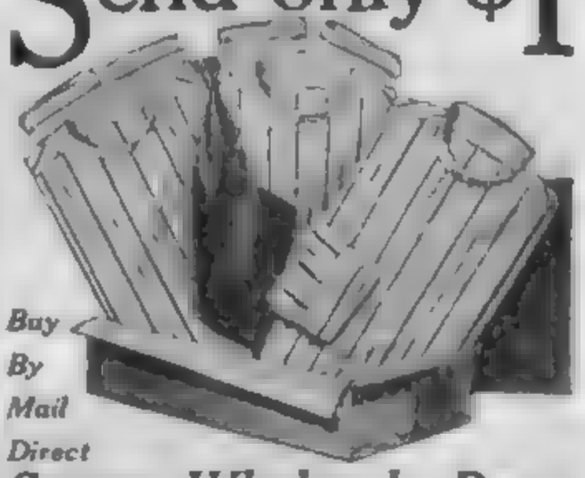

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lonely and isolated there. She turned dancing eyes on him and demanded with a laugh to know what he had been saying to Haynes at Cromleigh Farm.

"I am tired of farms," Roger answered. "Isn't this just a heavenly spot?"

"Haynes came fiercely," said Dorothy. "He says you told him it would add one-fourth to the acreage of Nine Elm Valley if the nine farms were thrown into one, all the hedges cut down, all the fields turned into a big prairie. You must not frighten the farmers to death, Kellie."

They had come naturally to first names now and were as easy and unrestrained in their friendship as two young people could be. "How silent it is." Roger's voice was significantly hushed.

"It may be, but I am not," Dorothy said demurely, eying him slantwise. "Haynes' people have had Cromleigh for centuries, for all they're on a yearly tenancy. There's a new estate owner coming who won't understand these things. Our farmers are unsettled and afraid, and you must go and talk rot to them about economic production just at this time."

"Look!" Roger cried. "Widgeon, I think."

"And Smaley, on the ridge," Dorothy continued, never even glancing at the ducks among the distant reeds. "You told him there were too many middle-size farms in the country; that it must be big farms, thousands of acres; or small holdings, thirty to sixty acres. Now Smaley farms three hundred."

"My head is buzzing with these things, Dorothy. Please give me a rest."

"A rest?" She laughed. "When you have scared the whole countryside into fits with your Canadian ideas about increased production and efficiency. Williams came running, too, begging for the first chance to buy his farm if there is to be any selling. You've sent an icy blast into a beehive and there's a lot of buzzing."

"I only asked questions," Roger protested. "Something's got to be done after the war. I—— But oh, hang it, let it drop! Here's belated sunshine straggling along in November, Dorothy."

She appeared to notice no peculiar note in this appealing utterance of her name.

"How can I let you go on running wild?" she asked. "I think every farmsteading in the valley is centuries old. The houses are so quaint they make picture postcards; or did before the war. The same family has held the same farm for at least three generations in every case. They love their homes as much as I do mine." Her voice came near to faltering. "Keep your Canadian ideas for Canada," she commanded. "Land over there is soil and the wheat it grows. Here it is human hearts and lives and homes."

"Don't I know? Haven't I found that out?" he answered, moved by the feeling in her voice. "It's like vivisection to modernize this country."

Roger had learned what few people ever know—that even in these days agriculture is the chief industry of England. He was sure that England is the most beautiful country in the world, the most homelike and comfortable, with its short distances, its low hills, its beautiful roads, its green pastures. A smiling peaceful land even now after four years of war. But he knew that its beauty was uneconomic, that it was far behind Denmark or Germany in wheat or meat production per acre, that it was a garden spot because owners did not own land as a business but as a social advantage and as a pleasure, and that farm rents did not net more than three per cent a year. He was sure that much of this would be changed, that ugly brick houses would take the place of the picturesque old structures of the villages, that companies or individuals would farm on a larger scale, that government would compulsorily take land for small holdings for returned soldiers, that taxation and death duties would inevitably break up many large estates.

He had held the view—he still held it—that efficiency and maximum production were necessary for the world and the nation, and desirable for himself. But he had ceased weeks ago to have any desire to be in the van of this coming progress. He had been dismayed to discover the sorrow and misery that radical measures would bring. He had been startled to learn that many of these farmers, all of whom held on yearly tenancies, had hereditary ties with their farms and held themselves as firmly fixed as the landlord himself. Wherever he turned he found himself hampered.

"Quiet!" Roger said softly as they came in view of the pool. He glanced about to discern the direction of the wind. "Perhaps we can see some."

He caught Dorothy's hand, as though concerted progress would be more silent. They tiptoed to the high fence and peeped through the small openings left for the purpose. They saw half a dozen mallards and some widgeon within twenty yards, and they thrilled with pleasure, as most people will at close sight of unsuspecting wary wild birds basking and preening and sunning themselves.

But a dying wasp—there had come a slight frost the night before—crawling up Dorothy's low shoe stung her on the ankle. She bent suddenly, and from the neck of her blouse fell several sheets of paper. A puff of wind caught them, swirled them about and lifted one over the fence. There was splashing and dashing inside as the ducks rose; and scurrying outside as Dorothy chased fugitive pages. Roger ran round to the pipe and retrieved the one from the water. As he fished it out he saw three words in a large hand: "My darling Dolly."

He dried the wet page in his handkerchief and delivered it with a question: "Does that make up the lot?" He met Dorothy's glance with an innocent look which he thought well achieved.

"That's the lot, thank you." She laughed gayly, though her cheeks were crimson. "Wild duck," she said as they turned, "don't get letters, I suppose. How frightened they were. I suppose they're all miles away by now. Did you see that mallard sprawled on the bank, stretching himself? Didn't he look jolly comfortable and as though he were enjoying himself? What is wild celery? A man told me—oh, what was it?—that canvasbacks are not really terrapin unless they eat wild celery. That doesn't sound right, but he said anyway that he was in some city in South America where they know how to eat and serve some kind of fish on a plank——"

So Dorothy ran on, rattled, hardly knowing what she was saying; and that did not matter, for Roger did not know either. When Dorothy's conversation was checked by want of breath he began on farms and the regeneration of agriculture and said bitterly that she had proved to him that farmers must not be disturbed; yet something must be done. The only fair thing was for the landlords to set the example of sacrifice. To satisfy the land hunger of returning soldiers parks ought to be broken up into small holdings.

He was staggered when Dorothy agreed that that was a very good idea.

"St. Dyfrigs manor house would still be imposing," he went on, "even if it had only twenty acres about it."

Dorothy came to life at that. She asked him what he was saying, and he repeated the vandal words. She stood amazed, glaring at him; but having come to life she could feel pain.

"Something's stung me," she cried, remembering.

"Me too," thought Roger.

They went on in silence.

That night Roger told the duchess that he accepted defeat. Her disappointment was a genuine tribute to him, but her plea that he be not so easily discouraged met with no response. "I have come as close to a refusal as I need to," he answered.

There could be no one else, she told him, and hinted that his wooing, though charming, had perhaps lacked ardor.

"Oh," Roger cried, "you told me to go slow." The duchess' smile was not easily to be understood, but it may be inferred from her abstention from consolation that she did not think that he needed it.

The next day Roger was surprised to receive a call from Col. Bickley Ryker, who explained that he had been sent officially from France to London and had secured a day's leave. He looked imposing, Roger thought, and seemed specially satisfied with himself. His manner held a new suggestion of quiet dignity, and Roger jumped to an impossible conclusion: This man was the writer of the page that had swirled to the ducks. So it proved. Roger was gravely informed of a correspondence with Dorothy which had ended in an engagement. What proposals was he prepared to put forward? What settlement would he make on Miss Lingard?

Roger's swift thought flew to Miss Elliott. "Strong-arm methods." What a wonder she was!

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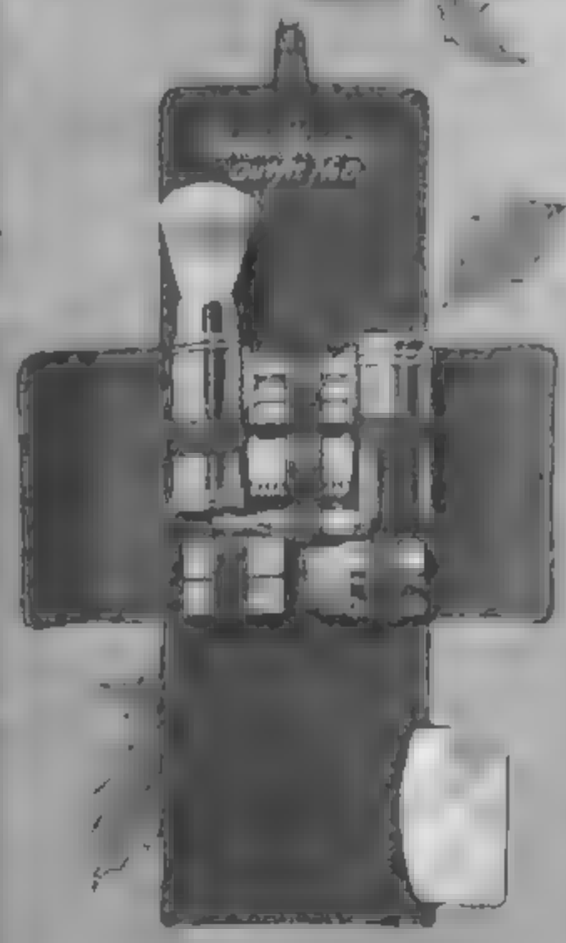

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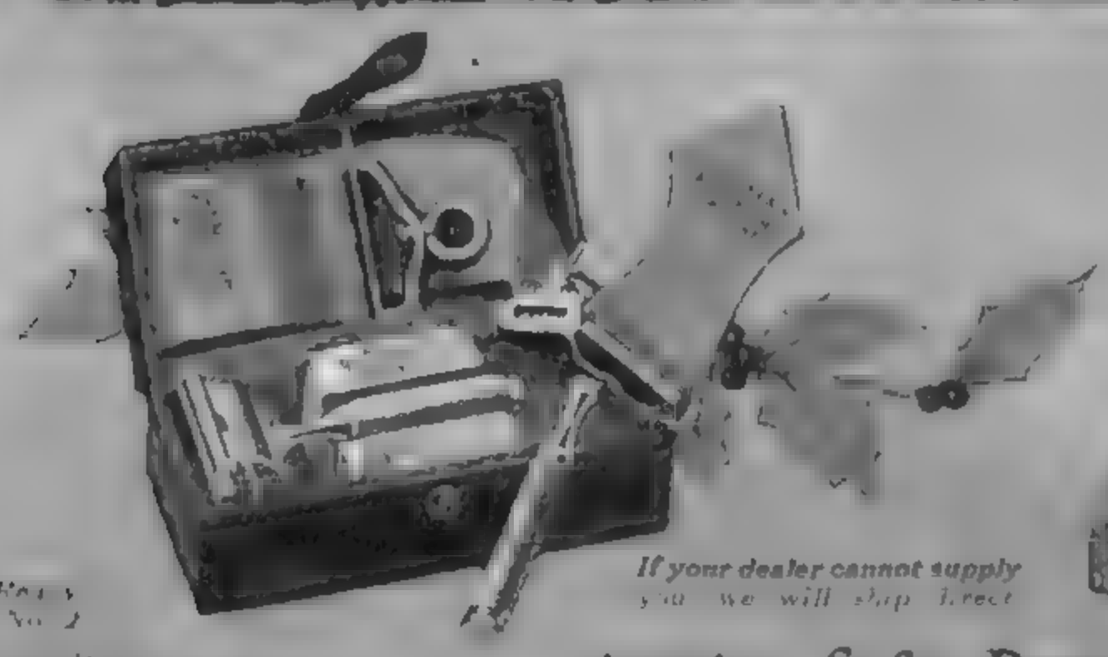

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HUMANIZING INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 15)

time when the strike was at its most acute stage, at least in Canton, made this admission to a little group of workers in the plant where every shop has a signboard reading, "More Than a Place to Work":

"There ought to be some way so that you men could work without any hindrance—for you've got it different from the rest of us; you're treated fair and you've got some say about working conditions, wages and all that sort of thing. But nobody has figured out a way to make the exception that you're entitled to have made, and so you and your company have to suffer."

This admission, on the part of a picket for the union strikers, made to men who had refused to strike and had voted to go back to work, is about as significant a testimonial as could be asked for by the management, which has put in six years of consistent effort to the end of establishing this bond of confidence and coöperation between its men and itself.

"If you want," said an official of the company, "to get a line on the degree and quality of loyalty that the policy of this company has produced, why don't you attend the meeting that will be held in the assembly room of the Canton plant tomorrow? Its purpose is to determine whether our plant will be reopened and, if so, when. The representation will be general—rollers, open-hearth men, laborers, foremen and superintendents will attend. Though our men have already gone on record, without a dissenting vote, that they have no reason for striking and that they wish to go back to work, the big national steel strike has been in force for some time and the men have been subjected to a lot of outside pressure. Therefore, it is impossible to predict what that meeting will develop. Certainly it will not be a cut-and-dried affair. For one thing, it will show you the freedom with which our men speak their minds to the executive officials of the company. It will be worth while for you to attend, I think."

It was—and no mistake! The hall was well filled with a mixture of men in mill shirts and in white collars. Entire lack of formality was the keynote of the gathering. After the youthful general superintendent had stated the purpose of the meeting he remarked: "Slim, what do the men of your gang say?"

"They want to work, all right," responded Slim; "but some of 'em are a little leery about the pickets."

"And you, Chuck?"

"Same here." And as he swept a hand over his bald head he added: "The idea of havin' them chaps bounce a brick on top of this unprotected dome of mine don't have any charms for me."

Ideas That Spread

"Don't let that bother you, Chuck," quickly retorted a husky roller. "You can't dent solid ivory!" And the crowd laughed.

"How about your gang, Tiny?" inquired the leader of the meeting.

"We're tired of this thing an' we want to work," answered a man of immense stature. "We're satisfied an' we don't think them pickets want t'start anything. I've heard some talk and it looks as if they weren't having an easy time to get men to picket this place."

Then someone made a motion that the plant be opened at a certain date and hour. It was seconded and the leader called for discussion.

"That's the stuff!" exclaimed a two-fisted roller. "Let's go! We've got no kick here excepting that we're being out of work. My next pay check's all shot to pieces an' I'm fer getting busy. The sooner we start the better it suits me."

The motion to resume work carried without a dissenting vote. The plant opened as per schedule with one hundred per cent appearance of the men! There was no need to talk with men about their attitude toward the company—but I did so as they lingered in the assembly hall. To the man who had commented on the sievelike condition of his pay check I put the question: "How do you like this company and its plan of dealing with its men?"

"If I told you that everything's all O. K. and everybody as satisfied as an angel I'd be lying. It ain't. But this company is trying to do the fair thing by us—and it's doing it as fast as it can find out what ought to be done. The older men know this and the newer ones are learning it fast. Yes, sir; the company treats us square—like men, I'll say."

This same man, I learned later, had reported for duty right along—pickets or no pickets! And had put in his time doing some salvage work that he figured would save the company a bit of money and could be done to an advantage during the shutdown.

One of the foremen at the sheet steel came from another plant in the same manufacturing district, and came because he believed that the company was trying to do something for its men and to do it on the right basis. Not long after he had made the change his old superintendent at the place he had left called him on the telephone and remarked: "Say, Bill, what's all this man-to-man bunk that your company's trying to put over?"

"It's the right dope, I'll say," cheerfully answered the foreman.

"Well," snapped his former superintendent, "it ain't the right dope for us over here—not a little bit! Your men are talking that stuff with our boys and it's got 'em all churned up. If you've got t'feed your men that bunk can't you keep 'em from passing it on to our boys?"

"Don't see how I can," responded Bill. "One of the things we believe in over here is that every man on the pay roll, from top to bottom, is a human being with a full set of human rights, and one of them rights is to tell his friends how he likes the treatment he gets from the company and the management. Besides, we couldn't stop it if we tried. About the only way that I can see for you, Jim, is for your company to get busy along the same lines. That would stop your men from quitting and coming over here for jobs. And take it from me, it's the only thing that will! Better think that over and see what you can do about it."

The Real Goods

It isn't necessary to go out to the open hearths, the rolling machines or the presses to find concrete examples of how the new spirit works. In some plants, where the management is attempting to do something for the workers, the effort is mainly directed toward the men wearing mill shirts, and those wearing white collars are given scant consideration. Generally this is a symptom indicating a desire for the pacifying results of contentment rather than a real recognition of the rights and necessities of the workers, a sincere human feeling that they have not had all that was coming to them as economic partners in the big job of production—especially in the way of treatment. But in the plant under consideration the attitude of the company isn't just a policy play and its administration isn't merely the act of attempting to administer a dose of industrial soothing sirup where the pressure of unrest appears to be most acute.

Stopping just inside the gate of the works I paid a visit to the chief engineer, a keen young cosmopolitan born in England, cradled in Australia, reared in Tasmania, and educated in almost every other quarter of the globe—with a finish as an eighteen-carat American citizen. When he was out of earshot one of his draftsmen admitted—with the same positiveness of conviction that your favorite prima donna admits she can sing—that this man-to-man stuff is the real goods and no bunk, and that it's making converts among the mill hands and also among the wearers of white collars. Here's the way he feels about it:

"I hadn't been here two weeks before I knew that there was something the matter with me. Kept feeling worse day after day. But a man with no money and a wife and five kids can't stop to be sick—especially when he's just started on a new job. He's got to keep going just as long as he can push himself to it. In any other place where I had worked it would have put me in bad to be taken sick on the third week of my employment.

"Reasoning on that basis I came to the office when I was wabbly, but thought I could get past without having the chief notice my trouble. However, nothing much gets past him. He told me that I was to go home first, and then to the hospital if it was found that, as he believed, I needed an operation. And I wasn't to give a thought

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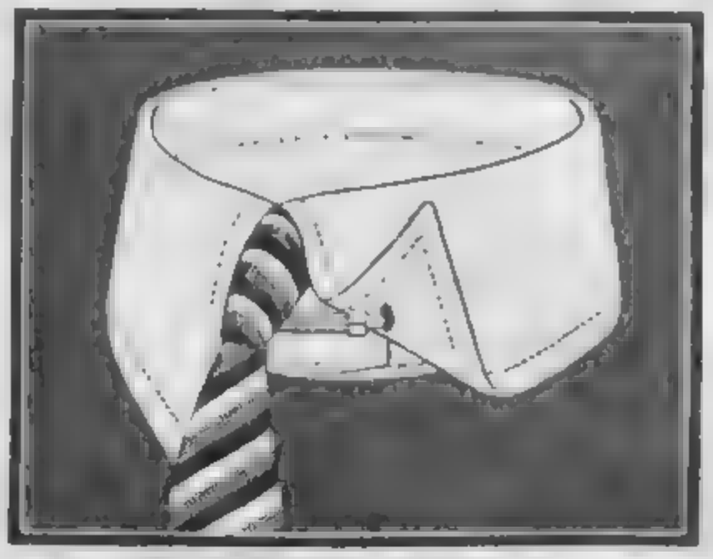

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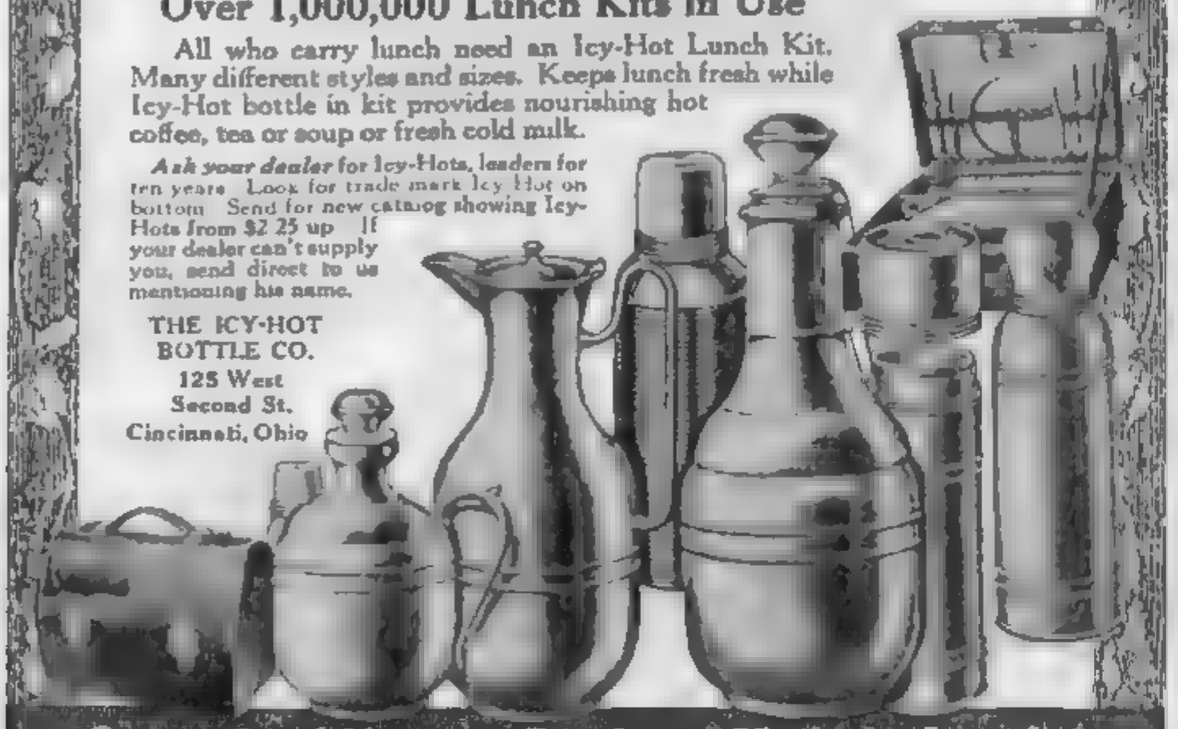

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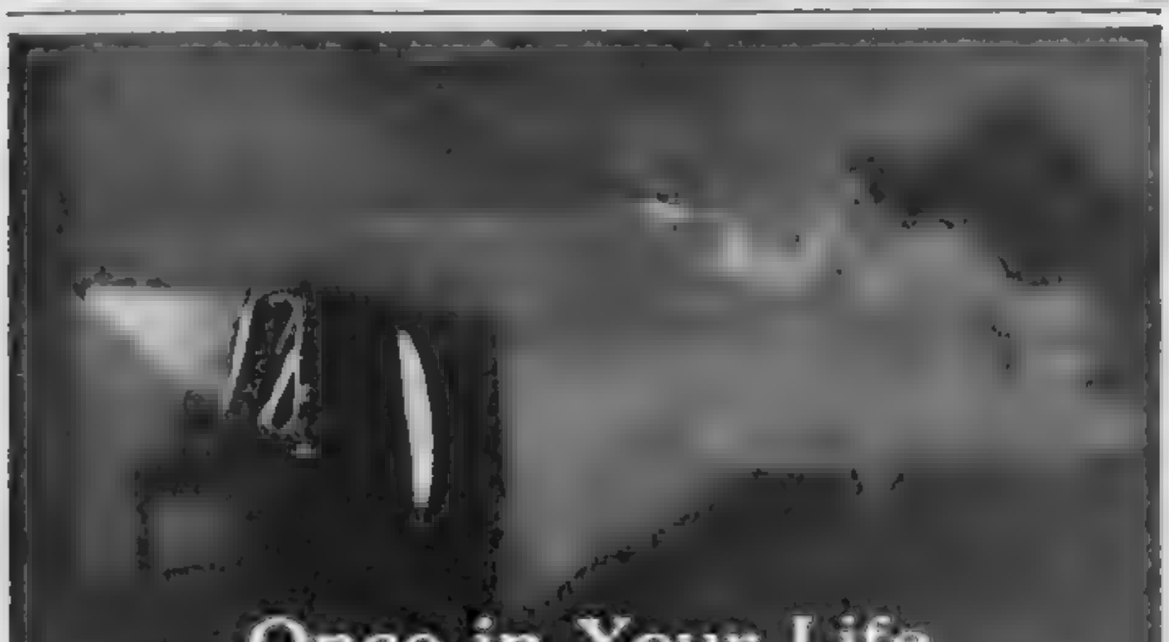

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to my work, my pay or my position. Those details would be all taken care of for me. And they were. He did things for me that I'm not telling about. I'm here to say that I never had anything like that happen to me before in any place I've worked in!

"Perhaps you've heard the expression round here, 'It isn't what you do but the way you do it that counts.' I didn't get the real meaning of that saying until I had my hospital experience. But I understand it now—and no blue print required, either! And I'm here to stay just as long as I'm wanted."

Sometimes relatively small straws show the course of the current. The chief engineer has a keen eye for these indications, and when everything was ready to change over the assembling room he saw a chance to make a test of the attitude of the men and find out to what extent they were willing to sacrifice their own convenience in order to do the company a good turn. He realized that Sunday is a star day in the worker's calendar and that it is not easily sacrificed.

"What do you say, men," he put the question—"could we change over the assembling room on Sunday so as not to interfere with production?"

"You're right we can!" came the quick response. "We'll be on hand. Then work will not be set back a single hour."

The cheerfulness with which this suggestion was accepted made a decided impression on the chief engineer.

"That showed me," he remarked, "the spirit of the men quite as convincingly as some far more important matter might. It simply couldn't have happened in any plant where the old-style relations between men and management exist."

There's a man in the employ of the company whose title is assistant to the first vice president or something equally formidable. Really he is chief mixer, but the only title that any of the men call him by is Charlie. And he's Charlie to every man in every shop of the whole company who has been in the employ of the concern long enough to brush up against this man from headquarters two or three times. All that the workers know or care as to his official status is that he's the humanest thing on two legs, that he speaks their language, and that he is their friend at court when it comes to getting something across the big council table in the directors' room at the central office of the corporation.

One day when Charlie was going through a certain shop he noticed that an Italian had his hand bandaged. Instantly he crossed the room and remarked: "Hello, Tony. What's happened to you?"

"Cut. Sharp piece steel," responded the grinning Tony; and added: "Better now."

Just then, as he turned to go, a rich African voice from behind the friendly Charlie said: "Ah done got hurted too!"

The Craving for Fellowship

"That experience," commented Mr. Woodward, "might appear trivial and meaningless to anybody else, but it meant a lot to me. It told me that this human treatment, this man-to-man contact, is what men crave. There was considerable of it long ago when employer and employee worked in the same shop and perhaps at the same bench—but since the expansion of industry it has become conspicuously lacking, as a rule. I didn't talk with that injured man simply because it was my business to do everything possible to build an intimate relationship between the workers and the management of this company. The Italian knew that my sympathy was honest, and so did the negro.

"Lots of employers, superintendents and foremen are afraid to show their honest feelings toward the men who work for them. Their hearts are really all right—but they have the false notion that if they did put their friendly feeling into acts they would be misunderstood and suspected. Perhaps they would in some cases—but they'd live through the experience, and it is certainly up to every man in a position of authority in industry to do everything possible to break down the wall of distrust and misunderstanding that has been built up by the old system in the past. It's the job of the hour, and those who are sincere and can see what is before us will have to open the eyes and force the hands of those whose vision is bounded by the dimensions of a dividend check.

"We have gone far enough right here to find out that a right man-to-man attitude on the part of the company and its representatives has not failed to get a reaction in kind from the men. That has been proved a thousand times and in a wide variety of ways until it has been drilled into us that every move we make in the right direction is bound to be met by the men. Not all of the men are in full accord with the effort we are making to establish a friendly, intimate and honestly coöperative human relationship between the management and the men, but that we could not expect.

"This is inevitable because the working force naturally includes quite a number of new men who have had no experience with this sort of thing but have always worked in the atmosphere of the old system, which took relatively small account of them as human beings.

"We are bound to have this contingent of new recruits with us to some extent always. Again, some men who have risen to places of authority but have been trained in the old autocratic school of management appear to be wholly unable to see its defects or to adapt themselves to the new attitude. But cases of this sort are surprisingly rare, and they will, I think, take care of themselves. When there is plenty of work everywhere a man is not likely to stick in a place where the general atmosphere of company policy is not to his liking. He'll go where he can find a congenial atmosphere and where he is in sympathy with the dominating spirit and purpose of the institution."

A Sure Cure for Cynics

Certain distinctive expressions seem to be natural coinage of the consistent attempt which this company is making to get on a man-to-man basis with its workers. And these phrases, I find, have a meaning of their own. "What do you think of it?" is one of them. After I had heard this question repeatedly passed between superintendents, foremen and other executives and men in their shops or gangs I mentioned it to one of the higher officials of the company.

"Yes," he answered, "I suppose it does seem a little odd to an outsider. But it expresses the spirit of the thing we're trying to do about as well as anything you could hit on. In the first place it is, on the face of it, a confession of the fact that a foreman or a superintendent hasn't a monopoly—simply by virtue of his position—of a knowledge of how to do things to best advantage or of sound practical judgment either; it's an admission of the possibility that a workman might have just as good and valuable an idea as the man supposed to supervise him. In the next place, that inference is always wholesome because it puts the two on a proper footing.

"I learned the value of that attitude early, when I was a foreman and when we had just started out to get this thing across. There was one man in my shop who made it clear in a silent, sullen way that he had about as much faith in this man-to-man stuff as he had in the divine right of kings. He could ooze cynicism at every pore and not say a word.

"Being one of the best workmen in the place and a steady man of good character and past middle age, he exerted a strong influence on the other men. Well, one day I was puzzled about a certain shop change that I had in mind and I knew Old Tommy's ideas on it ought to be sound—if I could only get them out of him. Then, too, I'll admit that I was anxious to break down the barriers that this man had thrown up against me. That would be about as valuable a thing as I could try to accomplish at the moment.

"So, in a casual sort of way, I stopped at his machine and said: 'You're a lot older man than I am and you've had a heap more of practical experience. I'd like to have a little advice. What do you think of this idea?' And then I put the whole plan before him in detail. That settled him. He was with us from that minute. And I don't mind confessing that it put a little additional pep into my own faith—for his suggestions were sound and helpful. I wouldn't strike the phrase, 'What do you think of it?' out of our shop vocabulary on any consideration. It's a friend maker among the men every time. Of course, it wouldn't amount to anything if the attitude of the man using it was not sincere. If it didn't reflect the real sentiment of the company it would be so much bunk—but it

(Continued on Page 145)

"Gifts Men Appreciate" is a helpful holiday booklet in colors, full of pictures and ideas about thoughtful gifts for Men. Leading Men's Stores everywhere have copies—free on request.

"GIFTS *Men Appreciate*"

BUY YOUR GIFTS of Men's Furnishings at *Men's Stores.* Then you know they're correct in every detail a man considers.

These are the Christmas gifts men appreciate all the year!

In business, a man is judged by his dress. If his scarf, linen and hosiery are in faultless taste, he is comfortable and sure of himself. And what man ever had too many personal furnishings of the right kind?

Men's-wear dealers know what men want. At the Men's Stores you'll find it easy to select "gifts men appreciate"—half a dozen of these Wilson Bro's "Shirts That Fit"—three or four of these *shape-holding* Scarfs, Wilson Bro's "Strate-Cut"—a pair of luxurious Motoring Gauntlets—a box of Wilson Bro's thread silk hose—a dozen Initial Handkerchiefs—a Traveling Set, Shirt Set or Belt with Initial Buckle.

This name on a gift of Furnishings makes it worth more to any man, because it tells him you've come for comfort and correctness to a *Men's Store*—and to "America's Complete Furnishers of Men."

Useful Gifts that indicate forethought! On sale at leading Men's Stores everywhere—and Christmas is a week from Thursday!

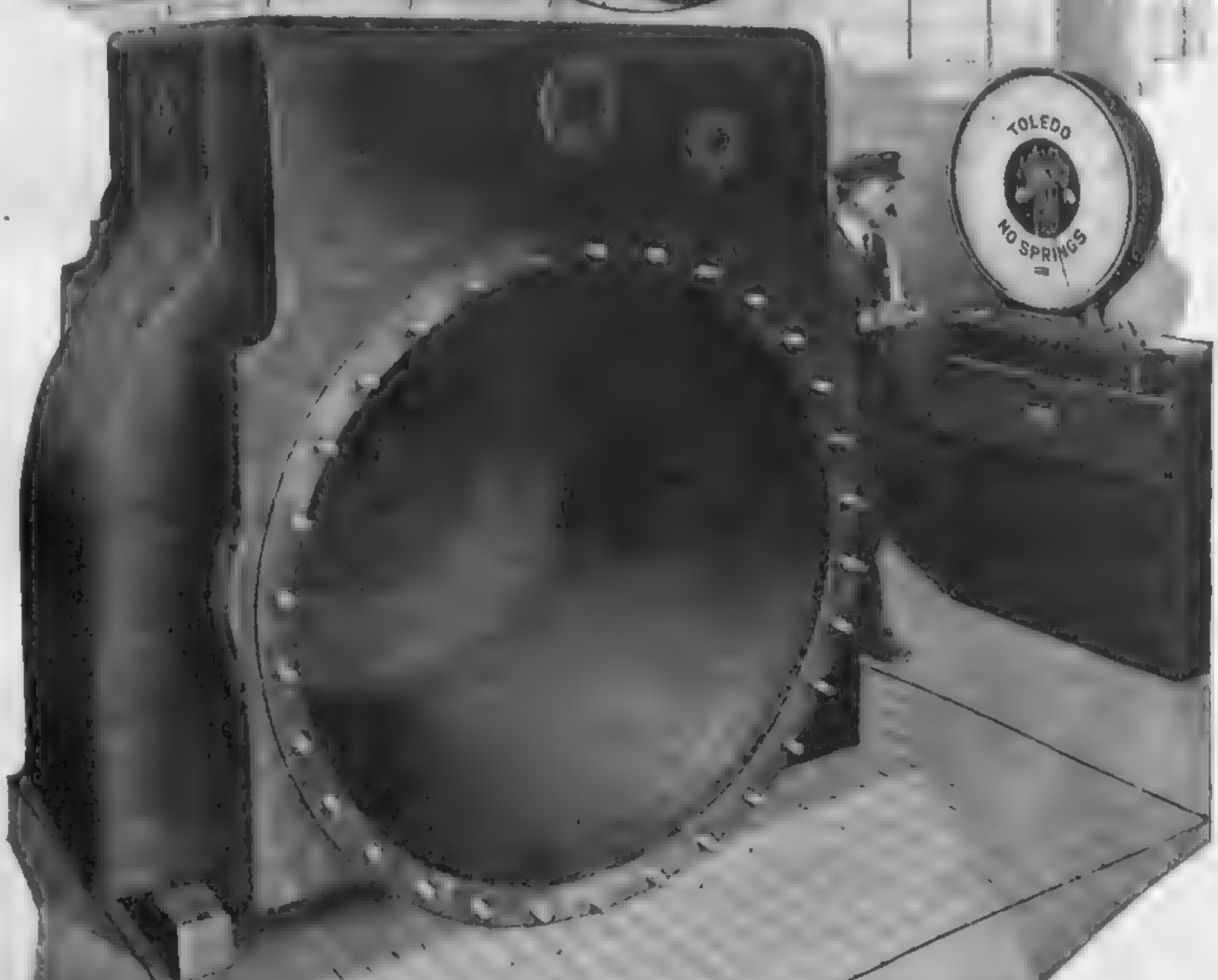
MEN'S
Wilson Bro's
FURNISHINGS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

TOLEDO

From An Ounce of Spice *to* Thirty Tons of Steel

ALL over the United States and Canada and in thirty-four Foreign Countries, hundreds of thousands of Toledo Springless Automatic Scales are giving most satisfying, efficient service.

There are more than one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales, to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel, —scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.



Toledo Scale Company
Toledo, Ohio
Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World
Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario
Branch Offices and Service Stations in sixty-nine cities in the United States and Canada
Others in thirty-four foreign countries

SCALES

NO SPRINGS ~ HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 142)

is in strict keeping and sympathy with this attitude and spirit of the company and so it gets across every time.

"And this suggests another expression that you may hear in almost every official meeting of any kind. That is: 'It isn't what you do so much as how you do it.' That saying certainly is gospel truth. We've found it so from the start. Suppose, for example, that the directors of some other company decided that they were up against it with their help and that it would be a safety-first move to try out this company's way of treating employees. They might come here and get a diagram in detail of everything we have done, try faithfully to follow our plan, and fail completely in the attempt. In short, they would do the things that have been done here—but in the wrong way. 'Can happen,' as the Chinaman said. What's more, it's mighty likely to happen unless those attempting it are just as sincere and determined as are the men at the head of the company that they will find a better footing of understanding and coöperation with their men because it's the square thing to do and not simply because they want to take out a little insurance against strikes and don't give a rap about it excepting that the cost isn't too high.

"To my notion any company starting in on that idea and on that alone is going to fall down on the job. What's worse, it is bound to make the going harder for those companies and executives whose attitude is sincere to the core and who actually feel that the men are entitled to a lot more in the line of man-to-man treatment than they have been getting in the past."

If any man familiar with traditional relations between bosses and workers in the steel industry can visualize a roller asking the superintendent of his department to give him a ride home in a high-power car, and incidentally to haul a dozen heavy packages of groceries, he has a livelier imagination than I have. But this is precisely what happened at the door of the coöperative store just inside the main gate of the sheet steel plant.

Homer White, an upstanding American from the heating gang, came out of the store with his arms stacked high with parcels, took a quick glance over the line of automobiles parked back of the office, and seeing his superintendent about to get into his car called out: "Want to give me a lift? I've got a full hand to-day."

The American Way

"Sure. Pile in," was the reply. "What's the matter with that bug you drive? Out of commission, eh? Why don't you blow yourself, Homer, to a real car?"

The next day a man in his gang remarked: "You've sure got your nerve—askin' a superintendent t' tote you and your stuff. He ain't drivin' a delivery wagon, is he?"

"He was that time," retorted the unabashed heater. "Now, why shouldn't I ask him? I'd ask you, wouldn't I, if you had a machine and was drivin' a block from my house?"

Then turning to the visiting stranger the heater explained: "When my part of town was undeveloped I was lucky enough to get a place of my own on a street that's been built up since with fine houses. My neighbors are managers, superintendents, foremen and men with lots more money, most of 'em, than I've got. In this plant they drill it into you that we're all on a man-to-man footing. I believe they mean it—and I think the way that superintendent took me up when I asked for a lift proves it, so far as he's concerned, anyhow.

"I wouldn't intentionally crowd myself on any executive. If I make a little more free with 'em than some do—especially those that weren't born in this country—it's because I think I understand better what the company is trying to do and the kind of a comeback they want to have from the men. My folks have been good, straight American stock from way back, and I had two years in the Ohio State University before I learned my trade. I've got five children, and the thing we're living for is to give 'em all a good education.

"The oldest daughter is about ready to go to college and I can see that the next few years ahead of us are going to call for a lot of money. When the girls go away to college they're going to go decently. Of course, everything has been frightfully high in the past five years—but I've made good money and salted a fair share of it down in the savings bank and in Liberty Bonds to take care of the girls' education. Almost every man on the pay roll could have done the same thing if he'd looked at it as I did.

"Of course there's a man now and then who has a run of real hard luck, when it seems as if everything was set to put him into a hole. But our benefit association is made for men of that sort—and it certainly does ease their hard luck to beat the band. This company did a good job on the benefit association. It takes a lot of worry off the minds of the men when things seem to run against them and they get out of luck.

"What I started to say, however, was this: When a man finds a company like this, that treats him white and is making an honest stab at working with 'em, it looks to me that he ought to stick on the job and do what he can to turn out stuff and help things along. That's the way I feel. I'm tired of this shutdown on account of the strike. Though I've worked some it has shot holes in my pay check. My checking account is getting so low that if this thing lasts much longer I'll have to draw on my savings account. But you bet I'm not going to touch that till I'm pushed to it. Tapping a savings account ain't the thing to do—an' it's bad medicine for a man to find out that it can be done too."

Shop scraps and feuds are constant and costly interrupters of production. The reader will naturally wish to know if this troublesome matter comes within the zone of influence of the man-to-man movement. The answer is: Decidedly it does. Here is a typical experience: In a shop in the parent plant at Cleveland a foreman and his assistant fell out over the handling of a job. They went at it in traditional steel-mill form, and not only exhausted all the epithets of vigorous open-hearth parentage—but did their best to provide the hospital surgeon with two interesting cases.

The Peacemaker at Work

But an official of the company, who knew them both, happened along and separated them. Then he let each man talk himself out along the line of his grievance. As he had expected, he found that the trouble had started in a petty personal misunderstanding. Instantly he decided that he faced a problem in plain human nature—something not covered by the rules or findings of any efficiency expert.

"I talked to those men separately," relates that official; "and got down to brass tacks too. There wasn't a touch of the official attitude in my remarks or tone. I got on equal footing with them right at the jump and held it all the way through.

"Finally I brought them together—and I'll admit that I was anxious about the result. The first thing the foreman did was to pull a stogy out of his pocket and say: 'Have a stogy, Tony?'

"And Tony came back with a grin and the rejoinder: 'Put it there, Jim.'

"That was all. But the kind of thing we're trying to put across won out. It not only saved a troublesome feud and made friends of two bitter enemies, but it also made those two men strong supporters of the very spirit that had prompted me to try to straighten out the trouble on a right human basis instead of dismissing one of the men or transferring him to another department."

Just how does this humanizing stuff work out in actual practice? Well, here's an instance of how it got across in one case that seems to be typical. It's no secret in industrial circles, as has been intimated before, that the foreman is generally the last man in the organization to fall for anything that doesn't jibe with his traditions of stiff and stern authority. He's strong on discipline as a rule, and one of his chief concerns is to drill into the heads of the men under him that he's boss—their boss—and that he isn't anything else on earth to them.

But there's a foreman at the sheet steel who believes in the idea that every worker is a human being and entitled to be treated as such. And he also holds the shrewd notion that a foreman can do more than almost anybody else to make this idea work—because the foreman happens to be the point of contact between management and the wage worker. If he is a nonconductor, the new spirit of coöperation is going to have a hard time to reach the man on the job.

Answering the telephone early one morning a troubled and tremulous voice explained to this foreman that Joe's wife was speaking and that "Joe, he much seek but no stay home."

You owe your legs this treat

WEARING Ivory Garters for the first time is like shaking off a toothache in your legs. As you put them on you sigh with relief to think that garters can actually be so comfortable.

The reasons are as easy as Ivory Garters themselves. There is no metal in them to chew and irritate your legs; there are no heavy pads in Ivory Garters. They're light and fit as slick and smooth as a silk sock.

Scientific fashioning makes Ivory Garters conform naturally to the legs without sagging or binding. They take hold smoothly clear around and give all their time to holding up your socks.

Makes no difference where you stand, you'll benefit by going to your men's wear specialist and saying: "I want a pair of Ivory Garters." You're on the trail of true leg comfort then.

IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

Steer Warms

Keep The Hands Warm

Thousands of motorists would not do without this wonderful device. It adds pleasure and comfort to driving when the weather is cold, raw and disagreeable. Steer Warms make driving safer by keeping the fingers limber, protect one's health, and save money on gloves.

This Electric Hand Warmer Makes An Ideal Xmas Present

Because everyone who drives a car in winter needs Steer Warms. They make an especially nice present for your wife, sister, mother or sweetheart. Ladies like Steer Warms. They protect their hands. Steer Warms last for years—cost nothing to operate—are simple and once a pair is put on a car the user will never do without it.

Description

Steer Warms consist of two heat [illegible] covered grips, one for each hand which are [illegible] into the steering wheel at any place convenient for driving. They operate on the same [illegible] as an electric [illegible]. A very [illegible] current is sufficient to keep the grips warm. You [illegible] Steer Warms are simple, neat and efficient.

Guaranteed

Because of the unusual construction of Steer Warms, their simplicity and the use of the brass plate to protect the wire, we guarantee Steer Warms against burn-out for five years.

Ask your dealer. If he hasn't Steer Warms we will ship direct to you, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Prices: For all Standard Cars, $7.50
Special Type for Fords, 5.00

(No advance—Same as always)

Interstate Electric Co.
Dept. 138 **New Orleans, La.**

ARROW
TROY TAILORED
SOFT COLLARS

are made of selected fabrics in smart styles possessing exclusive features that assure easy laundering, good fit and long service. *Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, N.Y.*

HE had an important task to do and then the whole office was turned topsy-turvy. He had mislaid his DIXON'S ELDORADO.

* * * * * * * * *

Tell us the work you do, enclosing 15 cents, and we will mail you full-length samples worth double the money. Also write for free booklet—"Finding Your Pencil."

DIXON'S
ELDORADO
the master drawing pencil

Made in 17 Leads—one for every need or preference

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
PENCIL DEPT. 8 J JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Canadian Distributors
A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

"You tell him to stay home," answered the foreman. "Sit on him if you have to, but don't let him come to work."

Later in the day Joe and his wife were astonished to receive a call from the foreman! He hadn't sent a visiting nurse or a welfare man; he had come himself—and to tell them that Joe wasn't to come back to the shop until he was really able to work. And they had a talk that made the big dark eyes of Joe's wife glow with joy.

Months later Joe was offered a job in another plant at higher wages. When he told his foreman about it the latter asked: "Going to take it?"

"Oh, hell, no," laughed Joe. "My woman she no let me work for any other boss. She think you damn fine man!"

Occasionally a man has to have a little hard experience in order to get the right viewpoint on the "More than a place to work" slogan. About a year ago a roller joined the force, and when he saw one of the signs bearing that legend he sounded a snort of derision.

"Huh!" he exclaimed. "I can't see that stuff! I never fed steel into rollers in any shop that wasn't just a place to work—an' a damn hard one too! An' I don't expect t' find one, either, till I pass through purgatory. That kind of bunk makes me sick. I don't think I'm goin' t' like this place."

And he didn't. He stayed long enough to buy an automobile and pay for it, and to buy a home and make several substantial payments on that. Then he looked at the shop slogan one morning when things had gone wrong at home, and saw red. Instantly he decided that he wasn't going to work any longer where he had to see that thing staring at him from every wall. So he threw down his tools, walked out and found another job in a neighboring plant. After the men there went out on the strike a former gang mate overtook him.

"Want a lift, Bill? What you done with your car?"

"Sold it," answered Bill as he climbed into his friend's machine. "Had to. Good thing I did, with this strike on. You see it was a choice between the home and the car. Couldn't keep 'em both. So I decided to hang onto the home.

"Oh, everything's gone wrong since I left your place. Them signs over there made me mad. But I've had enough to convince me there's something to that stuff. I guess I'd learn t' like it if I was back with you again. I could take off my hat to one of them signs now and not have to hurt my feelin's much."

A Changed Man

To get in on the profit-sharing plan of the company a man must be a member of the Senior or the Junior Organization. Various considerations determine the question of a man's eligibility to membership, but the main ones are tenure of service and established loyalty, ability and character. In one of the shops is a man who has seen long service, is loyal and a capable worker, but who had reached the decision—not unknown among wage workers—that the world was against him, that capital was down on him and that he couldn't get a fair shake.

"This man," relates his superintendent, "was a valuable man, but he carried a confirmed grouch against the world in general. He couldn't get ahead, and something was the matter with the system of things that didn't allow him to do that. This didn't make him an agreeable working companion or a very helpful influence in the organization. Something needed to be done to jolt him into a right way of thinking, and I decided it was well worth while to attempt the job.

"So I had several talks with him about the advantages of belonging to our Junior Organization. He debated and delayed. At the eleventh hour, however, he decided that he wanted to get in. Then I had some trouble in getting him past. His qualifications were not entirely clear and there were several hitches in getting him through. Having his share of human nature he became eager for acceptance as soon as he learned the difficulties I was having; but finally I was able to put his appointment across.

"I shall never forget the day following the distribution of the first profit-sharing dividend in which he participated. He came to me and said: 'Henry, you can't know what this means to me. It's the biggest thing that ever happened to me. When I handed it to my wife she stared at it and finally asked me what it was. Did it belong to me? And was it the same as money? She just talked all night about it. She could hardly believe that I could actually get more than three hundred and fifty dollars, all in a lump, from the company without a mortgage attached.'

"Well, that dividend check made a new man of John. The whole world looked different to him right away. It put him across and gave him the right viewpoint. He thinks the attitude of the company is the best in the world. He's bought a place and is paying for it gradually, and his influence among the men is not only wholesome but positive and helpful."

Employee representation in the company has one point of difference from that in most companies in which workers are provided with a means of having a say in matters relating to wages and working conditions; any representation on the part of the management is by invitation from the Employee Representatives. At one of the early meetings of the Employee Representatives a motion was made to invite the superintendents to come in.

"What's the use of that?" inquired one member. "Don't we all know that we can't get anywhere or work out anything worth while unless the department heads are in on the discussions? Just give 'em to understand that they're in on this thing as a matter of course, and because it wouldn't be good sense for 'em not to be."

This sentiment carried. But they didn't take quite the same view regarding the presence of foremen. When the Employee Representatives want to talk things over with a foreman he gets a special invitation to the meeting.

Aliens Barred

One of the striking features of employee representation in this company is its entire lack of formality or anything like guidance from company headquarters. Its history as an organization can be told in almost a sentence: The Mutual Benefit Association suggested that employee representation would be a good thing, and the company responded: "Go ahead and work out your own plan."

This was done, with the result that there are about one hundred representatives sitting for a constituency of some three thousand employees.

Thus far, in the course of nearly six years, there has not been a single instance in which the Employee Representatives and the management have disagreed on any matter of importance—and about everything vital to the success of the company is considered meat for discussion in the employee meetings—from the discharge of a mill hand to the building of a thirty-thousand-dollar restaurant for the men.

Like the United States Senate the body of Employee Representatives is a law unto itself and the judge of the qualifications and election of its members. It has decreed that no man who is not an American citizen or who has not made every effort to become one can sit in its councils.

Approximately one man in four on the pay roll is a member of the Juniors, or the Junior Pool, as the organization is often called. Election to this body is virtually a decoration for conspicuous merit and carries with it substantial returns in the form of profit-share dividend checks. The production record of every candidate for membership in this organization is examined as critically as is the family tree of an applicant for membership in the Sons of the American Revolution. He must qualify strong as a producer or he can't get past.

Other prime qualifications are tenure of service, loyalty and sympathy with the company spirit. The Juniors and the company, sitting together, are the judges of their qualifications. A candidate who has had long service with the company is presumed to be in sympathy with its employment attitude. But no man who hasn't imbibed at least a little of the idea that the owners, the management and the men are pulling together in triple harness can afford to be optimistic about his election to the Juniors.

In other words, membership in the Junior Pool is something to work for—a distinct incentive to make a high score of individual production, to watchfulness for the company's interest, to long-continued service and to marked sympathy with the man-to-man kind of coöperation that has made the company a leader in this line.

(Concluded on Page 149)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

"Link Up With Lincoln"

No amount of skill in the design and manufacture of a machine will insure service unless there is power—enough power and the right kind of power—to drive the machine as it should be driven.

You can depend upon the power being right on any machine that comes to you "linked up with a Lincoln Motor."

There are in this country thousands of machines that are not operating properly—machines that do not turn out enough work—machines that cost twice what they should to run—simply because the machines were purchased from one place, the motors from another.

That is the reason for the Lincoln policy of selling the motor to the machinery manufacturer.

Lincoln Engineers fit the motor to its job right in the plant where the machine is built and they can thus guarantee that the equipment has the power to give its maximum production at lowest operating cost.

Machinery buyers and machinery makers have found that it pays to "Link Up With Lincoln".

Following are a few of many classes of machinery that "Link Up With Lincoln"

Bakers' Machinery
Brick and Clay Machinery
Cranes
Crushers and Pulverizers
Conveyors
Elevators and Hoists
Fans and Blowers
Foundry Machinery
Ice Machinery
Machine Tools
Paper Machinery
Presses
Pumps and Compressors
Punches and Shears
Textile Machinery
Woodworking Machinery

Wherever you are branch offices and service engineers in all of the following cities help you to "Link Up With Lincoln"

New York City
Buffalo
Syracuse
Baltimore
Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit
Columbus
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Minneapolis

Agencies in other principal cities.

This Lincoln Motor operated under water at exhibitions and conventions for over 3 years without damage to windings.

The Lincoln Electric Co.
General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, O.

The Lincoln Electric Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

INCo MOnel metal

withstands

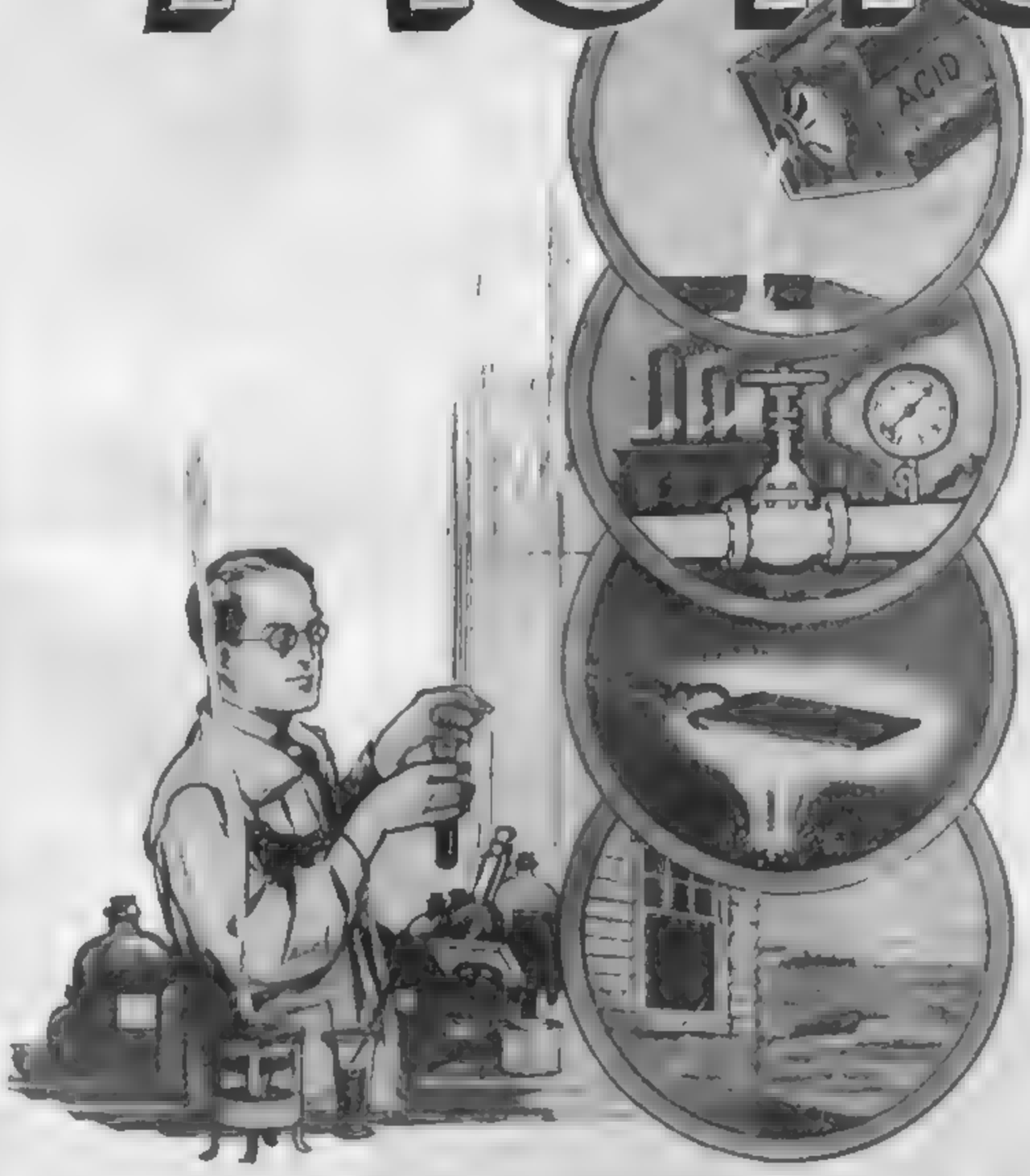
-acids

-superheated steam

-high temperature

-corrosion

-salt air



—and not only does MONEL defeat the attacks of injurious acids, but it successfully stands up against the many other destructive forces which quickly break down the resistance of ordinary metals.

From the most exacting requirements of industry to the simplest domestic use, MONEL is replacing other metals with a consequent increase in efficiency and economy.

When industrial chemistry was scientifically advancing most rapidly under war pressure, the remarkable performance of MONEL Metal led to its general employment wherever acids, strongly alkaline solutions, or highly corrosive gases were manufactured or handled. Its proven abilities in this field have led to the rapidly expanding uses in hundreds of other industries.

Modern power houses contain MONEL fitted valves because they resist the erosive action of superheated steam. MONEL pump rods and liners do not score or pit under the most severe service conditions. MONEL marine fittings are unaffected by salt water and salt air. MONEL window screens never rust and are practically everlasting.

Included among the many other uses where MONEL Metal has proved superior are turbine blading, mine screens, gasoline still plugs, roofing, nuts, bolts, screws, spark-plug electrodes, golf club heads, and table cutlery.

MONEL Metal is a natural alloy of nickel and copper. It is as strong as steel, non-corrodible as bronze, more durable than either. It takes and retains a perfect nickel finish. Wherever MONEL is used wear is largely reduced and corrosion prevented.

Our experience as sole producers of MONEL Metal since its discovery in 1905 is at your disposal through our Sales or Technical Departments.

MONEL Metal is a product of

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

43 Exchange Place, New York, N. Y.

The International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

For more than half a century serving industry through the production of a wider variety and increasing number of better Nickel products. Purchasers of INCO Nickel, INCO Monel Metal, and INCO Nickel Salts are assured of the highest and most uniform grades of Nickel that the world produces

INCo MONEL METAL

INCo NICKEL

(Concluded from Page 146)

"Extra pay for extra effort" is a phrase with which every employee of this company is familiar—for it goes at face value. This is a form of profit sharing in which all may participate—and it gets into the regular fortnightly pay envelope.

"We keep," declares an official of the company, "very careful and complete records of individual production—and also we keep mighty close tab on those records. After all is said and done, production is the real end and object of industry, and the producer is the man to be rewarded. We aim to let no man who pushes his production above the common level escape without his reward for that extra effort. Part of this task of keeping tab on this extra production is reduced to a system and is virtually automatic. But part of it has to be handled as a human problem—for remember, please, that our standard is extra pay for extra effort.

"More than one man has found a substantial addition to his pay check because of his thoughtfulness or his ingenuity in saving the company from loss or outlay. That extra effort would not show up on his regular production cards—but there are ways by which to see that he does not miss his reward for using his head for the benefit of the company. Every person on our supervisory force is keyed up to keep definite track of these things. And the workers are shown just how much the company has benefited and the kind of split which it makes with the individual responsible for that benefit.

"The pay of the workers is increased many thousands of dollars a year by this extra-pay-for-extra-effort policy."

A word about the Mutual Benefit Association of employees is important. According to its by-laws the object and purpose of this association shall be to procure and maintain life insurance for the members; to provide benefit in case of sickness or accident not occurring in the course of employment, and to provide benefit for the first week of disability in occupational accident; to promote the general well-being of its members; to furnish aid and assistance to its members in the purchase and establishment of homes; to engage in coöperative enterprises; and to do all other things that will aid and assist its members.

Association Rules

At a glance it will be seen that this foundation is broad enough to furnish a basis for almost any activity that appears to promise aid and assistance of any sort to the employees.

The dues are one dollar a month, and the initiation fee is one dollar. The benefit clauses are as follows:

"While disabled by accident not compensable under the Workmen's Compensation Act of Ohio the benefit shall be ten dollars a week after the first week, not to exceed twenty-six weeks for any one disability.

"A benefit of ten dollars a week for the first week of any accident for which accident the member is entitled to payment under the Workingmen's Compensation Act of Ohio."

The sickness benefit is ten dollars a week with a limit of twenty-six weeks for payment on any one sickness. In case of the death of the wife of a member he receives one hundred dollars, and in case of the death of a dependent child he receives fifty dollars. The life-insurance clause reads as follows:

"A policy of one thousand dollars upon each member of the association, with an addition of one hundred dollars life insurance for each year of continuous employment that the member has had with the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company or any other subsidiary companies up to and including twenty years of such employment, and with the further addition also of one hundred dollars life insurance for each minor child of each member not exceeding ten minor children.

"The maximum amount of life insurance that the association will carry on any one member shall not exceed four thousand dollars."

Recognition and development of the self-respect of the worker is the keynote and objective of the attitude and activities of this company in its campaign to do its utmost to humanize industry within its own ranks.

This statement, I think, pitches the key to the whole effort of the company to make every one of its plants more than a mere place in which to work. You cannot talk for five minutes with the president, either of his vice presidents or any of their associates without getting this viewpoint—and getting it strong too!

In a recent talk the vice president said substantially this:

"Our thinking brought this management to some very definite conclusions as to its own responsibility and obligations. We see management as that element of industry which takes one man's money, another man's brain, another man's skill and brawn, and uses these elements for the production of profit. But the responsibility of management does not stop there. Management, to perform its true and full function, must go further than this and arrange for the proper and just distribution of the profit produced among individuals responsible for its production. This means that the capital in any particular business and the labor in that business are partners in an effort to accomplish the same results. Both are dependent upon the profit results of that particular business for their livelihood and accumulation against future needs.

"It is the responsibility of management to take of the resources of both—to take money from the man who has money to invest, to take energy from the man who has energy, and to employ this combination to produce profit. How, then, can management escape the responsibility of pointing out to both their dependence upon and their responsibility to each other? And if properly presented, how can they fail to recognize this dependence and this responsibility to each other?"

Mistakes of Management

"In the earlier days ownership and management were represented in one individual. When the corporation was born management was vested in a separate individual. It became a distinct function in business operation. Quite naturally management became a servant of ownership, with a sense of responsibility to ownership exclusively. With ownership and management as one, ownership had direct contact with labor. With management interjected between ownership and labor it constituted the only source through which ownership could be informed of the attitude or demand of labor. But management was dependent for its job upon ownership, or at least thought it was, and ownership demanded dividends, and management's ability to hold its job became dependent upon ability to produce them.

"Through this development of circumstances, through the failure of management to recognize its responsibility to labor equally with capital, a proper consideration of labor's attitude toward the business was largely overlooked in the transition. Management employed every known means to develop cost-saving and profit-producing mechanical method. Management acted with unquestioned intelligence in the matter of the analysis of production as it affects the engineering, mechanical and scientific problem. But has management acted with the same degree of intelligence in the analysis and development of the human element, without which, in the final reckoning, there will be no progress and no profit? It is generally admitted that it has not."

A Splendid Response

"Labor doesn't want pity or kindness. It need not ask them. It has two strong arms with which to earn all that it requires of the world's success if it gets justice and a square deal. It does not want things to be given it because employers are kind, and if it did it would not represent, as it does, the potential power for industrial progress that is to be found in the human element if properly treated with and properly directed. Have we found labor unreasonable when we have made a consistent and conscientious effort to recognize its self-respect and to develop it by treating every workman as a human being?

"We have not. Our workmen have responded splendidly to this attitude, and personally I am convinced that more than ninety-five per cent of our employees believe that this company is sincere and earnest in its attempt to give them a square deal in every respect both as to treatment and a just and fair division of the profits which their labor, in combination with capital and management, produces."

The perfect nursery floor

IN THE NURSERY the child is "monarch of all he surveys" and in the exercise of his royal prerogatives he is none too easy on the furnishings of his kingdom. So the nursery floor-covering must be of a toughness and durability to withstand the happy savageries of youth. To parents who recognize this fact the perfect floor is a Blabon floor. Not only is it durable, but it cannot absorb dust or dirt; and things spilled or dropped upon it are easily removed.

Blabon floors are charming to look upon, and economical to buy. There are 319 Blabon creations with and without patterns from which to choose for every room and every decorative scheme in the home. Ask your dealer to show the genuine Blabon Art Linoleums.

Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

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BLABON ART Linoleums

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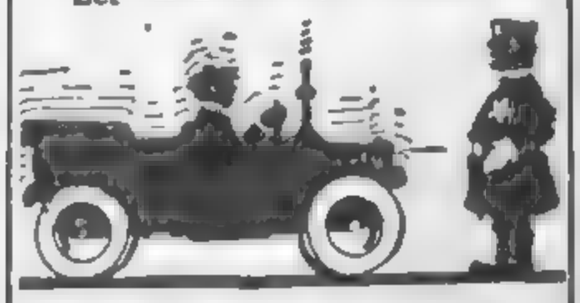

shake to pieces!

Your Ford doesn't have to rattle, shake and jar every time you put on the brake—lurch, jerk or jump when you start or reverse. The Ford is made of good materials and assembled better than most cars.

The rattling and shaking occurs when the plain linings get a hard, slick surface from friction and oil. When the pedals are pressed they grab and slip repeatedly. This grabbing and slipping causes all the chattering—it loosens the whole car and makes it rattle.

The corks in Cork Insert lining take hold with a smooth, sure grip. Oil doesn't affect them. They never get hard or slick. They last three times as long as ordinary linings—keep your Ford running smoothly—save it from rattling to pieces.

Advance CORK INSERT Transmission Lining for Fords

Advance Cork Insert Lining will keep your Ford from shaking to pieces, and rattling from radiator to tail lamp.

Ask for Advance Cork Insert Linings; every garage or repair man has them or can get them, for every wholesale house carries them in stock. If you can't get them quickly, remit $3.00 and we will supply them ready to put on.

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THE CARELESS WORLD

(Continued from Page 18)

Larry Porter studied Eric a moment before answering; on his lips was a faint smile, but his eyes were not smiling.

"Are you really interested in Vivian Wellcome?" he asked at last.

"I—I like her immensely, Larry."

"You didn't lose much time, did you?"

"You're evading the question. What did you mean when you said she was dangerous?"

"If you're really interested in her I won't tell you."

Eric's fist came down on the table.

"You must tell me!"

Larry shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, rather than row with you, old man—it isn't, of course, quite the nice thing to discuss a woman this way. I regret that I ever said anything to you about Vivian Wellcome. After all, I said it jokingly. If it had ever occurred to me that you really would become interested I never should have said it." Suddenly he smiled that charming smile of his, which he knew well enough often gained him his way, and said pleadingly: "Oh, let me off the grill, Eric!"

"No!"

There was no mistaking the earnestness of Eric's "No!"

"I said Vivian was dangerous simply because she's an opportunist."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She has the reputation of letting nothing stand in her way when she has a definite object in view."

Eric drew a great breath of relief. He had expected to hear—what hadn't he expected to hear?

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Isn't that enough? I am trying to tell you as gently as possible, old man, that Vivian Wellcome is a woman without scruples."

"You simply are succeeding in telling me, after all your hints and innuendoes, that she does not consider anybody when she wants to achieve her purpose. That's a very modern method of getting ahead, Larry. It's often practiced."

"Vivian will make you her tool, Eric, and when she is finished with you—throw the tool away."

"That's not so bad when you'd rather be used than idle, Larry, and don't expect payment of any kind."

"Good heavens, man, Vivian must have cast a spell over you!"

Eric did not answer. The urgency of Vivian's appeal came back to him. He saw her again as she stood there, her fingers clutching his coat lapels as she confessed that she was desperate—desperate for some money. What did he care about the purpose for which she wanted the money? He had it to give. He might be a fool, but he was willing to play the part. He was going into this with his eyes open. He had everything to win and nothing to lose. Bah, what difference did a few thousand make to him—to him who had more money than he knew what to do with! And besides all this, deep within him ran a secret faith in the girl, a faith that was as staunch as it was sudden. There was such a thing as being too sophisticated. Larry could scoff and believe the worst of people. But he, Eric, wanted to believe the best of people. People very often were what you expected them to be. Expect them to be rotters and they were rotters. Expect them to be decent and very often they were decent. But he did not let Larry know any of these thoughts that were whirling through his head. This matter was between Vivian and himself.

"And yet disapproving as you do of Vivian Wellcome," he said at last, "you go to call upon her sister."

"Oh, Zora's quite a different person from Vivian," said Larry, and after a minute he asked: "So you're not going to let what I said influence you?"

"No," said Eric brusquely.

He sank back into his own meditations. He was thinking that in the morning he must remember to cancel his reservations to California. Of a sudden he had been convinced that Vivian Wellcome was serious in the plan she had proposed—that preposterous plan to teach him how to live. Well, if she was serious so was he. He had come to a decision.

III

IN THE following afternoon Eric Copley found himself wandering toward Sullivan Place. He had not intended to go there so soon. He thought it would be altogether more advisable to delay his visit for a day or two. Yet here he stood the very next afternoon after meeting Vivian Wellcome, perched upon her doorstep like any lovesick adolescent youth.

There was no visible doorbell connected with this ancient house. The white door, however, had a brass knocker, and so he knocked and knocked again. There was no answer. He pushed open the door. A hubbub of voices assaulted him. The voices came from the second story and he followed them. Tacked on a door beside the landing he found a card which read: "Miss Vivian Wellcome. Miss Zora Wellcome. If not at home please leave packages with janitress at Number Six."

But someone most vociferously was at home. Eric's knock at this door was more successful. It swung open—and there was Vivian herself. He saw that her blue-black eyes were distinctly elated at the sight of him, but she dropped her lashes over them as if she resented their betrayal of her elation. She held forth her hand.

"Mr. Copley!" she exclaimed. "How nice of you! There's a mob here, but that doesn't matter. Come in."

The room he entered was not large, and he had a confused sense that it was jammed with people—especially women. There were one or two men, but they seemed to remain like dark shadows in the background. Women floated like large and gorgeous birds round him. Women's voices, excited, chattering, smote his ears. To him who had always been a hermit the effect was stupefying. He sought refuge on the edge of a couch in a far corner.

Vivian Wellcome shoved a cup of tea and a plate of sirupy cakes into his hand and, leaning close to him, said: "Don't let this frighten you away. I'll send them all home soon. We must have a little chat together before you go."

His eyes followed her as she moved away. She wore a dark-red gown that emphasized the creamy warmth of her complexion. The gown hung loose except at the waist, where it was girdled with golden cords, and it was heavily embroidered with vivid greens and yellows. A strange and bizarre gown, thought Eric, but it became her wonderfully. From the rounded neck her slim throat rose and her dark hair was wound tightly round her small head. Every little while she turned from the group that surrounded her to give him a reassuring smile.

The stifled feeling began to leave him; he began to emerge from that confusion of people and voices. He was conscious that a young girl sat beside him and was eying him gravely.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," he answered.

"I'm Zora Wellcome, and you're Eric Copley, aren't you? I've been hearing a lot about you since yesterday. Viv talked about you incessantly and then Larry last night talked some more."

He saw that Zora Wellcome had the dark hair of her sister, but unlike her sister's it had a gleam of russet where the light fell. Her eyes were dark, too, but Vivian's were blue-black and Zora's violet. She was dressed in a dull-white silk of heavily corded weave and her small feet were incased in bronze slippers that matched the gleaming lights in her hair. She lacked Vivian's animation. She seemed like a preternaturally solemn and wise child as she sat there gazing at him with wide eyes, which seemed to be asking of the world a perpetual and unanswerable question. There was no diffidence, no hesitation in that glance of hers, and strange to say he who was always diffident before women felt no embarrassment before this solemn young person.

"You're awfully young, aren't you?" he asked.

She stirred impatiently.

"I wish people wouldn't keep asking me that silly question. What does it matter how old one is? I always think that age should be measured in intelligence, not in years. I'm—I'm awfully old in common sense. I've always had to look after Viv. Viv's so flighty. And as a matter of fact, I'm not so awfully young in years. I'm twenty-three."

"You don't seem eighteen."

Zora Wellcome did not reply to that. She seemed to think it did not deserve a reply.

The people in the room were swept by a new gale of discussion. They swayed over their teacups like ponderous blossoms. Eric heard one woman proclaim loudly: "There's no reason why we can't produce it in April. The old feeling about spring ending the season is gone. It's ridiculous to think of waiting until next autumn." And he heard Vivian agree with clasped hands and that eager smile of hers: "You're right, Vera. You're absolutely right!"

Eric turned to the girl, who sitting beside him regarded that eddy of chatter with her grave, aloof eyes.

"What's it all about?" he asked.

"Oh, they're talking about the opening of the new Alley Playhouse. Isn't it incredible, the fuss they make? Why don't they just open it—and have done with it?"

Eric smiled.

"I'm exceedingly ignorant. I'm afraid you'll have to explain. What is the new Alley Playhouse?"

She turned her large eyes upon him.

"It's rather nice to find someone who doesn't know about it—for the last six months I've heard little else. The new Alley Playhouse is one of those little art theaters that are springing up like mushrooms. Viv and some others have raised the money to build it by gouging all their rich friends and it's to be finished in April. You know the type of theater I mean, don't you? The type where they're supposed to do things too good for Broadway and the commercial theater generally. Of course it's all rot. Once in a while a little theater will produce something that's frightfully good and perhaps a bit—well, too 'arty' for Broadway, but most of the stuff they do is a pretentious sort of drivel that is absolutely lacking in any connection with real life. How can you expect modern Americans to be interested in some wan reflection of the Byzantine period—rather some present-day minor poet's idea of what the Byzantine period was like?"

"You say your sister is interested in this playhouse?"

"Viv's gone mad on the subject. She's always wanted to be an actress and she has talent. Viv's really a wonder at it! But somehow or other she's just foozled round and never got anywhere. Now she's mixed up with this new Alley crowd. They'll give her a good chance if the thing amounts to anything. They're planning to put on Carlo Bennett's Dark Desires, and though the play's a bit foolish it gives Viv a marvelous opportunity to emote. She takes the part of a Russian immigrant girl who's not found America the promised land—anything but! There's one speech that in itself will make Viv if she ever gets the chance to do it."

"And what do you do?"

"Oh, I don't know!" And for the first time her tranquil gaze was a little troubled. "I don't suppose I'll ever amount to anything. During the war I was a nurse in a hospital, but now I simply look after Viv and this apartment of ours and—and everything. I don't know but what I'd have a chance in the movies if Viv ever settled down. I've been in a picture or two and they tell me I photograph well, but I—I don't know."

"What do you want to do?"

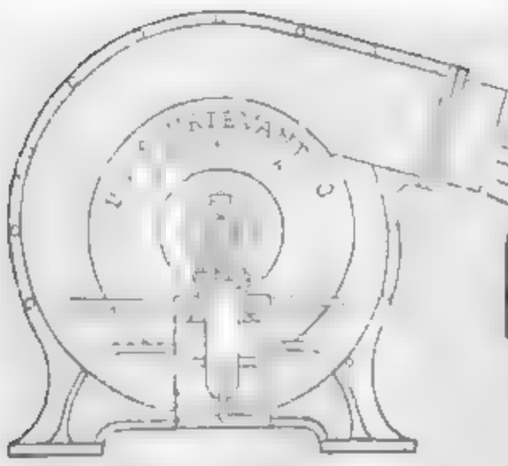
She stared straight ahead of her and he saw with a little tug at his heart that there was a certain wistfulness, a touch of pathos, in her attitude.

"Oh, I just want to live and travel and understand things," she said presently. "I suppose I am a bit young and foolish when you come right down to facts."

They were silent—silent together in that whirl of noise. Eric found himself drawn to the child. How young she was and how engaging in her frankness and her ingenuous knowledge of her world and the people in it! He sat looking at her as she gazed, as if from a distance, at Vivian and her friends. How straight was her nose, how candid her gaze, how firm her chin! And there was, too, a repose about her, a steadiness—he did not know how else to express it—that was very alluring. Suddenly she turned and looked at him earnestly, but there was a little tremor in her voice.

"I oughtn't to speak about this, but I'm going to," she said. "Larry's terribly afraid Viv is going to do you. Larry seems to think that you need protection—that you've seen so little of women and have so much faith in them that if you're disillusioned

(Continued on Page 153)



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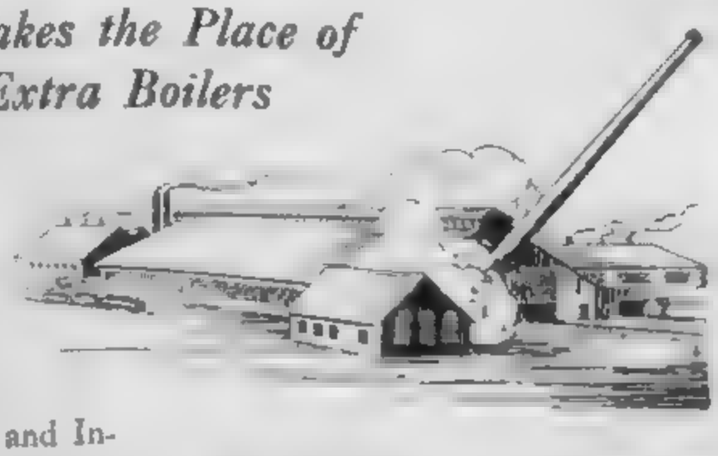
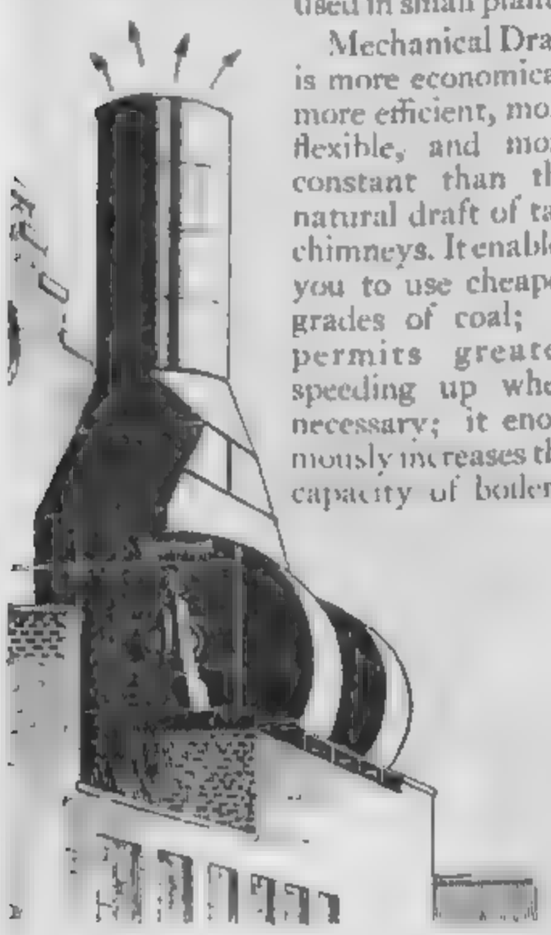
Mechanical Draft Takes the Place of Tall Chimneys and Extra Boilers

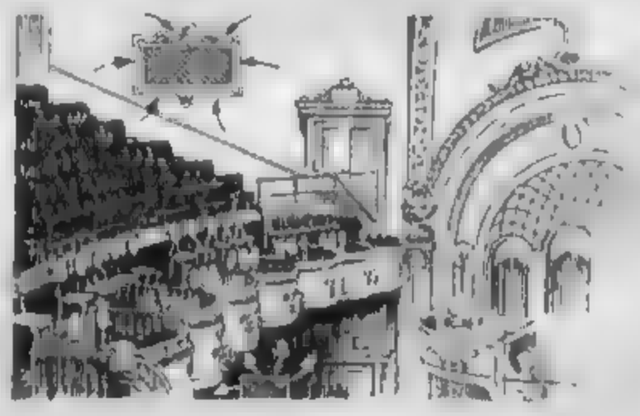


THIS picture shows the destruction of a tall smoke-stack. Sturtevant Mechanical Draft made this stack unnecessary.

There are two types of mechanical draft—Forced Draft, by which a fan forces the air up through the grate, and Induced Draft, by which air is drawn up from below. Turbo-Undergrate Blowers are of the Forced Draft type and are used in small plants.



Mechanical Draft is more economical, more efficient, more flexible, and more constant than the natural draft of tall chimneys. It enables you to use cheaper grades of coal; it permits greater speeding up when necessary; it enormously increases the capacity of boilers.

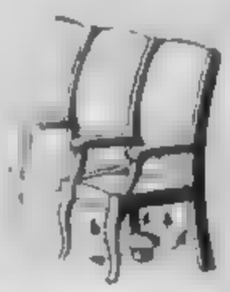


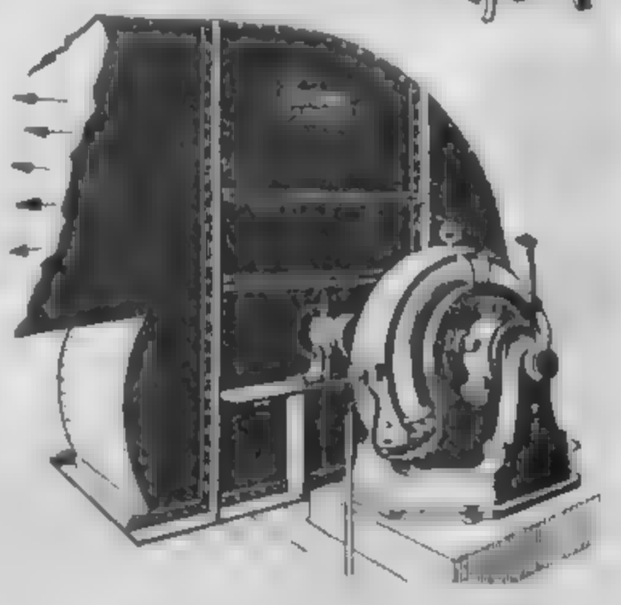
How Air Affects the Box Office Receipts

THE law requires that a ventilating system be installed in all theaters that hold over a definite number of people.

But think of the state of affairs which would exist without adequate ventilation. People sit close together and exhale enough carbon dioxide to put one another to sleep.

Perhaps that last play, which nearly everyone speaks so well of, did not seem so wonderful to you because the theater's ventilating system was not being operated the night you were a spectator.





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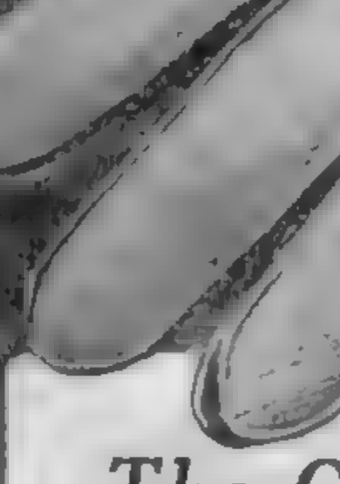
HANSEN

The Gift of Sentiment —and Sense

No. 1043 Piqué Cuff Gauntlet Glove



There's a world of meaning in a gift of gloves—a personal touch like the hand-clasp of friends.

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O. C. HANSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
100 E. Detroit Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

(Continued from Page 150)

you'll be hurt horribly. Oh, I know that Larry's a silly old thing! He considers himself so worldly-wise that he gets into the most frightful mental muddles about people. He doesn't approve of Viv. Now Viv's all right. She just lets her enthusiasms run away with her. Viv told me she might get a lot of money from you for the new Alley Playhouse."

"For the new Alley Playhouse?" he asked in astonishment.

"Well, I don't know what the excuse is, but that's really what it's for. If you make any bargain with Viv see that you know the exact terms, won't you? If you know what you're doing you can't be so terribly hurt."

"Your sister offers to teach me how to live through three months that promised to be—rather awful months."

"Yes, I remember now. She did tell me something about it. I'm—I'm sorry you're not well. You look strong."

"It's my nerves."

"I can't see why Viv's offer isn't a good bargain for you, despite all Larry's worries. Viv can keep you busy all right. If she does, that's worth what you pay her, isn't it?"

"Yes—fully worth it."

Zora smiled and sighed simultaneously.

"Well, that's that!" she said.

The talk round them had subsided in gradually receding waves. Eric glanced up from his absorption in the conversation with Zora to find that the room was almost emptied of its fluttering visitors. At the door Vivian was saying good-by to the last one or two. Presently she came floating toward them, her hands extended, her head thrown back so that her eyes, half closed, gazed dark and slumberous at Eric.

"Thank heavens, they're gone!" she exclaimed, and gave Eric her hands. "Now let me tell you again how glad I am you came."

She took a low wicker chair beside the open fireplace and letting herself droop in its depths, said: "That sort of thing tires one so. I'm going to relax for a minute if you don't mind, Mr. Copley."

"You love that sort of thing, Viv," said Zora derisively.

"Now, Zora, don't be a little beast! Make some fresh tea for Mr. Copley and myself, won't you? And then clear out. He and I want to have a talk together."

Zora rose obediently in her slim young grace, but before she finally left the room she stood at the back of Vivian's chair and gave Eric her full gaze. She was grave enough, but there was also a slight flicker of amusement in that steady scrutiny. It was as if she said to Eric: "Now, remember what I told you about Viv. Don't fall for her poses. We know what she's up to, you and I, don't we?"

A moment later, however, Eric had forgotten Vivian's young sister. It was Vivian herself who claimed all his devotion. Lying there in the wicker chair, she placed her hands interlocked behind her head and the wide sleeves of her bizarre dark-red dress fell back, revealing the round smooth arms. Her eyes were closed and the lashes veiled the glow of her cheeks.

Again Eric felt dumb and spellbound before her beauty.

He forced his eyes away from her and studied the room. It had been so crowded with people before that it was impossible to see it, but now he noticed with surprise what a charming room it was. No one standing outside in the alley could have guessed that this ancient house could harbor such a room. Bookshelves, painted white and filled with a miscellaneous assortment of books, of pamphlets, of bound plays, lined two of the walls. Against one other wall was the luxurious couch, covered with orange velvet, on which he sat. There were low chairs of wicker stained black here and there, and a tall lamp was beside the desk—a lamp with a blue-parchment shade painted with weird flying birds of brilliant color. Rugs of subdued tones covered the varnished floor. Over the mantel hung a long mirror with a heavy gilt frame and beneath the mantel crackled a cannel-coal fire. Eric smiled at the memory of his worries of the night before, when he had pictured Vivian Wellcome harassed by poverty, bending her lovely dark head over some meager supper in some bare room—and here the background was splendidly fit for her beauty, for her barbarous gown and the necklace of jade which hung round her slender throat.

He saw when his gaze returned to her that her eyes were upon him and he wondered if she had guessed his thoughts, for she said: "But I was serious last night."

"You don't look so desperately hard-up for money."

She smiled lazily with a glint of white teeth.

"Oh, of course I was overacting a bit, but I am desperate."

"This room ——"

"You mustn't judge by this room. I'll be honest with you. I don't need the money for myself—that is, I don't need it for actual living expenses or anything like that. I need it for something just as important. I—I need it desperately to further my greatest ambition."

"You need it for your toy theater."

She frowned.

"How did you know that? Zora's been gossiping again, hasn't she?"

He immediately regretted his betrayal of Zora's confidence, but the regret came too late. He decided to use Larry Porter as a scapegoat—Larry deserved something for his meddling.

"Larry, too, said something."

"Oh, Larry hates me," said Vivian carelessly, and she shrugged her shoulders. "Then you're afraid to give me the job as your teacher?"

"No, but I don't know just what you're going to teach me."

"To live!" she cried, one hand held high in a mockingly dramatic gesture.

"But what are your terms?"

"You said it would be worth two or three thousand dollars if you could get someone to teach you how to enjoy those three idle months."

"Yes."

"I'll engage to do it for—well, say three thousand dollars. I outlined yesterday in the café what might be done. I'll give you several days a week of instruction. In New York, I dare say, is the opportunity for almost every form of entertainment and instruction. Here is everything that makes life worth the living if you know how to go about finding it and have sufficient money to pay for it when you do find it. I know where to find it. You have the money. Voilà! I'll ride horseback with you in the park. I'll motor with you. I'll teach you golf. I'll give you lessons in bridge. I'll select the best plays for you to see and the best books for you to read. I'll give you all those pleasures and entertainments that your years of business have robbed you of. I'll enable you to fill every minute of those three months with something that will be worth while either mentally or physically. As I go on I am dazzled at the opportunity I am offering you. If I continue I shall feel obliged to raise the instruction fee. You'd better close the bargain now. What do you say?"

"Of course I say yes!" he exclaimed—at the moment, so irresistible was she in her animation, he felt that he would pay the three thousand dollars for one week of her companionship.

But suddenly she was serious. She abandoned her lounging careless attitude and sat upright, gazing at him, her chin cupped in her hand.

"There is, however, one stipulation in this contract," she said, "to which you must agree."

"And that is?"

"That you must always look upon me as your good comrade—nothing more."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You must not fall in love with me. You must never even let the thought of that enter your mind."

"Well, I'll try."

"It's a bargain then?"

"It's a bargain."

She jumped to her feet briskly and, snapping her fingers, whirled gayly round the room.

"Then—then my dearest ambition is bound to be realized!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "And you—you're a darling! We'll start the first lesson Monday morning."

IV

THERE was a touch of spring in the April day; the blue of the sky was a pale blue but an intense one and puffy little clouds sailed slowly along before a soft breeze. In all the world that morning the bridle path in Central Park seemed the nicest place to be. Vivian and Eric cantered along slowly, their horses side by side.

"You're getting to be quite a decent rider, Eric," said Vivian, turning to smile at him. "At first I thought you would be hopeless."

He did not answer; he was very content to amble along silent in the warm sunshine and gaze at Vivian; the spring seemed to be

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in his blood this morning; he had never felt so lazily sluggish, so lazily content, in all his life. Nerves, it seemed to him at the moment, were for him a thing of the past.

He was not a hopeless rider any longer, but what a perfect rider was Vivian. Her body seemed to move in unison with each movement of her animal. She knew how to ride beautifully just as she knew how to do everything beautifully—everything that had been so long denied him and that now during these past two months he had just begun laboriously to learn. This morning Vivian looked particularly well. She had greeted him in a new green riding habit of some rough texture, shaggy and mannish. She wore a green felt hat secured beneath her chin by a wide black elastic band. Her boots were of polished russet and from beneath the collar of her white shirt waist peeped a scarf of golden russet. She looked like some sublimated version of Robin Hood in that green-and-russet outfit.

"Haven't you a new suit?" he asked presently.

She pouted at him rosily.

"I've been waiting hours for you to notice it."

"It seems to me, Vivian, you're spending all your—your salary on clothes."

"Well, half the fun of this is dressing properly, Eric. I didn't agree to teach you to dress, but I've a mind to include that in the curriculum. I don't want you to wear that shabby blue suit of yours any more. Where do you get your clothes anyway?"

"I've always gone to a little tailor's in Lexington Avenue."

"You'll have to drop the little tailor then, old dear. You must get your sporting things at Constant Bly's and you'll have to go to Bradbury Brothers' for your other stuff. You can't be a man of the world unless you look like one."

"I don't know that I want to be a man of the world."

She leaned over and gave the flanks of his mare a smart tap with her riding crop. The mare wakened from her amiable somnolence and indignantly leaped forward. For a few minutes she gave Eric all he could do to maintain his seat.

Presently Vivian, her eyes flashing, her teeth glinting, caught up with him.

"Why did you do that?" he demanded, when once more they rode side by side at a sober pace.

"For your disobedience. If I want you to become a man of the world, Eric, you must become a man of the world."

"I can never become a man of your world, Vivian."

"Why, isn't my world your world?"

"Mine is a humdrum affair of business, work—little else; yours is a glittering place where people live from day to day, joyously, carelessly, doing as they please with no thought of the morrow."

"Stuff and nonsense, Eric! I've already shown you to some small extent that you, too, can be joyous and careless. You're no longer the grim old owl you used to be. You're becoming more human every day."

"I dare say you could make me anything you wanted to make me, Vivian," he said a little huskily.

"Now, Eric, remember your promise!" she said, and she turned her eyes away from the expression in his and frowned.

"It is not always possible to fulfill promises, even when they're made with the best intentions," he said.

"If you persist there is only unhappiness in store for you."

"Why?"

"I shan't get married—not to you or anyone for years and years. I have other plans for myself, plans that have been a part of me ever since I was a child and that are just on the eve of fulfillment now. I warned you, Eric. I—I didn't want to make you unhappy."

After a pause she said in a lighter tone: "How are you getting on with The Brothers Karamazov?"

"Not at all. I wish you wouldn't make me read those Russian novels."

"There you go again! One can't be cultured without knowing the Russians."

"You might start my culture with something easier."

"Well, I'll relent. Finish The Brothers and next week I'll let you read a detective story or something romantic by Richard Harding Davis or Robert Louis Stevenson."

They passed beneath a rustic bridge overhung with the withered vines of another year, but the vines stirred murmuringly in the sunshine as if expectant of their new blossoming. From beneath the shadow of the bridge they came forth in a blaze of sunshine upon a lake. Its waters reflected the blue of the sky and in the blue, whipping it to white, some hardy ducks were making a great commotion as if they, too, felt the coming of the spring and had become a little mad because of it.

"Let's leave our horses at the boathouse," suggested Vivian, and mischief danced in her eyes. "Let's go out on the lake. You haven't had a rowing lesson as yet."

"I don't want a rowing lesson."

"Eric, you're the most unruly scholar I've ever had. Well, I don't suppose one can hire rowboats in April. Let's turn back then."

"Are you going to have lunch with me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"My dear Eric, I had lunch with you yesterday and the day before and the day before that. I didn't agree to give you all my time, and I'm sorry to say that I shall be able to give you less than ever."

"Why?"

"The rehearsals of Dark Desires will be on in dead earnest."

"I've discovered an amusing Greek restaurant in West Forty-something Street which will provide you with the proper environment to give me a lecture on classic sculpture."

"I'm glad that at last you are discovering something for yourself, but the Greek restaurant will hold till another day."

"Shall I call for you in the motor after lunch and take you up to Greenwich for dinner?"

"Certainly not! We have to see The Wild Duck to-night and we'd never get back from Greenwich in time."

"What's The Wild Duck?"

"My dear Eric, I explained to you yesterday that it's one of Ibsen's masterpieces."

"Do I have to see another Ibsen play?"

"You have to see all that are produced during the three months that I'm your instructor in things that are worth while."

"Can't we go to see The Rose Lady to-night just for a change?"

"What's the Rose Lady?"

"It's the musical-comedy hit of the season."

"Eric, your taste is execrable. Where did you hear all this about The Rose Lady?"

"From Larry."

"Larry would know about such things."

"Can't my execrable taste be indulged just to-night, Vivian?"

She thought for a moment.

"Yes, let's go there then. But be a good thing and finish The Brothers Karamazov this afternoon and call for me at seven."

"We're to have dinner together then?" he cried jubilantly.

"Yes, we shall have a very expensive dinner together. I'm going to make you pay for your folly in wanting to see such a thing as The Rose Lady."

They left the horses at the stable in West Fifty-eighth Street. Eric's new Sunset roadster — purchased according to Vivian's instructions awaited him outside the building, but Vivian waved him away.

"You're not to take me home, Eric. I'll jump in a taxi at the Circle. Until this evening ——"

Eric drove the Sunset toward the apartment in Lexington Avenue with his hands on the wheel but his thoughts in heaven. He wondered if his physical appearance had changed as much as his mental state. What a glorious old world it was anyway. And a profound feeling of gratefulness toward Vivian flooded him. She wouldn't let him be sentimental. Not for an instant would she let him be sentimental. But pshaw, this was a pose of hers that wouldn't last! Meanwhile Vivian had indeed shown him that life was worth the living and that idle time could be made time replete with all sorts of beguiling affairs. He even liked secretly some of the culture which Vivian fed him, though he would never admit it to her.

"After all, there's something to these Russians," he admitted to himself. "It's strange and distant from our healthy American point of view, but it's their life, I suppose. And that fellow Ibsen has something on the ball. He knows how to get you in his own peculiar fashion."

Absorbed in his own thoughts, he desultorily guided the sturdy little Sunset through the traffic of Fifth Avenue. A policeman shouted at him. The new and glittering fender of the Sunset encountered the front wheel of a car bound uptown. But these trifles did not bother Eric. He continued serenely on his way. Nothing bothered him to-day.

He placed the Sunset in its home in a cross street near Lexington Avenue and walked to his apartment.

"Got any lunch for me, Aunt Martha?" he asked.

Aunt Martha's dim and affectionate eyes surveyed him admiringly, though she grumbled: "It's about time you had a meal to home. I ain't seen you for lunch or dinner for a week. I never thought, Mr. Eric, you'd become a gadabout like this."

"Hasn't it done me good?"

"You look grand, Mr. Eric. I'm thinking you ought to get back to work. It don't do a young feller good havin' too much time for loafin'."

After lunch Eric consulted his schedule.

The schedule had been sent him by Vivian the first week the lessons began. It was sprawled in her loose writing across the two pages of a letterhead and it was tacked on the door of the living room. It read:

To Be Rigorously Followed:

8	Get up, shave, take a cold bath, dress.
8 30 . . .	Breakfast.
8 30–9 . .	Read the newspaper intelligently—skip stocks and bonds, concentrate on political news, international relations, industrial relations, dramatic and book reviews, sporting events.
9–9.45 . .	A brisk walk.
9:45 . . .	Dress for ride in park.
10–11:30 .	Ride in park.
11:30–12:30	Rest and relaxation.
12:30–2 . .	Lunch with some pleasant people—preferably Vivian Wellcome.
2–4	Read some worth-while book selected by Vivian Wellcome.
4–6 . . .	Something like a walk, a concert, tea with some interesting people.
6–7 . . .	Rest and dress for dinner.
7–8 30 . .	Dinner with some intelligent people—preferably Vivian Wellcome.
8 30–11	Some worth-while play or opera or concert with somebody who can point out the merits of the performance—preferably Miss Wellcome.
12 Sharp .	Bed.

Well, the schedule had been more or less rigorously followed and it had given Eric the most intoxicating two months he had known. Vivian Wellcome had been corking. She had lived up to her bargain magnificently and earned every cent he had paid her. What a fool was Larry with his babble about "dangerous," and his forebodings. Two of the three months had gone—but one was left! Eric sighed. Then he must return to his own workaday world.

He ran his index finger over the schedule—"2–4. Read some worth-while book." He remembered his promise to Vivian and settled himself in the huge yellow chair with The Brothers Karamazov in his hands.

That evening, however, when Eric appeared at Vivian's apartment in Sullivan Place it was not Vivian who received him, but Zora.

"I'm here in place of Viv," she said apologetically, her grave eyes searching his. "Viv told me to explain. There was a hurry call for a rehearsal of Dark Desires. I suppose she's told you they've been rehearsing in a haphazard way for the last two weeks, but now they've got to work much harder. It opens, you know, a week from Monday."

"That means I won't see much of Vivian for the next ten days, doesn't it?"

"It means you won't see much of her for longer than that. If the play gets over it will keep Vivian busy, of course, every night, with matinées twice a week. Your three months are almost up anyway, aren't they, Eric. You're looking particularly fit to go back to work."

"I have three weeks more."

"Perhaps you'd better engage a new instructor for those three weeks."

"Yes, but ——"

He stopped abruptly, so abruptly that Zora scrutinized him inquiringly and after a moment's reflection said: "Have you paid Viv the entire three thousand for the three months?"

He did not answer.

"Don't try to be so noble and screen Viv," she said presently. "Your silence means you have paid Viv the entire amount, doesn't it? But after all Viv's been fairly decent about her bargain."

"She's been wonderful!"

"She's been much better than I ever thought she'd be," admitted Zora. "I suppose Viv got you to pay her in advance because she's broke. She's had a beautiful time splurging with the money you gave her, but she has spent most of it on that darned new Alley Playhouse."

They sat silent. The talk with Zora had emphasized to Eric how soon he was to lose Vivian's companionship—sooner even than he had expected. It made him a little sick at heart. Presently Zora broke into his thoughts:

"You don't seem to be enthusiastic about me as a substitute for Viv. She told me I was to take her place as your companion at dinner and the theater to-night. I was crazy to see The Rose Lady, but if you don't want to go now ——"

"Of course I want to go," he said a little heavily.

Zora threw a cape of some vivid Persian silk over her dress of yellow. The fur collar of the cape was drawn round her head so that the fur blended with her dark hair—the dark hair with a gleam of russet.

"Let's go then," she said quickly. Her eyes were sullen.

They went to the Baronet for dinner, and—as everybody knows—the Baronet that season was just the place to go for dinner. But there, seated side by side, on the cushioned seat against the tapestried wall, with the music murmuring a plaintive waltz from behind some palms and with a rosy radiance falling over the naked shoulders of women, the sharply contrasted black and white of men, the dazzling white of the tablecloths, the shimmer of crystal and silver—even there amid this enchantment—the pall of silence remained hanging over Zora and Eric. By now Eric knew just what to order for Vivian, but he had no idea what to order for Zora. She seemed such a child to him. He stole a glance at her as she sat there, her face half turned from him, her chin cupped in her hand. Her dress was a primrose yellow and it was cut modestly low; round her slender throat was the jade necklace he had once seen Vivian wear. In that pale yellow, that dark green, she looked indeed like some faint delicate blossom of early spring. Her eyes were graver than ever and her straight brows were wrinkled as if she found the question that life presented quite, quite unanswerable.

"What shall I order for you?" he asked at last. "Consommé, a chicken salad, a café parfait?"

She turned upon him resentfully.

"Why not some milk and gruel and cambric tea?" she asked indignantly. "I wish you'd stop treating me as if I were a child. I want a cocktail first—a very stiff dry Martini—and then I want some oysters and some steak and mushrooms and potatoes Lorette and something very rich and indigestible for dessert. I won't have you baby me, Eric."

Her indignation was so fervid that he couldn't help laughing, but Zora could not be restored so easily to good humor. She drank her very stiff dry Martini at a single gulp and made vicious little stabs at the steak and mushrooms.

At the end of the meal when she was sipping her black coffee from its tiny cup she gazed at Eric over the rim and said: "I broke an engagement with Larry to go out with you to-night."

"I'm sorry."

"That's not the thing for you to say."

"Why did you do it?"

"I thought if Viv wouldn't live up to her bargain with you I'd live up to it for her, but you're—you're horrid to me. Are you in love with Viv?"

Her audacity took his breath away, but at last he answered: "Vivian has forbidden me to fall in love with her."

"As if that would make any difference!" she said scornfully. "But even if you are in love with Viv you might be nice to me."

"Aren't you in love with Larry?"

"Certainly not."

"Larry's awfully fond of you."

"Yes, I know it and in a way I'm sorry. I like Larry, but he's too silly. Besides I know Larry through and through. There's no mystery left."

They were silent again and the silence seemed to enwrap them for the rest of the evening. Even The Rose Lady could not dispel that silence. Its lilting melodies and flaming colors, its droll comedians and flashing choruses beat powerlessly against the somber walls of their own thoughts.

V

VIVIAN telephoned Eric the next morning. "I'm awfully sorry about last night," she began breathlessly. "You understand, don't you? Zora says she

(Continued on Page 157)

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(Continued from Page 154)

explained it to you. And she said she also told you that I'd be too busy to continue the lessons for a time."

"But when can I see you, Vivian?"

"Soon. I'll have lunch or dinner with you. This rehearsal stuff is nerve-racking, Eric. I know that you'll think I'm a frightful quitter, not fulfilling my contract with you, but this opportunity in Dark Desires means so much to me. It means everything. It's the chance I've been awaiting for years.

"How much longer am I supposed to give you lessons? It's about three weeks, isn't it? Why not let Zora take my place and continue the lessons for those three weeks? Zora would love to do it, but she has a wild idea you dislike her."

"Dislike her?"

"Yes, isn't it absurd! But, Eric, you've been so splendid. You're looking so well. Your nerves are cured completely, aren't they? Don't drop back into a rut—even after you return to business. Go on with your riding and motoring, your reading and walking. And let Zora be your companion for a time instead of me."

"Then I won't see any more of you, Vivian?"

"Don't be an old idiot, Eric! Of course you'll see more of me. I'll just be messed all up for a while with these rehearsals."

"Well, of course, I'd rather have Zora than no one."

Vivian laughed.

"That's not a nice way of putting it, but I'll tell Zora in another and a better way."

So for a week it was Zora who went riding and walking with Eric; who went to lunch and dinner and the theater with him. But things did not seem the same as when Vivian was his companion. Vivian was always gay, sparkling. She dashed through everything with the greatest zest. She proclaimed with equal enthusiasm a view in the park or a chapter in a book. And her enthusiasm was contagious. Zora on the other hand was silent. She kept her eyes away from Eric. She went through the routine of events as if it were her duty—nothing more—a duty that was difficult of performance but that somehow must be done.

It was only once that Eric saw Zora emerge from this dark shell of restraint. He and Zora, Larry and a friend of Zora's—Mildred Cavendish—went to the theater. After the theater they went to a roof. Zora and Larry danced together and Eric looked up from his table to see Zora laughing and whirling in Larry's arms. Her face was alight. She wore a white-net dress on which pink rosebuds were embroidered and her skirts flew like a cloud about her while her little feet twinkled. She was like a butterfly that has emerged from its chrysalis. And as they danced close to the table at which he sat Eric could see Larry's eyes as he gazed into Zora's. There was a pleading look in his eyes. Eric turned his own gaze away. Somehow within him he felt a little pang. That was youth, that magic something which Zora and Larry had—youth which he had missed, youth which no lessons could ever teach.

When the dance was over and Larry and Zora returned to the table Zora sat quiet again, reserved, wrapped once more in her cloak of silence. It was only once that she flared out into vehemence. They had been to a concert together that night and he was leaving her before the door of the house in Sullivan Place.

Suddenly after their formal good nights she cried out: "I can't go on with it any longer, Eric!"

"Why?" he asked, too dismayed to say more.

"Because—oh, because I hate you!"

He seized her hands, but she tore them away and ran into the house.

■

ON MONDAY, so the newspaper notices and the billboards in the vicinity of Washington Square announced, Dark Desires was to be produced at the new Alley Playhouse. On Friday morning Vivian again called Eric on the telephone. He did not recognize her voice at first; it seemed sodden with tears.

"Eric, I must see you this morning," she said. "Can't you come down here to the apartment at once?"

"Yes, of course. What's the trouble, Vivian?"

"I'll tell you all about it when you get down here."

Pale April sunlight filtered through the dim alley and into the dim house in Sullivan Place. A bar of it lay across Vivian's face as she sat in one of the low wicker chairs opposite Eric and she shifted her chair impatiently, but he had seen in that clear light how worn she looked, how dark were the circles beneath her eyes.

"Vivian, you're tiring yourself out in these damn rehearsals," Eric said. "It's I this time who will have to prescribe a series of lessons for your health and well-being."

She smiled wanly.

"I am overdoing it. Sometimes I get terribly wearied of the whole thing. Sometimes I—I wish I had the ambitions of the usual woman instead of this insane desire of mine to be an actress. How restful it would be simply to love someone, marry, forget everything else."

Eric flushed. His breath caught in his throat. Leaning forward, he seized Vivian's hand, which hung lax beside her chair—seized it and tried to awaken it to some response.

"Marry me, Vivian," he said.

"You're a faithful old darling, Eric, and I've treated you shabbily."

"I love you, Vivian."

"I almost love you, Eric, but not—not quite enough."

"That may come later—after we're married."

She shook her head.

"No, Eric, I can't take a chance—not while this ambition of mine is unsatisfied. I'd never be content. I'd be a creature of vain regrets, always mooning round and making you unhappy. I'd make a rotten wife."

He increased the pressure of his hand upon hers as if he would force his will upon her despite herself.

"I'll take you on any terms, Vivian."

She winced beneath that grip of his.

"On any terms, Eric?"

"On any terms at all, my dear."

After a pause she said: "Listen to me then, Eric. Dark Desires may not be produced Monday night. The great ambition of my life after coming almost within my grasp may never be satisfied. We're broke. We can't produce it. The scenery's ready, but we can't pay for it and they won't deliver it without payment. Oh, I imagine they know how desperately we've been trying to raise money. Why, we haven't even enough money to pay the printer for the tickets. You are our last resort—my last resort. Give me three thousand dollars—and if the play's a failure I'll marry you. If it's a success I won't. That's a paradoxical offer, isn't it? You'll be gambling against your own interests. But I never never shall be satisfied until I've had at least one chance to prove I can act, Eric. Will you accept these terms?"

"Yes."

"Eric, you're such a darling you make me despise myself."

He grumbled something deep within his throat.

New life reanimated Vivian; new light entered her eyes.

"Let's run round to the theater," she said. "I want to tell them we're saved."

VII

ON MONDAY night half an hour late the new Alley Playhouse opened with Dark Desires and with Vivian Wellcome in the part of the Russian immigrant girl, Natacha. Eric sat alone in a seat in the third row of the orchestra with one vacant seat beside him. Except for that one vacant seat the theater was crowded. Fortunately for Dark Desires the season was late and no other play was opening that night. All those strange people who make it their chief aim in life to attend first nights had journeyed downtown to this outlandish district to see—perhaps to ridicule—this attempt of the highbrows to produce plays of their own in a theater of their own.

Eric, it seemed to him, had never been so nervous in his life. The people round him, shifting in their seats, impatient at the delay, scoffing already at the temerity of the highbrows, the pretty little theater with its cream-colored walls relieved simply by medallions of bright color and exotic design—all this was a blur to him.

But somehow through his confusion he sensed the hostility of the audience and he was indignant. His own feelings were in a state of the utmost bewilderment. He wanted the play to fail, for if it failed Vivian had promised to marry him. He wanted it to succeed, because he realized what its success meant to the author, the actors, to all the people who had put their faith and their money in this new experiment in the drama which they at least thought meant the beginnings of great things. He didn't know what he wanted.

A gong sounded; the audience settled down into a hush of attention; into the vacant seat beside Eric slipped Zora, quite pale, her lips set. She shoved an icy little hand into his and said: "You've got to hold my hand, Eric, whether you want to or not. I've just left Viv. She looks lovely, but she's mad with fright."

The curtain rose. It revealed the bare room of an East Side tenement; on a rumpled bed lay a boy, pallid and worn as if with illness. There was a knock on the door and an old man entered. In entering he stumbled inadvertently over a chair. Someone in the audience tittered. Others tittered. A suppressed wave of merriment swept the house.

Eric thought afterward that from that one moment the play was doomed. The old man's stumble had condemned it. It seemed to him that the feelings of the audience played upon him as if he were an instrument. He could tell they were restless. Programs rustled. People coughed. There was some disturbing noise at the rear of the theater which seemed to claim more interest than anything that happened on the stage. But suddenly the theater was whipped into attention.

It was Natacha, the Russian girl, who had entered. And Natacha was Vivian. At first Eric could not believe it was she. He could not believe that she possessed this passion, this energy which seemed to be smothered, held in leash, indicated only by certain low notes in her voice. He could feel every eye in the theater upon her; he could sense that upon that one figure on the stage every person in the audience was intent. Yet in that first act she had but little to do.

The curtain fell amidst silence.

Zora pulled her hand from his. She was sunk deep down in her seat. She gave Eric a pallid glance.

"It's a failure!" she said. "Run out in the lobby, Eric, and find out what people are saying."

Eric ran out into the lobby. He stood close to three men who were in earnest conversation. They were discussing, he found, the probability of a rise in the stock of Jackson Oil Preferred.

He moved away to hear one gilded youth shout to another, "How do you like the play?"

"Rotten so far," came the answer.

Eric stood at one side and lighted a cigarette. He saw Larry Porter separate from a group of men and rush toward him. Larry's clear blue eyes were clouded; he frowned.

"Zora's with you, isn't she?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I begged her to go with me to-night, Eric, but she insisted on going with you."

He gazed at Eric with his clouded blue eyes, started to say something, gulped, said nothing and abruptly turned away. Eric crept back to his seat.

"What did you hear?" asked Zora.

"Nothing!"

The curtain rose on the second act. Again Zora slipped her hand in his and he felt the weight of her shoulder against his. She seemed to be trying to gain strength from him. She had gone absolutely limp with the nervous tension.

During the second act there was the same lack of attention, the same noise, the same coughing. But again the entrance of Vivian galvanized the audience into interest. She wore a red shawl over a black dress. Her face was dead white. Her lips were as red as the shawl and her hair as black as the dress. She turned on the man who had exploited her. She denounced him. She denounced him and everything he stood for; everything that in her poor befuddled brain she thought—through him—that America stood for. She was the personification of fiery protest. Eric realized that this was her great speech of which Zora had told him.

And when the speech was finished and she had sunk to her knees sobbing the audience broke into its first spontaneous applause. The applause was deafening.

But it came too late. The play was a failure. Vivian Wellcome, however, was a success. Eric realized dimly that there were complications in his problem—complications of which he had never dreamed.

After the play he waited outside while the crowd drifted away in taxicabs, in limousines, on foot. Zora had gone round to the stage entrance to see Vivian. Presently she returned.

"Viv won't see you to-night," she said gently. "She's all in. They know back there that the play didn't get over. They're heartbroken. Viv doesn't know yet that she herself made a hit. I have to go back to her, Eric."

Eric wandered home alone. A wet fog had come in from the ocean. Everything was blurred, indistinct. And, he thought, so his emotions were blurred, indistinct. The play had failed. Vivian had promised to marry him if it failed, but he experienced no sense of rejoicing, none even of hope. Somehow to-night Vivian seemed to have moved far away from him. It was not of the Vivian he knew that he thought, the gay comrade of many joyous hours, but of the girl on the stage who in a poor and indifferent play had awakened the audience to the utmost enthusiasm. This new Vivian had become remote, inaccessible. It was as if she had flown away, up and up, completely out of the circle of his own life. It was Zora who remained near to him—Zora, her little cold hand within his. Just before he fell asleep it was Zora's violet eyes that gazed into his—Zora's eyes, grave and questioning.

The next morning's newspapers confirmed the play's failure. The Star said, "Another dreary bit of attempted realism." The Graphic said, "Some vivid moments, but on the whole dull and uninspired." Both the Star and the Graphic, however, ended up by mentioning Vivian Wellcome with enthusiasm. And the usually cynical critic of the Planet wrote, "The one redeeming feature of the performance was Miss Vivian Wellcome. Whatever the mysterious thing is that makes an actor—personality, magnetism, call it what you will—Miss Wellcome has it. Her début last night marks the advent of a star of the first magnitude. Undoubtedly one of the astute commercial managers, whom these little theater people affect so much to despise, will snatch up Miss Wellcome and put her in a play worthy of her gorgeous talents."

At eleven Eric telephoned Vivian, but Zora answered.

"Viv can't be disturbed," she said. "She didn't sleep all night. I wouldn't advise you to see her until to-morrow, Eric. Come down and take her out to lunch. I'll make the appointment for you."

So Eric walked round the corner to a florist's shop and sent to Sullivan Place orchids and violets and pink rosebuds. Then as well as he could he awaited the morrow—the morrow which was to settle his fate.

VIII

ZORA had arranged that Eric and Vivian were to have luncheon at the café where they had gone to sit and talk after their first meeting at Mrs. Westbrook's tea. Upstairs near a news stand crowded with books and chocolates and papers Eric waited. Vivian was three-quarters of an hour late. She gave him her hand apathetically. He saw that she was tired and she was also very nervous. For the first time since he had known her she seemed afraid of him.

They descended the stairs and sat in the room where mirrors covered the walls, but instead of the lounging afternoon crowd the room was filled with brisk business men of the neighborhood, talking loudly and bolting down their food in hurried gulps.

Vivian pulled off her white gloves and laid her slim hands, bare of rings, upon the table. She was dressed in some tan substance, filmy and diaphanous, and at her waist were his violets and one pink rose. She had on a wide black hat and he had the strange fancy that she wore that large hat so that it would shadow her face as she talked to him. And she talked of many things in a feverish staccato way—a new novel that was attracting wide attention, a strike that was convulsing a neighboring city, but presently she dropped this feverish manner and said simply "Well, Eric, Dark Desires is a failure. Are you going to hold me to my promise?"

So this is the way she puts it, thought Eric; and he knew, as he had known all along, that there was little hope for him. He wondered idly if he could force Vivian to keep to her promise, but he had no idea of forcing her. The very suggestion of that was repugnant to him.

At last he said: "You speak as if you wished to be released from your promise, Vivian. What has happened?"

"I have an offer from Winthrop Grey to appear in one of his productions this fall."

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"Is that why you want to be released?"

"No—oh, no, Eric! It isn't that! It's—it's because I can't marry you. It would be the utmost folly."

"As my wife you would be free to do as you pleased, Vivian."

She gave a hopeless little gesture with her hands.

"Eric, I—I can't."

He turned his eyes away from her.

"I have no desire to force you, Vivian."

"I—I don't know what's wrong with me, Eric. I can't help acting in this vile way. I'm so sorry for your sake, dear, that I'm not another sort of woman without the poison of this ambition in my blood. Do you regret ever meeting me?"

"No."

She smiled falteringly.

"At least I've done you some good. You seem well now. You know more of the world. You know—all sorts of things you didn't know before."

"Yes."

"And I'll never forget what you've done for me, Eric. After all, it is to you that I owe my real opportunity—my opportunity to appear in one of Winthrop Grey's productions. After a while, of course, I shall be able to pay back that money I borrowed."

"Don't let the money worry you for a moment, Vivian."

"Eric, you're too—too decent. I imagine I'd feel better if you'd strike me, or something of the sort. But you can see my point of view, can't you? It would be madness to keep my promise, feeling as I do. I should never have made that offer except that I was insane at the moment and didn't know what I was doing. Can't we still be friends?"

"Yes, I suppose we can, Vivian."

The lunch continued to arrive, while they sat there choking over their food. There was African melon and brook trout and guinea hen and a salad with a marvelous dressing, but no matter how you looked at it it was a most miserable lunch. Both Eric and Vivian were glad when it was over.

IX

DARK DESIRES had gone; the new Alley Playhouse, after its brief opening, was closed for the summer; the newspapers in those curious little notes which are read so avidly by men and women interested in theatrical affairs had announced that Vivian Wellcome would appear in the autumn in a new play by Stanley West under the direction of the renowned Winthrop Grey.

One afternoon in May Eric sat in the living room of his apartment in Lexington Avenue. Some measure of equanimity had been restored to him—a surprising measure of equanimity. He had taken the broken interests of his life as Vivian Wellcome had left them and patched them together as well as he could. And after all he had made a fairly good job of it.

He thought with grim humor that he should be suffering from a broken heart and blighted life, but nothing of the kind seemed to trouble him.

And that morning his doctor had told him he could go back to the Pine Street Trust Company whenever he wished.

"I don't know what has happened to you," said the doctor, eying him shrewdly, "but something quite evidently has taken your mind off yourself. Certainly your nerves are all right."

"I've learned how to live during the past three months."

"Indeed!" said the doctor.

"Yes, I've learned the pleasure that can be gained from books, plays, exercise—all sorts of things."

"H'm," said the doctor. "Who is the woman in the case?"

"The woman in the case refused to marry me."

"You seem to bear up remarkably well under the blow," said the doctor skeptically?

"Yes," said Eric, and he smiled.

"Perhaps there was more than one woman in the case," said the doctor.

That afternoon in the apartment in Lexington Avenue May sunlight flooded the room in which Eric sat. It betrayed glaringly the worn tapestry covering of the rosewood furniture; it made the knick-knacks seem singularly futile and dusty; it made shabby the memories of the past in which until three months ago Eric had always lived—and he stirred restlessly and thought that he'd have to move away from Lexington Avenue, surround himself with an atmosphere brighter, more cheerful, more in keeping with the new life he demanded, more suitable to the new man he hoped he had become. He was in the midst of these reflections when there was a knock at the door. Eric opened it and there stood Larry.

Larry sauntered over to the mantel and leaned against it, his hands thrust into his pockets. He looked so earnestly at Eric, he had so evidently come for a purpose that at last Eric asked bluntly:

"What's the idea, Larry? What's brought you?"

"I've come for two very similar reasons, Eric. I've come because I'm a fool and because you're a fool."

"That's rather a sweeping charge. Why am I a fool?"

"Let me tell you first why I am, Eric. It's because I'm here at all. It's because I've let Zora send me as her ambassador when—when the appointment will probably end all my hopes where Zora is concerned."

"Zora! Why did she send you?"

"That brings me to why you're a fool, Eric—you who because you are blinded by Vivian have overlooked Zora."

"I haven't overlooked her! It's the memory of Zora's kindness that has helped me since Vivian—well, that has helped me tremendously. Where is Zora? I'll go to her now."

"There's no need to go to her. She's waiting below. I'll fetch her."

Larry went out of the room, out of the apartment, while Eric waited, his pulses racing, his mind in a turmoil. Presently Zora entered alone.

"Hello, Eric," she said.

"Hello, Zora."

She crossed to the huge yellow chair and seated herself, and Eric thought he had never seen her look so lovely. Her cheeks were flushed with rosy color and her eyes, grave and questioning, were sparkling with excitement.

She looked at Eric with that direct brave gaze of hers.

"Eric, I'm not going to have you shut me out of your life in this way," she said. "You haven't been down to see me since your row with Vivian."

"I didn't row with Vivian."

"Well, you haven't been down since that luncheon with Viv—row or no row."

"Your world is so different from mine, Zora. I made a stab at getting into your careless happy world, but I failed."

"My world isn't Vivian's, Eric. I've always had to drudge along in the humdrum, workaday, common-sense world—just as you have."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to let me take Viv's place. I want you to let me go on riding and walking, going to theaters and concerts—all sorts of things—with you."

"I'm returning to business next week."

"As if that made any difference! Eric, don't—don't give up everything! Do let me take Viv's place, won't you?"

His voice was a little breathless.

"I wonder if you know what you're saying, Zora?"

"Yes, I know."

"You don't know just what Viv meant to me for a time. You don't know her last promise to me—a promise that was broken?"

Her gaze did not falter.

"Yes, I know of that too."

"You don't mean that you want to take Vivian's place in that way?"

Zora stood upright; she stretched her slender arms lazily; she laughed happily.

"Well, we don't have to go into that just yet, you silly old darling," she said. "Let me start taking Viv's place at an earlier stage in your friendship with her than that. Let's—let's go riding in the park together to-morrow morning."

It was not until late in the following autumn that Vivian Wellcome made her first Broadway appearance in Constance, by Stanley West, and justified in every way the critics who had first acclaimed her in Dark Desires.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Copley sat in the third row of the orchestra. Mrs. Copley just before the curtain rose thrust her little icy-cold hand into Mr. Copley's.

"You've got to hold my hand whether you want to or not, Eric," she said.

But it seemed he wanted to—very much. After all, that was excusable under the circumstances. They had been married only a month or two.

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FORTUNE'S DARLING

(Continued from Page 5)

I look up. Lo, you are here so close. My born brother is dead. You come now again as my brother. But I serve you, I am your man."

Dan shook his head.

"Sorry. There are reasons why not."

Amra Khan had another reason why.

"This day the peddler passed me on the way of walking," he declared simply, "They shall not take me again. Not alive."

Whether fate or chance, Towers considered, it seemed his portion in life always to be snarled about with other men's distresses. This fugitive meant what he said. Here, by all likelihood, was life or death; no easy matter to turn the back and walk away from. In perplexity Dan remained looking at the smoke and dazzle beyond their tree, where boats joggled, straining in the muddy current. He gave a start. Just below, with his back turned, stood a trim young European directing a file of head-burdened coolies. It was Runa.

"Quick! Farther behind," Dan whispered.

Slipping round the tree trunk he and Amra Khan stood hidden again for the moment.

"You saw? That was La Flèche Sahib, who caught you before. He sails with me. Do you understand?"

The northerner folded his hands before him, hung his head and sighed, like a man who has met some trivial disappointment.

"I understand," he murmured at last, gazing as if the grass underfoot were very distant. "Well. When the dark comes my body shall float down the river. Part of me, following you so far, brother. The soul—that may go faster than your black ship. Who knows?" He looked up, smiling thoughtfully. "It is no man's fault. Salaam, sahib. Farewell, my brother."

He was turning to go when Dan caught him by the sleeve.

"Hold on. Stay where you are. Don't let La Flèche see you. Eyes in the back of his head. You wait right here for me."

So saying Towers went down to the waterside and touched Runa's arm.

"Aha, Danny!" cried his friend, turning. "All ready for sea? What cheer, mate? Avast, belay, pass the earing, bring her to try with the mainbrace. Yarely, good souls, yarely!"

The youngster was in high spirits and wonderful fine clothes. He jerked up his waistband like a Pinafore sailor, and sketched the movement of hornpipe.

"Look here." Dan repressed him with heavy hand. "Listen. I've engaged a servant. Minute ago. How to get him on board? Quick. Yarely yourself."

Runa changed at a flash from nonsense to cold clear business.

"Good idea. Don't get left behind, though." His brown eyes snapped twice and saw the course of action. Pulling out his chit pad he wrote and tore off a leaf. "Here. Carry your boy to that chap. He knows me. He'll put you through. Catch my gharri, next road; can't have left yet. Oh, hai!" he added as Dan was bounding away. "Wait, and save time." Runa scribbled again and ripped off a second leaf. "For the medico. He knows me. You'll find him examining coolies, the Eridanus, just upstream there. Take him first, in your way. *Juldi*, old son. Don't be left."

With a sense of treachery Dan hopped from river bank to grass and, passing the tree where his criminal sat lurking faithfully, beckoned. Soon afterward two conspirators hailed Runa's departing cab, into which one flung himself, while the other mounted behind.

Half an hour had passed, the sunrise streamed level through the garden groves, when a gloomy master, halting beneath trees that hid the Mayam-Ma, gave instruction to a new and adoring servant.

"I've lied aplenty for you," he grumbled. "Now here. I go ahead. You watch till you see La Flèche Sahib and me go out of sight. He's leaning on the rail there, aft. I'll take him into my cabin and keep him busy, lying some more. Then you climb aboard at the forward ladder—foreside, understand?—and go curl up among the *naukar-chaukar*. Show your papers to any officer who asks. They're all straight, you're my servant. But don't show your face for two days. Is that clear?"

Amra Khan bowed.

"Brother, it —— Master, it is clear."

Dan went down to Hugli side in a bad temper. This mess, he thought, made a pretty beginning. He cursed the whole affair.

"Behind Runa's back, and him helping me!"

This black-and-tan hooker, more rust than metal, was no good. He climbed her motley side without enthusiasm.

"Rotten!" he told himself, on deck. "Why should a man have to lie all the time? Rotten! Helping a murderer out of the country, putting Runa wrong as wrong can be ——"

He grunted and walked away aft, his eyes fixed upon the dark green trees and their shadows infolding sunny pools of turf. Underfoot the Mayam-Ma suddenly trembled with a deep seagoing bass vibration, her first whistle.

"Humph!" Dan's face cleared somewhat, for the good sound broke and blew away all shore vapors of ill humor. "Well. Enough. Call it a finish," he thought. "Anyhow, better than to have the man's body floating after us to-night. Boh! A goblin idea. I couldn't stand that all my life."

And then Mr. Towers grinned.

"Come to think, it's funny," he mused. "Wonder if Runa saw us?"

III

RUNA'S cabin, a white-painted iron cubicle, glowed like a furnace with new-risen sunlight and heat. He stood there, the coolest thing on board, making all snug for sea. As Dan stepped in from deck over the high threshold he looked up, gave a nod, then continued to follow his method: pajamas in the berth, deck shoes underneath, clean linen on a hook, matches beside the imprisoned water bottle.

"A good start," he said, well pleased. "I call this the pink of readiness. Perfect."

Dan, curious to know how a real man-hunter would set about the catching of a runaway girl, studied this perfection. On the floor lay a small wicker trunk, open, bulging with new white clothes; a case of Scotch liquor bearing the name of some hoary king; a cheap guitar; Jane Austen's complete novels lashed together with a flame-colored necktie; many packs of playing cards; two boxes of cigars; and a glossy green oilcloth wallet fatly stuffed with what might be documents.

"Looks like a rebus," quoth Dan.

"It is. A *tutissimus* rebus," retorted Runa. "All secure-o, and they all have their uses."

Indeed their uses appeared on the voyage. One night while the ship went gliding through starlight Dan and Runa sat aft by a lantern, the only passengers, under an awning which fluttered in the soft cool draft of ocean air and made, with the throb of the engines, a quiet, continual unrest amid great silence. Here the captain joined them—a stout square man, gray at the temples, trim-bearded, short of speech, whose eyes declared him a good listener. Dan felt that he was weighing them as a pair of young fools, and would soon get up, say so, and walk off. Instead, when he opened his mouth half an hour later, it was to a purpose quite different.

"*Mari sini!*" The captain hailed some lurker in the darkness. "*Tigah stengah.*"

The lurker silently vanished and reappeared—a withered old Javanese man in a beautiful skirt, who bore a tray with glasses, ice, and a bottle of Runa's majestical Scotch.

"Awfully good of you chaps," growled the captain, "to bring me anything like this. All those cigars too."

He spoke with great gloom, and eyed them reproachfully.

"You used to sing." It was Runa whom he accused of this past folly. "Wish we had an instrument on board. No such thing. I never learned."

"Wait a bit, Captain Cole."

Runa slid out of his chair and away. Soon afterward along the deck sounded the hum-thrum of a guitar, well played, and light words of song:

En revenant de Saint Alban,
Et ne vous estimez pas tant—
Et ne vous zeste, ziste, zeste,
Et ne vous estimez pas tant!

"Ha!" The captain leaned back with a contented sigh and nodded grimly at Dan: "Something like!"

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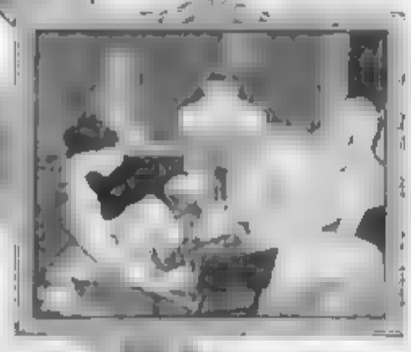

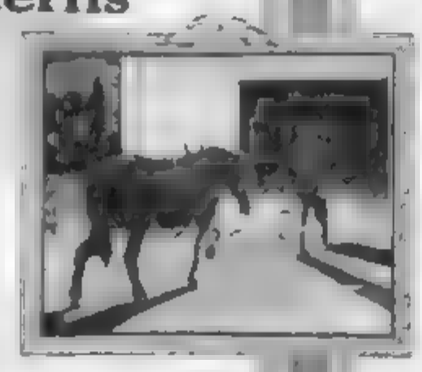

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Runa danced into his chair again, playing and singing still:

J'y ai rencontré un marchand:
Que vendez-vous là, le Marchand?
Et ne vous zeste, ziste, zeste,
Et ne vous estimez pas tant!

A simple concert it was that began so, with the Vender of Hearts. Runa had no great voice, only a pleasant; but he kept tune and time, used lively expression, and beat old noise out of his guitar. Dan was enthralled. The captain lay smoking, and said nothing more than "Give us another." Yet to see him, a square hard figure in white uniform, listening mournfully, against a background of white rails and mysterious darkness; and then to see Runa lolling and strumming like a troubadour—it made one think of Saul and David.

"Give us Richmond Hill." Runa gave it. "Now sing us that thing out of Tom Jones." Runa sang it. "Do you know I've Loved Her Ever Since She Was a Baby?" Runa did, and became a sorrowful silly old man. Then he made them laugh; and then at last wandering into a minor prelude and coaxing the guitar to sound like a queer harp he wailed something very ancient and desertlike that hovered on the verge of tears.

"By George, that's Welsh pennillion!" said Captain Cole.

"No. A Morocco piece," explained the minstrel, "about a woman at a well."

"I know better than what that comes to."

"You are mistaken, sir. It is Moroccan."

The daughters of music were brought low. Hot argument broke out, which ended only when the captain's boy, a polished young Chinaman, came with a message of business.

"Good night." The captain rose and added grumpily: "You're dead wrong, Maskee, fun anyhow. Good singin's the only thing worth a damn in this world. Suppose that's why I never hear any. And shore people can go every night, and don't know good from bad. Heaven sends chestnuts ——"

He rolled away forward, grumbling. Later, as the two friends lay on deck in pajamas, ready for sleep, La Flèche reviewed the captain's life—a good old stoic, this Cole, who maintained his own family and a sister's in Devon or Cornwall, never spent a pice on himself, never got home, had a thin time in general, and one grand passion, music.

"You can see, for he liked mine," said Runa.

Every night aboard the little freighter passed thus with song and guitar. Every day the skipper came to be with his passengers. They were not a lively company; for hours together in the moist heat of the Bay of Bengal the three men lay side by side dozing over a volume of Jane Austen or woke to squabble about her characters.

"That Parson Collins," the captain observed, "he's not storybook. He lived. How do I know? Because I can tell you what Collins did afterward. He settled down and begot nine-tenths of the parsons nowadays."

Dan objected to this critique.

"I've known lots of good ones; better than us."

"Name some!" cried the captain warmly. "You can't, no more than the schoolboy could when they asked him for five wild animals of Africa. 'Four lions and a giraffe,' says he. You can't. They're all Collinses, Rev. Collins' grandsons."

This wrangling might lead nowhere or anywhere—to deeds of missionaries, heroic or not; to big game hunted in strange places; to the dinner plates of the Bible Hotel; to the man who lost the Queen of Madagascar's crown jewels; or return from all four quarters of the world to Miss Austen's sailors. They had good talk on the Mayam-Ma as she churned along the glowing dark blue gulf. Time slid by happily.

Dan's conscience pricked him less and less about the fugitive manslayer on board. It had been lulled asleep, when one day at breakfast, happening to turn, he found Amra Khan like a shadow behind his chair, erect but easy.

"Ah? The new boy?" asked Runa.

Amra Khan smiled, bowed and set down his master's curry.

Towers, the abettor of crime, lay low and said nothing. He waited in his guilt.

"Very well arranged, Danny," sighed his friend. "The high seas, and not under British register. Well done. We may need a murderer before we're through." And he fell to humming: "'It sometimes is a useful thing to be an orphan boy.'"

Dan studied Runa's dark eyes. Always large, they were now as guileless and limpid as a rabbit's. They told him only one thing, but that clearer than words: He should never know whether or not Runa had spied his doings on Hugli bank.

Nor did the question ever come up between them; unless Runa had it in mind when that night, as he was falling asleep, he called across the deck, with a yawn: "What a good old son you are, Daniel. *Bon soir.*"

At all events Amra Khan came and went a free man, serving them both like gods, without a word; and for some reason they two had become better friends even than before.

As for the skipper, they called him Old King Cole to his face now. He seemed to like it; for he gave Dan a copy of Robinson Crusoe all in ruin and filled with manuscript notes.

Sunrise next day saw the Mayam-Ma creeping to anchorage at the port where they would leave her. Shoal water, pale blue and oily soft, covered an ancient silted harbor with morning light that grew and glimmered for half a mile, to end at a last border of night which was the land. Coconut palms slashed the top of this border; a gray beach underlined it, broken midway by a handful of dark old buildings—Portuguese, Dutch, English—heavily confronting the aërial sea, while at the left and right one by one the yellow native huts peeped through solemn greenery. Alone, her engines quiet, the ship lay as though hushed by a spell, by that early morning enchantment in which bright mystical freshness blends with a haunting sense of the world's old age. No life appeared anywhere on shore. The town, asleep, looked like a place abandoned centuries ago or just created by magic and not yet peopled.

"Almost pretty," said the captain. "They look best from the sea. Stinkin' little mess."

He leaned on the rail between his friends, elbow to elbow, and thought aloud.

"Nothing good ever happened there." So saying the bearded stoic gave them, gruffly but well, the annals of that port for fifteen years and more. "I suppose you're looking after somebody, La Flèche," he concluded. "You always are. None of my affair, but I can't understand what else you'd want to land here for."

"Suppose I am?" asked Runa. "Who's the best one to answer questions? Who's high man ashore?"

Captain Cole immediately roused.

"Keep away from him! The cockalorum!" he cried. "Silly old snob, encumbered this place for years, because nowhere else would tolerate him."

"He collects postage stamps," Dan ventured. "And talks about Lord Dundreary of Great Dismal Park or something."

The captain beamed on Dan.

"Some happy day you write his epitaph, will you?" he urged. "You've the facts. Why, that old fungus—you know, with lots of the finest white British men on God's footstool scattered all round, and then him stuck —— Drives me wild." The captain bestowed a grimace on the land. "Can't tell how many blue beans make five. Don't you go near him. Try young Cotford, or Grice, if they're not off up country. All the youngsters are keen as mustard, fine lads."

While they talked motions of life appeared under the green shadow of the town. Boats came stealing from mirrored forest out upon mirrored sky, boats pushed forward by men who stood at the oars and who wore brown skirts dabbled with Malay red. They drew near in silence, to cluster round the ladder foot, each rower looking up with heavy-lidded eyes from under a motley headkerchief tied with prick-eared corners. Now and then one spoke in a musical voice some few quiet words that seemed part of the morning stillness.

"If you lived ashore there," said Runa, "and wanted to run away without leaving a trace, how should you ——"

"Couldn't be done," replied Old King Cole. He led the way to breakfast, a hot-weather picnic on deck, and said no more until they sat over their rice and fruit and tea. "Of course anything can be done, but you or I'd find it devilish hard."

"If we were natives?"

"Oh! Horse of another color." The captain thought again. "We might sneak off by boat up or down coast; we might take

(Continued on Page 165)

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(Continued from Page 162)

the road across country; either way dozens of persons would know all about you. The whole country's open house; everybody sees or hears what everybody does. But Malays don't tell what they know. It's their olo custom, and a good one, to keep the eyepiece open and the mouthpiece shut. So we might get clean away."

The sun was risen and figures of men moved along the distant bund as Towers and La Flèche went down the ladder to their boat. The Mayam-Ma's rusty wall dwindled behind them. Her captain had become a white speck under the awning, when he seemed to have an afterthought. They heard him shout, but whatever the message they could not catch it. Across the water came only a meaningless fragment: "Horse stealer!"

Runa frowned at this puzzle, then shrugged it away. "Who's he calling names now?"

Dan did not even consider it, but sat thinking how he himself, alone, might never have come to know that taciturn skipper, that sea anchorite; how easily Runa had played and sung their way into friendship.

The boat came broadside to a flight of stone stairs, cup-worn by bare feet, shaded by a vast old tree. Buffalo carts and Chinese rickshas waited under masses of foliage and dangling air roots. La Flèche landed first, and stood still in the crowd. He seemed to be thinking with his nose, like a dog.

"How different!" He sniffed and looked, looked and sniffed. "I'd forgotten. It smells new, queer."

They left their baggage, proudly guarded by Amra Khan, at the rambling old hotel lost among tropical garden shrubbery, and then to save time parted on different errands. Runa sat busy with his green oilcloth wallet, pulling from it letters of introduction. Dan climbed into a ricksha and went bobbing down the red laterite road that wound through a tunnel of trees by the water. Where town and jungle met he halted his coolie, got down afoot and went on by himself in the leafy maze, thinking, and wondering at his thoughts. Early sunlight poured low through the narrow bars of betel grove or wing-tipped shadows of bamboo. An old bell rung near by with a sweet woodland tone. All things were as they had been. There stood the high yellow walls, mottled with brown stains; there above them the bell tower and cross rising from a bosom of mango leaves; here the heavy garden gate, iron-bossed, under the text of Roman letters curving on the masonry:

Nam pater meus et mater mea derelinquunt me, sed Jehova recipiet me.

Nothing had changed. When the bell ceased young voices began lifting a hymn in chorus. It was like the repetition of a dream—all as before, yet all faded and hollow with a sense of loss. Here in their calm house the children of the dead stayed and sang. But Leda was gone.

He knocked at the garden gate, and was surprised to find his heart beating more quickly than it had been. The wicket opened, and once more a brown-eyed woman, her forehead hidden by stiff white linen, peeped at him through the hole.

"Come in, sir." She knew him, and swung the gate open.

A moment afterward he stood again in the bare, cool white cell of an office, with the two chairs, the table, the same dracæna upholding its green leaves in a brass pot, the same orderly murmur of young girls' voices repeating their lesson beyond a corridor or cloister.

Then a woman entered the room quietly. It was Leda's "old mem-sahib commanding" of that house. The curves of her white wimple shaded a face always pale and serene, but Dan foresaw in one look what she was about to say.

"No news then of Leda, I suppose, ma'am?"

The pale sister shook her head.

"Nothing, sir. It is dreadful. That poor child! We are doing our best, but no one has seen or heard of her."

They sat down; and once again Dan felt a conviction that the walls of this white cell had overheard many such echoes of human care.

It was noon before he came back to the hotel. There by the public *pahit* table in the front veranda was Runa, gayly mixing gin and bitters for a circle of shaven-headed strangers, Sumatra Dutchmen, whom he appeared to have known all his life. They were being very genial in Deli fashion. But at sight of Dan the youngster begged pardon, dropped all, politely disengaged and flitted away.

Outside their room, where Amra Khan squatted fiercely whitening a row of boots, Runa turned and waited for his friend.

"No Leda?" he asked.

"No. You?"

"Not a word," confessed Runa. "Those chaps the captain recommended are all away. Your old nawab, the stamp collector up there, mooned over some documents and told me we'd spelled her name wrong. Ought to have an "h" on the end of it. Leda with an h. Comfort to be correct, eh?"

Dan was not in the humor for trifling

"Drawn blank," he declared bitterly. "Hate to think what may be happening to her I was a fool bringing you all this way."

Runa smiled like a man who was far from being discouraged.

"There, there! Come have tiffin," said he. "We're only begun. And don't undervalue my services. The ground smelled good this morning. I smelled something."

IV

THEY ate their curry and sambal, served by cool China boys, in a long room filled with greenish twilight, the reflection of gardens blazing beneath a sun straight overhead. Both Dan and Runa sat thoughtful, eating as in duty bound, without appetite. Now and again during tiffin the room grew black, the world outside their open windows became a silver-gray mesh mixed with smoke driven upward from splashing paths. Burst after burst of rain came and went quickly, flinging down its last drops big and bright as coins, leaving behind it the glitter of wet foliage, the trickle of rivulets, the smell of warm grass and earth that have drunk their fill.

"There it is again!" La Flèche roused. "The smell of the equator. I was telling you about it"

"Yes, you were talking some kind o' poetry," said Dan.

His friend sat up and made objection.

"My boy, I was talking the best of prose!" he declared. "Why do you always take me figuratively, when I am the literal man, me? It is my misfortune: I can only state facts. To say I smell something means I do, just that; nothing more. You are the poet and romancer. *Moi, j'aime beaucoup les réalistes*, and I believe in the facts, Danny—the soil; the good, warm, dark, growing earth, our Mother Tellus. When in trouble go and smell the earth, my boy. It recomforts. Go to the native source!"

Dan hearkened rather sourly to this creed.

"Well, then, Monsieur Prosateur, what did you smell?"

Runa cocked his head and sniffed again, thinking with his nose like a dog.

"The smell of *duniah Malayu*," he answered dreamily. "Green and moist and moldy, hot, and like old camphorwood. I smelled that. It smelled of Penang, years ago. And that put one Ibrahim of Penang into my head. He sold horses. And that, again, made it clear what the captain was trying to yell after us. Not 'horse stealer,' as we thought. No, no. Horse dealer. Perfectly clear now."

La Flèche grinned as if his brown eyes had pierced through all difficulty.

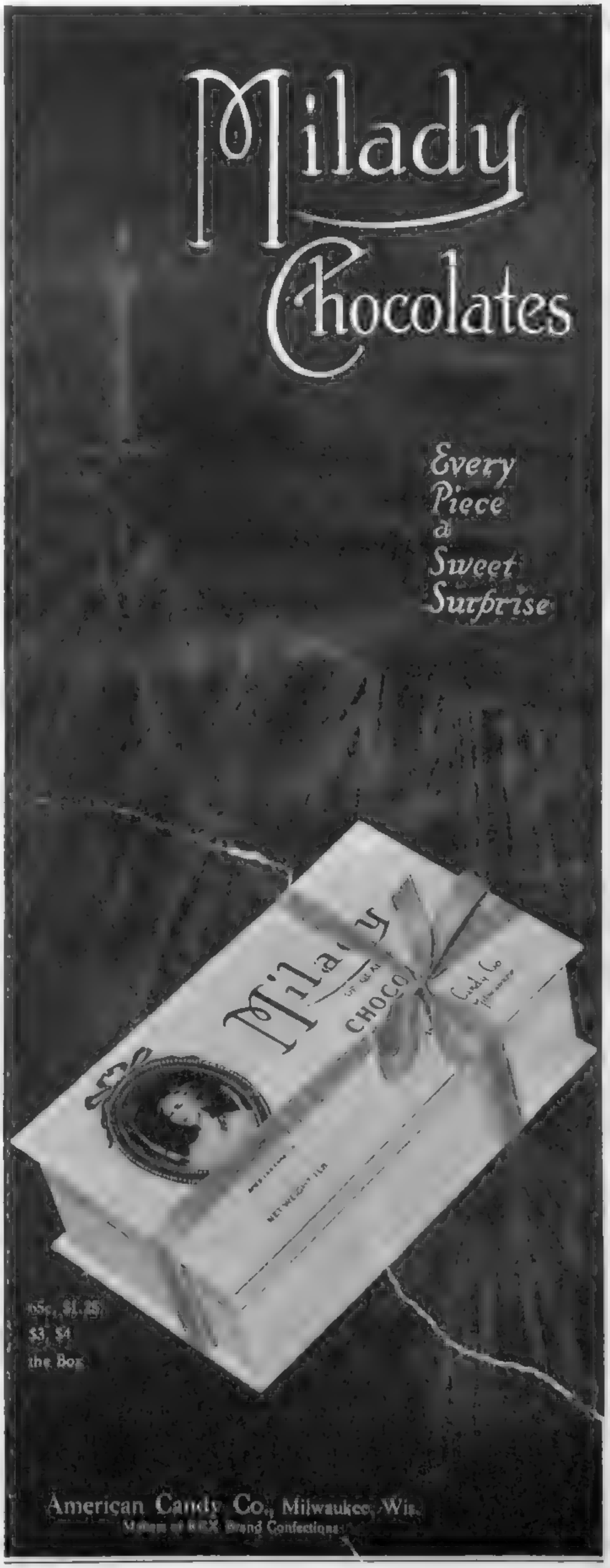
"I remember such a name," Dan admitted. "It used to bob up all through the Maharajah's bills. He got his knife into old H. H. of Mayaganj good and bounteous for horseflesh."

"Right. He did," said Runa. "To the hilt. Always does."

"That gets us no for'arder."

"You're tired, Dan, and disappointed. Let's take our nap, then a walk. We're going forward better than you suppose. This very afternoon we shall pick up the scent or I'm not a hound of the Lord. 'Here's to the hound with his nose upon the ground,' eh? But have a sleep first."

They had it—the deep afternoon slumber of the line, which stuns like the blow of a mallet, and leaves one to wake, heavy-eyed, world-weary and dazed. After their bath and coffee the two friends languidly began a ramble that seemed to Dan quite aimless. The midday rain had drenched all things, washed them clean. Overhead the dark green trees held sparkles and points of wetness; the gaudy brick-rubble road, winding now along the seashore, now between heavy-streamered plantain hedges,



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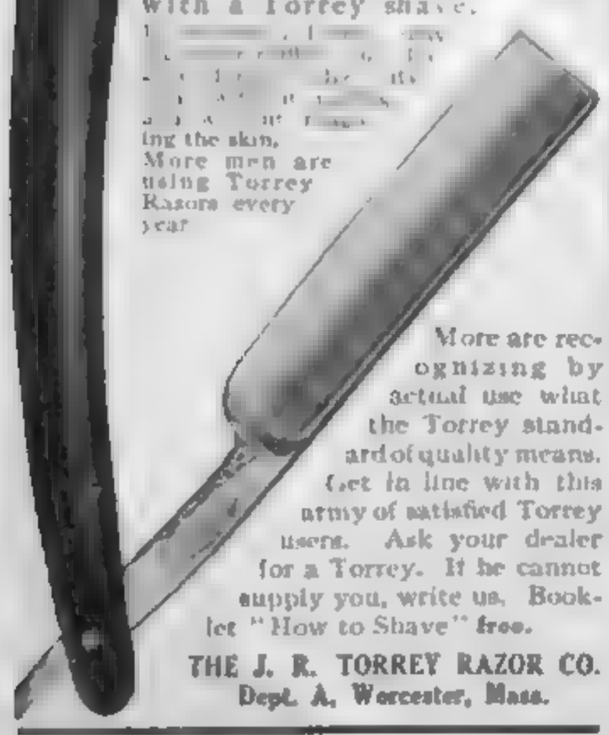

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gave out as it dried a warm vapor, not seen but felt, the living breath of languor. Such a walk men in their sleep might take, or lotus-eaters. All the way was dreamy and moist, a somber forest where this gay road went wandering.

"Why," said Dan, "it's no good to come here again."

They were approaching the house of dead men's children, and stood at a fork within sight of bell tower and cross.

"I went there this morning. Leda's gone; that is all they know. I told you."

Runa gave a wicked chuckle.

"O hot and violent guardian," said he, "you did. That's why I ain't taking you there. Not again. Not once."

He chose the road that forked inland, away to the right behind the orphanage, through plantain, areca, red and blue hedge flowers, plaited bamboo fences and the stucco walls of Chinese millionaires, whose ideographs adorned many a gate pillar.

"What else did you learn from the sisters? Nothing?"

"Nothing," said Dan. "Except the same old fact—she was a firebrand while she stayed. The girls called her Lidah Pahit."

"The Bitter Tongue!" Runa laughed. "Did they really? I like your ward's character more and more. To get off like this, not a trace. By the way, did you or somebody tell me she's pretty?"

"Fairly so." Dan was tired of this question.

"Well, well," sighed Runa. "It helps."

At the most imposing gateway of all, which bore no name or sign, he paused, then turned and entered. As they walked up a neat garden driveway horses met them, filing past in slow procession—big Walers, little sandalwoods, and beautiful half-bred Arabs, each led importantly by a Malay groom. Having admired this review the friends went on. Before them, covered with sick-magenta masses of bougainville, rose a noble house, on the steps of which many lounging servants jumped to attention. Runa led the way past all this, round the house, into a garden. Here through flame-of-the-forest boughs they caught a side view of some paddock filled with mares and colts; beyond, a gleaming backwater, sky blue, dotted with stakes and fishing boats; and directly before them the yellow walls of what had been Leda's prison.

"That's where she sat up aloft to conspire with her father's boy," said Runa. "Always go to the scene of action and the native sourge."

Dan remained skeptical.

"If this is her Ibrahim's place," he grumbled, "we're wasting time. Ibrahim told them he knows nothing about her."

"Told them? Told whom?"

"The nunnery gang," said Dan.

"Bah! He shall sing us a different tune," retorted Runa, "or I'll know the reason. We are not nuns. No. Why do you murmur like a child of Israel in the wilderness? There's Ibrahim now, her friend, with his prize bantam which resembles you."

In a garden path by the wall a man came strolling, plainly the lord of that estate. He halted and listened.

"Hai, old chanter! Still alive? Dan, this is Ibrahim of Penang. What he's doing here I don't know. Retired from the world, you saintly mender of crocks? How are you?"

The man greeted La Flèche with a smile and a motion between bow and salaam. He might have been anything, this Ibrahim—Malay, Kabulese or sunburnt English jockey withered with age. He wore a blue-and-saffron sarong, a Norfolk jacket of brown holland, no shoes, no hat; and he coddled under one arm a burnished gamecock. To see his visitors better he raised his head slightly backward, and peered at them from under lids whicl, heavy and wrinkled like his fighting cock's, drooped halfway down over the eyeball, as if he had ptosis.

"Ah," he sighed. "I am glad."

Runa went straight to business.

"Where's that girl," he asked, "who sat on the wall and bounded away through your garden?"

The horse dealer gave up struggling with his eyelids against the sunset, and lowered his head.

"You, too? I don't know," he replied, stroking the gorgeous little bird under his arm. "How should I? Everybody walks through here when a man's not home. I've been away, up in Mosul, till a month ago. Muckhole of a town nowadays, Mosul. Couldn't buy a horse you'd be found dead with at a pig fair in Mecca! And then the devilish storks keep you awake half the night clappin' their bills; every house top goin' it, clackety-clack, all along the river, like so many dhobi men whackin' your clothes to pieces on the rocks. Last time you catch me goin' to Mosul for gee-gees."

Ibrahim delivered his opinion mildly, and waited. He stood blinking, the image of a bored and outworn sportsman.

"Yes. Foreign travel broadens the mind," rejoined Runa. "But that's not what I asked you. How about this girl who bolted? She ran away with a boy named Sadik, right down that wall, right where we stand."

Ibrahim shifted the gamecock under his other elbow.

"So they all tell it," he answered. "She and one Sadik. I see you know the yarn. A handsome young budmash. She took to him like neat-ile to leather, and—hrree! They're off! Happy somewhere. I suppose they stole a boat and got across by night."

He pointed with his chin toward where the inlet water burned blue under the trees. Dan, highly incensed, would have begun to defend his ward's character. Runa only grinned.

"And the owner of the boat said nothing?" he jeered. "Kept his mouth shut and went and built another! Does a little journey to Mosul soften the brain? You used to tell better ones, dad."

The young man added something, quiet and short, in a tongue unknown to Dan.

"So don't try it," he concluded. "And this is Tawah Sahib, the girl's new father."

With that an odd thing happened. The horse dealer showed his first interest in Runa's companion, turning his head and glancing; his weary eyelids fluttered up, let, as it were, one burning shaft escape, and fluttered down again. From before unsuspected depths of humor and dark shrewdness a curtain had lifted and dropped.

"Come into the house, then," sighed Ibrahim.

He led them silently through the garden, upstairs, by a rear veranda, into a great disorderly room hung with fiery-colored pictures of horses. Here, having set the gamecock on the floor he waved his guests into long chairs, clapped his hands, gave an order to the servant who appeared, and began upheaving masses of documents in a table drawer. Not until the servant had come and gone, leaving a tray of sandwiches and tall iced drinks, did Ibrahim speak again.

"The girl left this for you, Tawah Sahib. She had no time to seal, but I did not read it."

With the most polite of gestures he gave Dan a small folded paper, then turned his back, and was lost in contemplation of the bantam strutting about the floor.

Dan opened and read a note written in Leda's boyish hand:

"We go now to where the man is who killed my father. Ibrahim lends us money and horses. We go to-night. This must be done first. When finished, then I come to find you. Your LEDA."

Without comment Towers handed this message to Runa.

"Horses and money?" His friend sat open-mouthed, staring in wonder at Ibrahim's back. "You?"

Their host gave them one of his blind veiled looks.

"Yes. Four or five hundred dollars," he answered. "And three good men I could trust, and an old woman for cook and ayah to the girl. I horsed 'em a couple of stages on the road up there."

He waved his hand toward a window, through which the backwater gleamed, now darkening.

"You are surprised?"

"I am," said Runa. It was true. Dan had never seen him so taken aback. "What security?"

The wrinkled eyelids quivered as though to smile. "None, sir. For old times' sake. I let her hide here two days and fit out. Parimban was a good friend of mine."

Dan might have jumped up and wrung the horse coper's hand, this news was all so welcome; but Runa made a wry mouth to check him.

"Indeed, father? I never heard that. But, of course, in your life you made so many, many friends."

Ibrahim took station deliberately under the highest picture on his wall. Bending back like a stargazer he worshiped the colored plate of a race horse whose long barrel, tiny head, bootblack polish, and manikin rider in thunder-and-lightning sleeves outdid both Nature and art.

"Well," said he, "it's not long money. I had great respect for Parimban. If you think of going up that way you're welcome to any of my cattle as far as the road goes."

Late at night, long after dinner, his visitors went home in a carriage driven too fast and manned by splendid grooms.

The lamps, with a warm dull smooth-traveling glow, lighted the red road borders before them, the endless theatric tunnel of leaves.

They passed now under great mango branches, rustling softly, where the horses jibbed at a scarecrow hanging like a dead man; now along blackness, filled with stars and sampan lanterns, which was the sea; again by a kampong, houses half asleep, leaning pillars of a coconut grove, a few low bonfires garnet-colored on the ground, and in their spicy smoke of burnt coir, buffaloes that stood like long-horned monsters carved from slate.

Dan was enjoying this homeward drive. He said so.

He praised his friend for an evening crowned with success. But Runa lay deep among the cushions and answered never a word, as though tired or offended.

The carriage brought them to their own veranda, their lighted door, across which Amra Khan lay sleeping.

They had undressed and were perched on their bedsides before La Flèche would speak again.

He sat cooling his feet on the tiled floor, frowning at Dan across the room, and wagging his head morosely.

"I can't make it out!" he snarled. "Never was a thing to stump mortal mind like this. I'm beaten, Danny."

The youngster fairly gritted his teeth.

"Why? All's well so far," said Towers. "You picked up her footprints. Old Ibrahim treated us handsomely. And more than us, for he gave Leda ——"

"Yah! That's it!" Runa slid off the bed and shook his fists. Then he went skating thoughtfully over the tiles. "That's the riddle.

"Suppose you took a tin watch," he said—"a busted tin watch that never did go, to a Chinese pawnbroker. Suppose the pawnbroker gave you a lakh of rupees for it, a fleet of steamships, ten wives and his father's coffin; with an invitation to call again and cart off a hogshead of diamonds. What should you call that? Sindbad the Sailor—the fairy Peribanou?"

Runa stood still and rubbed his ear with his knuckles.

"Man, it would be everyday business, a savings-bank performance, to this of ours. Here's a born rascal, Ibrahim—I like him, but I know him; he'd pick the kohl out of his mother's eyes—has turned over horses, men, an old lady for duenna, four or five hundred dollars! Four or five. Eh, the careless one! Never counting it! Turned 'em over to what? A girl who jumps into his compound and tells him she's running away!"

Runa skated back over the tiles, humming Les Patineurs, and made a face at the lamp as he blew it out.

"The thing will not wash. A great respect for her father? A great Patati, a great Patata!"

Dan heard him crawl under his mosquito curtain and lie down; but not to rest, for by and by he struck a match and lighted a cigarette.

The spark of it was busy.

"No," sighed Runa. "No, no. This girl of yours, she cannot be earthly. A creature to make the brain reel. A witch, a dryad. Your Leda has got the black magic. She blinds me. I cannot see."

Afterward, when Dan thought him sound asleep, he muttered again.

"No. She is too strong. Overcoming an old devil like Ibrahim of Penang. That is deep darkness. Are you awake, my child?"

"Yes!" groaned Towers. "What now?"

"Nothing," said Runa. "It is the best vacation we ever made. But what could she promise Ibrahim? What can he expect from her? The Shylock and the pretty child."

"Oh, go to sleep!"

"I can't."

From their doorway the steady breathing of Amra Khan, outcast man killer, set them a good example.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE CROSS PULL

Continued from Page 34

some one of these. One after another the stretches of gently rolling, easily accessible country were discarded. The open meadows along the river bottoms were crossed off the list of possibilities. The occasional parties of hunters which penetrated this deep into the hills usually followed these easier lines of travel.

Of the places which remained he chose the roughest spots as the most likely possibilities. Among these was the divide between the Thoroughfare and the Yellowstone. Bridger Lake nestled on the flat at the confluence of the two streams and behind it Hawk's Rest, the point of the dividing range, swept up from its very banks, rising hundreds of feet in rugged cliffs.

All of the first day was spent in exploring this one ridge. Flash found no taint of man scent and neither man found any likely traces. Before they had covered half of it Moran was positive they would not find it here. Flash's keen senses would have detected some sign of any large number of men. Nevertheless, to make absolutely sure they pushed on, peering down into every rim-rocked pocket which fell away from either side. Night found them far back where this short divide joined the mass of the parent range.

The Yellowstone breaks into a dozen smaller streams at its very head and these flare up into the hills, draining the fan-shaped basin in which the river heads. The following two days they worked round this rugged basin, but still without success. They discovered many old signs of man—a scrap or two of paper, the ashes of two small fires and a dozen dim heel prints made early in the spring when the earth was soft and spongy from melting drifts. Both knew that these had been left by the men they sought. No others came to this high country so early in the spring. These men could wander all over the hills for nine months in the year. Only when the passes were clear and infrequent pack parties came in were they forced to withdraw to their main retreat. Even then they could travel about in twos and threes with little chance of being seen and even less of being recognized.

Every night Flash went back to the cabin and every morning Betty sent him back to Moran. They were now far from home and the round trip was a long one, but it meant no hardship for Flash as the two men proceeded slowly by day, covering only eight miles on the average.

The fourth morning of the hunt they broke camp at the head of the Yellowstone and rode downstream. Their intention was to work the divide between that stream and the Buffalo Fork of the Snake. Pacific Creek flows from Two Ocean Pass to the Snake, while Atlantic Creek drains the opposite slope to the Yellowstone, joining it some ten miles from the head of the river. They rode down to the junction and turned up Atlantic Creek to follow the game trails up to the crest of the divide. They left their horses in the heavy timber near the mouth of the creek, which was some five miles nearer their base of supplies than the spot where they had camped the previous night.

A well-worn game trail led up the creek from the broad meadows of the Yellowstone. Here, too, were many signs of man and evidence that horses had often traveled on this trail. They had gone but a few yards upstream when Flash's uneasiness was noticed by Moran. Flash knew well what lay ahead. Moran studied his actions closely. Flash gave no sign of having discovered any definite scent or sound, but his general air was one of caring little for the place where Moran was leading him. From this Moran decided that Flash had detected some lingering taint of man among these old signs; that it caused him uneasiness, even though he knew that the men themselves had gone.

But it was not this. Once more Flash was handicapped by the animal habit of heeding more what his senses told him than of relying on what he knew. He needed something actual, something of the present communicated to his brain over the paths of his senses rather than that which was stored in his mind from the past. He knew the camp was ahead. He had been there many times. From this he felt uneasiness. But there was nothing definite, no real scent or sound to prove to him that the danger was still there. Being an animal, he needed the present corroboration of his physical senses to be sure of the menace which his mind told him lay ahead. Man, on the contrary, would have relied upon what he had previously discovered and which his reasoning mind assured him would be the same as in the past.

Moran watched him closely. When less than a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the creek Flash stopped abruptly, his hair bristling. A snarl rumbled in his thoat. He had caught the trail scent of a man he knew. Moran turned and nodded to Vermont.

"He's caught a trail scent," he said. "He would be more excited if he smelled the man himself."

Vermont assented, knowing this was true. They went ahead, hunting carefully for a sign. Flash noted these movements and immediately associated them with Moran's actions during his two days of training. This was grasped the more readily from the fact that Moran still kept him leashed, yet he made no move to help. Those other trails which Moran had sought had been made by friends. This man he knew for an enemy. He was one of those who had been round the fire that night. Flash had driven his teeth into him at least twice during the fight. Now that the actual scent was there he had no further doubt. True the scent was cold, having been left the night before, but it was leading toward the secret camp.

Even though he did not consciously help Moran, he located the trail for him. As they neared it his anxiety for closer inspection caused him to strain at the end of his leash, and Moran followed. Flash held his nose low to the ground as he reached it, breathing deep of the hated scent. Moran discovered one or two faint prints on the hard-packed game trail. The man had come in from a side gulch and turned upstream on the main path.

The valley was deep and gloomy. The little side streams which branched in were walled with frowning cliffs. There were a score of such, any one of which would have served as an ideal hiding place for the gang they sought. Both men knew that from now on the way was fraught with danger. While the outlaws had never molested parties who hunted here, through fear of calling attention to their presence in the hills, any one of them would undoubtedly shoot on sight the first man who either by accident or design discovered their chosen hiding place. Moran motioned to Vermont to drop back and follow along behind. The marshal knew the reason for this—that it would be a useless sacrifice for both to stay with Flash. He would gladly have taken the lead, but he knew that the dog would not work for him. He shook his head regretfully and allowed Moran to proceed alone. He followed at a distance of a hundred yards.

When Flash realized that Moran was following the trail he was filled with doubt. This man was the girl's enemy—therefore he was also Moran's. If his master elected to play the foolish game of tracking him it must be through a mistake of identity whereby Moran believed he was following a friend. Flash held the trail merely from the habit of submitting to Moran's will, but he held it reluctantly.

He presently detected that Moran was working this trail in a different manner from the way he had worked the previous ones. He made frequent stops and stood motionless while he peered ahead through the trees. Several times he reached back and loosened the automatic in its holster. Flash caught glimpses of Vermont moving noiselessly along behind. He carried a rifle with his thumb on the hammer. Never once did he cross one of the little open glades in the timber until after Moran had disappeared among the trees on the opposite side. Flash had many times seen Moran stalk game. He was stalking now. Flash knew the truth at last. They were deliberately hunting down this man. A savage thrill surged through him with the knowledge, but his uneasiness also increased.

Additional trails joined in from every branching cañon. The main path flashed a multitude of messages. These varying bits of scent were as plain to his quivering nose as the crazy colors of a patchwork quilt are plain to the eye of man. True, the majority of these scents were old, none of

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them made since the previous day, but he knew the perils of the spot to which they led.

Both men, too, had noted all these things. The trail up the main creek was worn broad and deep. Those that joined in from tributary cañons were too well traveled to have been worn by the feet of the few animals who would be apt to live in so restricted a space. The scarcity of game signs indicated that the country had been hunted thoroughly and often. Every open glade showed evidence of having been closely pastured year after year by many horses. Moran judged these to be the tracks of Brent's string, left during his many visits to this spot with a pack train loaded with supplies.

Flash's actions suddenly changed. As they neared the mouth of a cañon which opened from their left the wind brought him the scent of the men themselves. They were still far away, but the air was heavily laden with their conglomerate odor. He shrank from entering this place in the light of day, but Moran proceeded no farther. He had found what he sought—all that he could find in this way. He knew that Flash had caught the body scent. The men were there. It would be suicidal for the two of them to enter that gloomy cañon alone. In addition their closer approach might serve to warn the men they hunted.

The entrance to the cañon was narrow—scarcely fifty yards across—and the mouth of it was flanked by towering cliffs. The broad trail turned into it, though only a dim path followed on up the bottoms of the main creek. Just outside the cañon mouth was an opening which would have been the usual grassy park except that each succeeding spring the floods from melting drifts turned the rivulet which drained it to a raging torrent which boiled out of its banks and swept the flat. These freshets were freighted with débris and rocks. The lighter driftwood was carried on, but the stones were deposited when the force which carried them was dissipated by spreading over the flat. This had formed a rock bar, thrown fanwise from the mouth of the gorge. Behind it, just within the grim walls, the timber grew again—standing dense and tall.

The two men retraced their steps. Flash could not understand this sudden change of front, but he knew it for the better course. No good could result from penetrating this dim cañon in the light of day.

They rode down the Yellowstone to its junction with the Thoroughfare and up the latter stream to camp.

"To-morrow we can locate the head of that cañon," Vermont said as they rode. "But before we go prowling along the rims I want to go back to camp and tell the boys where that place is. There's always a chance that they may spot us just a second or two before we spot them. That gulch is probably rim-rocked the full length, so there's no trail out except at the head, but we want to be sure. Then when the Bar T men come we can close in on them from both ways at once."

The message which Flash bore to Betty that night carried the news of the find. She was not in the cabin when Flash arrived, but he followed her warm trail up to where she sat with Kinney on the point of rocks.

It was too dark to read it without the aid of the matches which Kinney shielded with his hands. She found its text disquieting and she feared terribly for Moran. Its effect upon the old man beside her was exactly the opposite. He looked back over the better part of a century of strenuous life and found that his most pleasant memories were those of the wildest days. He knew he could not stay out of the fight.

"Hell will break loose in these hills in a day or two," he prophesied, and the girl detected an eager note in the old man's voice.

A dim glow showed through the trees on the point of the spur which hid the marshal's camp. A bright blaze danced in a meadow just across the ridge from it and Kinney knew that Harmon had just arrived with the Bar T men. Another tiny point of light caught his eye; up among the bald ridges near Two Ocean Pass it dipped and swayed. A few brief flashes answered it from away off toward the Sunlight Gap. Kinney dropped his arm across the girl's shoulders.

"War times, girl! War times!" he said. "The Injuns have got their signal fires going all through the hills."

XXI

THE first faint streaks of gray lightened the sky above the eastern peaks and the marshal's men rose—and found old Dad Kinney seated on a log. He called Moran aside.

"I left Flash with her," he said. "Son, I'm going to mix into this deal myself. Nash was the man that sent Harte out to do his killing. Teton Jackson was my friend. I crave just one good look at Nash somewhere within three hundred yards before I die."

A relic of early days swung at his hip. The gun which had answered in the past was good enough for him now. It was the frontier model, the murderous black-powder forty-five of the seventies.

A horse neighed from the meadows and another answered from the hills. Ten minutes later Harmon rode up to the fire.

It was Vermont's plan to locate the trail at the head of the cañon that day and attack from both ends the next. Day was just breaking when the ranger, the marshal, Kinney and Moran put their horses into a steady trail trot down the Thoroughfare bottoms. Harmon's horses snorted and shied away from the timber edge as Flash joined them a hundred yards from camp. Betty had known that no one could slip up behind Moran during the fight if Flash was with him; that Flash would fight like a fiend for him if occasion rose, and she had sent the dog in spite of Kinney's instructions to the contrary.

They left their horses in a wooded basin and started up the slope of the divide on foot. The country was a veritable maze of bald ridges and intersecting cañons. It was noon when they stood at the head of the gorge they sought. A faint trail led from it.

"That's all we need to know," said Vermont. "Let's get back before they spot us prowling round up here."

The cañon widened rapidly, then narrowed down again. As the men started back they kept well away from the edge to avoid sky-lining themselves on the rims. At the widest part of the cañon Flash slipped toward the edge. Moran was watching him. Flash crouched flat a few feet from the brink and looked across at the opposite cliff five hundred yards away. During the days he had run wild up here he had often come to this point, the one place from which he could see the secret camp. Moran saw the hair fluff up along his neck. His ears were tipped sharply forward.

"Flash sees them!" said Moran.

The four men lay prone and crawled up to Flash from behind. Kinney cautiously pushed two stones near the edge and looked through the crack between. The others followed his example and after the first glance no one of them had a single doubt as to the whereabouts of the long-rumored Hole.

The far wall of the cañon rose sheer and straight for half of its height. From that point to the top a crescent-shaped depression was nicked out of it. The floor of this dent was almost flat, forming a bench of several acres in extent. It was covered with a dense growth of spruce. The encircling walls which rose above it were as glassy smooth as the rims which fell away from its lower edge.

It seemed that there could be no possible way of entering this pocket in the cliff, but the hill-trained eyes of the four men detected a trail at once. A faint streak angled across the face of the wall, appearing above the trees farther down the cañon and inclining up toward the corner of the wooded bench set back in the cliff. At that distance it looked to be but a faulted vein, but these men knew it for a ledge which traversed the face of the rock, undoubtedly wide enough to permit the passing of men and possibly affording a foothold for their horses as well. Somewhere in that pocket were the cabins which sheltered the men they sought.

As they watched, a string of horses appeared on the lower end of the ledge and moved in single file across the face of the cliff. They counted fifteen. A single man rode the last horse and urged the others on.

"I don't know the man, but the horses are Brent's," said Moran.

"Then we'll bag him, too," Vermont predicted. "To-morrow morning's sunrise will see the end of the hunt."

Old Dad Kinney shook his head.

"That will be just too late," he said. "They're pulling out. You'll have to strike to-night. I know the signs."

He spoke with a conviction which impressed his friends. This old strategist of the hills had pieced his bits of knowledge together and arrived at a conclusion of his own. The outlaws had retired to their

(Continued on Page 173)

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"The Best Servant in Your House"

(Continued from Page 170)

hidden retreat as soon as the marshal's posse had come in. They had undoubtedly spied upon his camp with glasses from some commanding point.

Moran had discovered at once that Vermont's party was no camp of hunters and he had known them for what they were. The men they trailed were no less keen. The signs which Moran had found the previous day had indicated that Brent usually held his horses on Atlantic Creek when here on his frequent trips. This time he had departed from the custom through fear that their presence would betray the spot. Instead he had held them in some distant pocket of the hills where their discovery would mean nothing at all. Except from urgent reasons he would not now have sent them back. In all probability some of the band had seen Harmon coming in the night before at the head of a dozen men. The signal flashes had been the call for Brent.

"They're afraid the hunt will get too hot for them," Kinney said. "They've got saddles cached up there. They could make thirty miles if they rode all night. Then they could scatter, each man for himself, until the hunt died down. Better get your men here to-night."

The four men drew back from the rims. Vermont was a man of quick decisions and he recognized the logic of Kinney's words. They had no time to waste.

"We can't take that chance," he said. "But we'll have to work fast to block them in to-night. Harmon's men will have the longest trip, so I'll bring my boys to cover the upper end and work down the trail on foot. Harmon should be able to reach the mouth of the cañon an hour or two after dark by riding hard. You two stay here to watch which way they go if they leave before we get back. Then join Harmon's men to-night. They can hardly miss that broad trail up the creek."

Time was precious. Kinney and Moran watched the other two go back the way they had come.

When the marshal and the ranger reached their horses they rode together until late in the afternoon. Then Harmon turned up a creek which branched from the Thoroughfare in the direction of his own camp. Both horses were tired, but the distance was now short and neither man spared his mount. Vermont reached his destination first. Half an hour later the Bar T foreman saw Harmon's horse swing round a bend. The horse was lathered and running hard. The foreman spoke to the man who had been detailed to wrangle the horses for the day.

"Run 'em in!" he said. The wrangler mounted and whirled up the valley.

"Every man throw his saddle on a horse!" the foreman ordered. "One of you catch up a fresh horse for Harmon. We're about to make a ride."

Ten minutes later Harmon and the twelve Bar T men were pouring down the valley. Just before dusk they turned into the bottoms of the Thoroughfare. Harmon noted tufts and grass and dirt loosened by the feet of running horses.

"The marshal's men are ahead of us," he said, "and going strong."

Back on the rims Kinney and Moran watched the trail which angled down the cliff until too dark to see. Three men had gone up to the pocket during the day, but not one had left it.

With the coming of dusk Flash felt the restless urge to be off; to get back to Betty and the cabin which was home to him. Moran wrote a brief note in the waning light, promising to return to the cabin the following day.

"I want to see her even more than you do, old boy," Moran said to Flash. "Go!"

Flash darted away into the gathering dusk.

Not until night obscured even the outlines of the opposite rims did the two men quit their post. When they left they did not return to their horses, but made a wide detour which would bring them out near the mouth of Atlantic Creek. They threaded their way along the dividing ridges between the many yawning cañons and eventually came out upon one long spur which led in their chosen direction.

When halfway along its course both men stopped with one accord as a voice spoke to them out of the night. Moran knew the voice. It was that of Nash. Forty feet from them a figure loomed on the brink of the rims, hazy and indistinct except for the sharp silhouette of the broad-brimmed hat. Moran involuntarily closed his fingers on Kinney's arm.

"Nash!" he whispered.

"Brent! Is that you Brent?" Nash called huskily. "I tried to locate you and lost the way. I left the horses down in the bottoms and climbed this point to try to flash a signal to you." The voice trailed away. When it came again it held a note of fear: "Why don't you answer? I took the wrong trail, I guess."

Moran felt Kinney gently disengaging his arm and drawing away from him.

"All right, Nash," Kinney said soothingly. "You're going to get started on the right trail at last."

The roar of Kinney's gun crashed in Moran's ears. The figure on the rims tossed up its arms and swayed for a single second, then disappeared. A sound floated up to the men on the ridge—the sound of a heavy body crashing through the spruce trees hundreds of feet below.

Without a word they resumed their way, working down the point of the spur. Once in the bottoms they turned into the mouth of Atlantic Creek and took the broad trail which followed it. When they reached the rocky bar they removed their boots and crossed it without a sound, resuming their footgear as soon as they reached the far side. It had been prearranged between them to wait just within the mouth of the cañon for Harmon's arrival with the men from the Bar T. They moved cautiously ahead for a hundred yards. Then Moran touched Kinney's arm and they stopped. It was inky black between the towering walls of the gorge. They sat down cross-legged on the ground. Before they were well seated a horse gave a whistling snort of surprise from the brush nearby. Out in the darkness a man cursed fretfully.

"The horses are getting spooky," he said. "It's blacker than hell in here. Let's have a light."

A second man gave a grunt of assent and they moved toward Kinney and Moran.

Both rose silently and drew back flat against the base of the cliff. A match flared up near them, glowing pinkly through the fingers which shielded it and throwing a dim light across an unshaved face. Kinney stretched his hands up along the wall and felt the edge of a break a few inches above his head. He gripped it with his fingers, placed his foot on a projecting point of rock and drew himself up. He swept one arm out to determine its width and leaned down to touch Moran. It was only an irregularity in the cliff, a little shelf some two feet wide. The two men were breaking dry sticks for their fire and under cover of this noise Kinney and Moran mounted the shelf and lay flat upon it, screened by the low-hanging branches of a spruce.

A blaze sprang up within fifty feet of them. As its brilliance increased they could see that it had been kindled in the center of a small open glade only a few feet across. The branches of the surrounding spruce almost met above it, roofing it in. Several men rode down the gorge, tied their horses among the trees and joined the first two at the fire. The newcomers were scarcely seated when more arrived. They came in straggling groups of twos and threes until there were fifteen men round the fire. Every word of theirs reached Kinney and Moran.

They discussed the possibility of the posse finding their retreat. All were agreed that their present plan was best—to ride all night and scatter through the hills in little groups, returning to the Hole once more as soon as the hunt died down. They now only waited for Brent and Nash to come before starting on their night-long ride. The two men on the shelf heard things which turned their blood to ice. Both had taken it for granted that Nash and Brent had planned to leave by themselves a few hours earlier than the rest; that Nash had lost the way, which accounted for his unexpected appearance on the ridge. They had guessed as much from his speech.

The things they now heard forced them to put a different, more sinister interpretation upon the few words he had spoken prior to Kinney's shot. Brent had been bribed to go to the cabin for the purpose of killing Moran and bringing the girl to Nash. Nash was to take the horses and wait for Brent a few miles from the spot, leading a third horse for her. Several of the men laughed at his timidity—his sending another instead of doing the thing himself.

Moran reconstructed his ideas of the reason for Nash's sudden appearance on the rims. The harrowing picture was plain to the last detail. Naturally, they had avoided

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the bottoms on their way to the cabin, but had held to the hills instead. Nash, a novice in the woods, had been confused by these unfamiliar trails and failed to make the appointed spot by dark. Already far from it, he had blundered on in the wrong direction until at last some landmark which he knew informed him that he was nearer the spot from which he had started than the one where they were to meet. He had climbed the ridge to flash a signal of his whereabouts to Brent. Moran could see it all. Nash now lay dead in the bottom of some obscure cañon and Betty was somewhere off there in the hills with Brent. It was not a pretty picture.

Moran's hands were clenched and beads of moisture rolled down his face as he realized his helplessness. He silently cursed himself for entering into this hunt at all—cursed Harmon and Vermont for idling on the way and Kinney for leaving her alone. There was not a chance of his getting away to hunt for her. If he was killed in the attempt she was lost. By sheer force of will he fought off the impulse to make a run for it, and he strained his ears to catch some distant sound which spoke of approaching help.

The horses stamped fretfully back in the timber beyond the circle of firelight that danced in the little opening and threw fantastic shadows on the trees that fringed it. The hard faces and varied attire of the men completed a wild picture which held no appeal for the two men on the shelf.

Moran's one devout hope was that they would go and leave him free to hunt for her. Kinney viewed it more coolly and in a different light. If these men should make an all-night ride and scatter in some distant spot Brent would follow with the girl. If they made a move to leave before help came it would be far better to scatter them here.

They were growing restless. Nash and Brent were long overdue. It was evident that they would soon start without them. Seely yawned and stretched. He spoke of Harte and wondered why he had never returned.

They did not know of the double killing at the cabin. Their words were conclusive proof that they had not even known of its existence until Nash had described its location to Harte. They did not know of Kinney's arrival or that Moran had not been staying there of late.

Nash had undoubtedly taken it for granted that conditions there would be the same—that Brent would find Moran and Betty there alone.

Siggens, Fox Jarrat and Cole rose to their feet. Their impatience was reflected a thousandfold in Moran. The men moved restlessly about the fire. Hanlin paced back and forth.

"Oh hell! Let's go!" he said. "Brent will know where to look for us."

Kinney had risen to his knees. The branches which had shielded them in such friendly fashion seemed now only to hamper him as he peered down the barrel of the big revolver at the men round the fire. He shook his head and lowered the gun as he leaned over to Moran.

"Watch your chance to slip away and look for her," he whispered. "Good luck, son!"

The old man dropped from the ledge and began to shoot.

The next second Moran stood beside him, the sharp crack of his automatic alternating with the terrific roar of the black-powder forty-five.

Siggens and Cole sank down beside the fire. Jarrat took three jerky steps and collapsed. Hanlin reached for his gun, but his fingers fell away from it. The murderous fury of his face faded to a look of blank surprise. He placed his hand over his heart, turned on his heel and pitched down upon his face.

The rest were leaping for the shelter of the trees as the thought flashed into every mind that they had been ambushed and surprised. Their frantic horses reared and plunged as they sought to untie them with one hand while with the other they shot back across the open space. The flashes of their guns showed in red splashes among the purple shadows under the trees and the balls flattened with a nasty splintering of rock against the cliff back of Kinney and Moran.

One horse, unmanageable from fright, stampeded with his rider into the firelit opening. Seely shooting as he came. Kinney was cramming fresh shells into the revolver. Moran steadily fired his last cartridge and the horse swerved. Seely sagged limply in the saddle and slipped to the ground as the horse plunged back among the trees.

Every man thought the marshal's posse was upon them. As each one succeeded in mounting he crashed away through the brush.

There was a sudden sound of drumming hoofs, which increased to a clattering roar as a dozen hard-running horses struck the rock bar coming in. With exulting yells the Bar T men flung from their saddles and blocked the mouth of the gorge.

Some few of the outlaws whirled their horses and headed up the cañon, only to turn back again as the marshal's posse opened on them with a deadly hail of rifle fire. Every sound of their progress drew an answer from some fast-shooting rifle. The fight shifted from a general engagement to scattered individual duels and the gun flashes cut vivid crimson streaks through the night.

Moran slipped toward the mouth of the cañon, keeping close to the wall. He reached it safely and mounted the first Bar T horse he found. One of his own friends emptied his gun at him as he clattered across the rock bar. He headed the horse down the trail and urged him on. His one idea was to get to the cabin with all possible speed. For the first time he thought of Flash. If he found him at the cabin he could put him on Brent's trail. Then suddenly he had the one single comforting thought which had come to him since hearing of Nash's devilish plans.

When he recalled having dispatched Flash to her at dusk he fervently blessed the inspiration which had led him to train Flash in this work of carrying messages. If Flash reached the cabin and found her gone he would take her trail. Moran knew his terrible fighting qualities when roused. If he suspected that Brent meant to harm her, there would be a savage fight and she might escape under cover of his attack. If only he learned this in time—discerned the man's intentions before Brent had time to see him and use his gun.

The horse that Moran rode stumbled under him, recovered his balance and staggered on. Moran guessed the truth and dismounted. The horse stood with drooping head, and the light of a match revealed a red stream bubbling from his flank with each labored breath. One of the shots fired at Moran as he crossed the bar had found the horse.

The firing had long since ceased and he knew the outlaws had been killed to a man. He made a rapid calculation of distances, determining whether to keep on and go to his own horse or to turn back for another. He drew his gun and inserted a fresh clip of shells. As he led the horse aside so its body would not obstruct the trail Moran prayed that Flash had found the girl.

But Flash had not.

He had reached the cabin only to find that she had left it long before. Her cold trail mingled with that of Brent. The hair along Flash's spine stood straight and stiff and he snarled deep in his throat. Without an instant's hesitation he swept away on the trail, and as he ran there seemed to be two of him—two spirits urging the same flesh along on this double trail left by the one he loved the best and the one he hated the most of all those on earth. The dog strove to overtake the girl and protect her with his love; the wolf hungered to reach Brent and fall upon him with murderous hate. So often in the past one extreme had been swayed from its course by the opposing force of the other. Now for the first time in his life both combined to drive him on and on over the trail from which nothing but death could shake him.

Their course led along the ridge which stretched to the low divide between the Thoroughfare and the Yellowstone. It was rougher but much shorter and more direct than the longer trail through the bottoms by way of the forks. On the divide they had stopped long—until Brent was satisfied that Nash was lost. But Flash did not stop, and he found the trail much warmer as he plunged down the far slope. The roar of the fight at the cañon thundered in his ears as he ran. It had ceased when he reached the bottoms. The two he followed had forded the Yellowstone and the trail led straight away to the mouth of Atlantic Creek. It was warm and still slippery from the water which dripped from their soggy clothing.

While still a mile from the mouth Flash heard a single shot from a short distance up the creek—the shot which ended the misery of Moran's wounded horse. It was followed by a sound which turned Flash to a raging fiend.

Half a mile inside the mouth of the creek Brent had stopped at the outbreak of the fight ahead. He had turned back when the shooting ceased. The sound Flash heard was Betty's cry for help sent out to the man who had fired that last single shot. There was no second cry, for Brent clamped his hand on her mouth. But one had been enough, and both Moran and Flash were leaping toward the sound.

Flash swept on with every ounce of his terrific speed, knowing that he followed this trail to kill. He ran now with the froth slobbering from his fangs and spattering back on his silky coat. The yellow eyes were streaked with red. His whole heart was driving him with the seething lust to sink his teeth into the man who had caused that cry.

The body scent came from just ahead. Then he saw Brent coming toward him down the trail, his left hand clamped on the girl's wrist as he pulled her after him.

Brent half turned, reaching for his gun as he heard Moran bounding down the trail behind him.

Then a dim shadow drove at him and savage teeth slashed at the arm which held the girl. The instant his grip relaxed she tore away and fled. Moran almost ran over her as he turned a bend, but checked his rush and caught her, holding her close in his arms.

Brent's gun spoke once and the flame scorched Flash as he sprang the second time. Then his teeth closed on the hand and crunched the bones as he tore the gun away. Brent was a powerful man. He lunged and struck, kicked terribly with his heavy boots. His head struck a dead limb and with one wrench he tore it from the tree. It whistled through the air as he whirled it round and struck again and again. He screamed like a fighting animal as he sought to drive off this thing which had pounced on him out of the night.

The fight was short. Brent lurched to his knees, and before he could rise again the teeth which had torn the life from many a tough bull elk closed on the soft throat of a man.

There was no sound under the trees.

Then a cry filled the valley and echoed among the rims—the savage, triumphant cry of the killing wolf.

XXII

THOSE who dwelt in the fashionable suburb which nestled under the bluff were far from suspecting the origin of the big gray dog who had lived among them for so many years. It was generally conceded that he sprang from some gentle breed of dogs—from some strain which never barked or snapped. It was inconceivable that he would ever bite.

A new snow had fallen and the suburbanites looked from their windows upon a familiar scene. The big gray dog was racing over the winding drives with his peculiar sliding gait.

He drew a sled, and the six-year-old boy who rode it was making the air ring with shouted commands. No one who beheld the sight suspected the grim conflict which tore the soul of Flash. How could they know that this was the season—the running moon of the wolves?

When night fell Flash slipped away and ran for miles over the hardwood hills. The phantom pack ran with him, but there was no real kill at the end of the chase.

It was one of those still nights that come at this time of year. No slightest breeze rustled the branches. The mercury did not vary a fraction of a degree; cold enough that the leaves beneath the snow were not even moist from its melting; warm enough so that no crust formed on top. All Nature seemed suspended — trying to decide whether there would be a thaw or a drop to bitter cold.

Flash came out upon the bluffs which overlooked the town, standing erect, his great head stretched forth in a straight line with his back, and howled.

The suburban dwellers endeavored to explain the queer thrill the sound had given them.

Of them all only two knew the truth. Clark Moran and his wife knew that it was the wolf shiver which shook them; that the cry had been the call of the last buffalo gray for his mate—a cry that would never be answered.

(THE END)

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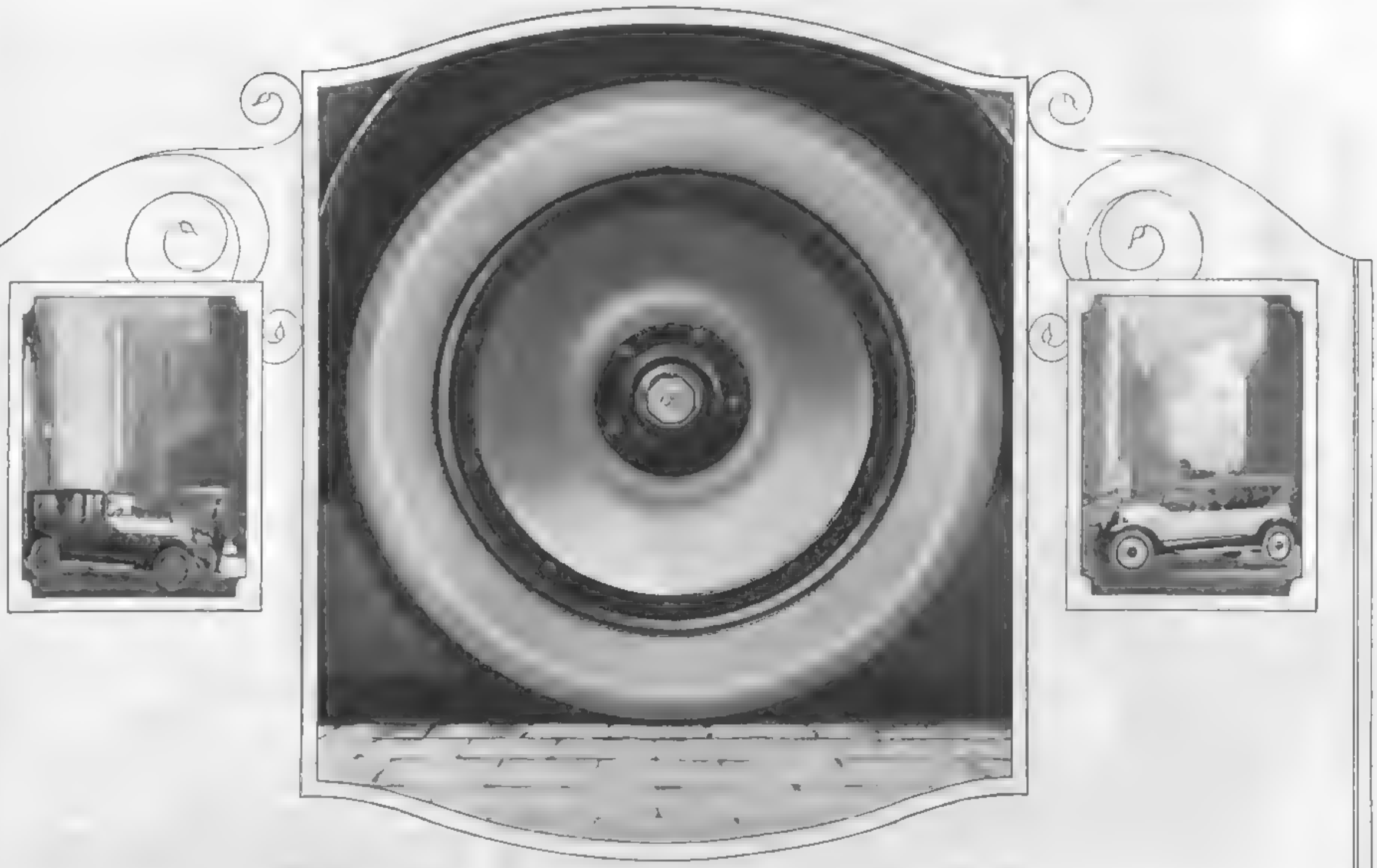

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DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

BUYING JEWELRY

(Continued from Page 19)

The others thought the suggestion a good one. Arthur Bagley was the most successful jeweler in the community, director in a bank, and had been president of the chamber of commerce; he ought to be able to tell whether or not profiteering had been going on in their midst. He arrived a few minutes after the phone call had been made, and the case was explained to him.

"What we really want of you, Mr. Bagley," said the chairman, "is that you shall tell the committee if you think this young man has been overcharged. He says he suspects that the diamond is not perfect. He also states that he could borrow on the stone only half the amount he paid for it. That does not seem right to me; I have always understood that diamonds could be realized on at any time."

The big jeweler looked critically at the ring which had been bought so buoyantly only a few hours before and engraved with so much sentiment, only to fall to its present discredited position where nobody seemed to want it.

"If you really want me to straighten out this matter," Bagley said, "I am afraid I shall have to deliver a kind of a lecture on the jewelry business in general. Any objections? All right.

"We jewelers are in kind of a peculiar position. We are merchants in that we have to pay rent and clerk hire just the same as any other storekeepers, but we don't have a thing to sell that people cannot get along without. Perhaps collar buttons and alarm clocks might be classed as necessities, but a man can wear a bone collar button if he is not proud; and he can on a pinch get up in the morning by the six-o'clock whistle if he hasn't the price of the clock.

"Not only do we deal exclusively in luxuries but nearly everything we sell is intended as a gift. When a baby is born people come into the jewelry store to buy presents for it, and the presents are continued up to the time of that baby's own golden wedding. The jewelry store has come to be the sentimental headquarters of the community. Probably that is the reason certain myths have grown up about the business.

"One of the most common myths is the belief that you can buy a diamond and then go right out and sell it for about what it costs you. Maybe the jewelers themselves have encouraged that belief a little when in the heat and excitement of landing a good sale. But anyone who knows anything about business must realize that there is nothing in the world which will surely bring a hundred cents on the dollar at any minute. You hear a lot of people complaining that their Liberty Bonds can't be sold for as much as they paid for them; but to me it is a wonderful thing that a hundred-dollar bond can be cashed in any village in the country any day in the week for a dollar or so less than it cost. Suppose you go out to-day and buy the best piece of business property in this city. Can you be sure of getting your money out of it to-morrow? You cannot. And if you want to borrow money on it your bank is limited by law to lending you only half its appraised value."

Nothing Quite Perfect

"Now to get back to diamonds. The young man here thinks he was swindled because he could pawn his purchase for only about half what he paid for it. A diamond is only merchandise the same as a suit of clothes or a lumber wagon; and no one would expect to pawn those things for even half what they cost. He went round to jewelry stores and got discouraged because no one would tell him how much his stone was really worth. Maybe they might have been more polite about it; but really no jeweler can afford to pay Main Street rents for the purpose of maintaining a free information bureau.

"The young man says he thinks the stone is imperfect. Of course it is. I believe a good many jewelers get excited when they are trying to sell diamonds and talk about certain stones as being absolutely perfect. That is sort of playing fast and loose with the language because there aren't any absolutely perfect diamonds any more than there are absolutely perfect men, women or Boston-terrier dogs. If you live long enough with a person you will learn that he isn't absolutely perfect; and if you get a strong-enough magnifying glass you can find some tiny imperfection in the best diamond ever mined.

"Now if you want to know my opinion of this particular case I would say that the young man got fair value for his money, the jeweler probably made twenty dollars on the sale, which is a legitimate profit. But I would add that it is poor business for a person to buy something and then run round town trying to find out whether he has been swindled or not. If he hasn't confidence in a business establishment it is a good idea not to buy from it."

The square-deal committee unanimously decided that no business ethics had been violated and advised the young man to shake hands with the merchant; this formality was effected with mutual apologies and expressions of personal esteem, the two going away together as friends.

Half an hour later Arthur Bagley was called from his private office to the front of his store; it was the young man of the diamond ring who wanted to see him. He laid a ring in a little plush box before the jeweler.

"Listen, Mr. Bagley," he said. "I went back to that jewelry store and swapped the ring I had for a bigger one. I paid him forty dollars difference. I wish you would look at it and tell me whether I got stung or not."

Any young man who is on the verge of getting engaged to be married should walk downtown and look in the jewelry-store windows before entirely committing himself. It will also be prudent to find out just what the young lady's ideas are as to what constitutes a proper-sized diamond ring. The stone which used to be in the jewelers' show window labeled "Blue White Gem, ½ Carat, $100," now has a different card, which reads thus: "Guaranteed Value. ½ Carat Beauty, Only $255."

Why Blame the Jewelers?

Jewelers are coming in for a share of condemnation on account of the high prices demanded for diamonds. The young man who wakes up some morning to the realization that he spoke the fateful words the night before draws his hundred dollars out of the bank and goes among the jewelry stores to buy the engagement ring. He is shocked to learn how small a stone his hundred dollars will buy. Surely no girl of spirit will be satisfied with a quarter-carat diamond in a plain gold setting. And worse still, he finds that to be thoroughly up to date the stone must be set in a mounting of carved platinum with tiny diamonds peeping out of all available spaces. Such a setting alone costs far more than the hundred dollars which he confidently drew out of the bank.

Diamonds are high; they cost three times as much as they did ten years ago. But so far as can be ascertained there is no profiteering. The demand is large and the supply very limited. Practically all the diamonds nowadays come from the South African mines, and these mines are vastly less productive than they were a few years ago. Soil that used to yield ten carats of rough diamonds to the ton now produces less than a carat. And prospecting for diamonds is expensive business, because it means the sinking of a shaft two to three thousand feet deep, with the chance of finding nothing at the end of the journey.

Though the African mines are controlled by a London syndicate that city is not the diamond headquarters of the world. The rough stones are brought to London and from there distributed to the diamond cutters of Amsterdam and Antwerp..

It is to those two cities that the American importers go for their supplies, and at present they are having a hard time getting what they need. A few days ago the writer was shown a cablegram from the buyer for a big New York importer. He had been in Europe more than a month, prepared to pay cash for half a million dollars' worth of diamonds; the cable was to inform the house that he had managed to buy eighty thousand dollars' worth of goods, which were being shipped on a steamer leaving that day.

Another thing which makes it harder on the young man trying to buy an engagement ring is the tendency to cut diamonds in queer shapes and thus increase the price per carat. The small-town man wandering

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TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Bigger than Weather"

A Patrick Christmas

FOR the Boys and Girls as well as for Men and Women. Let it be a Patrick Coat. Tailored on trim and fashionable lines with all the satisfaction of warmth and service that is identical with the famous Patrick Cloth of which it is made.

There is no other cloth just like Patrick Cloth. It is essentially a north country fabric, made from the thick long-fibre wool of "sheep that thrive in the snow."

Wherever you find a Patrick Label—whether on Greatcoat, Mackinaw, Sweater, Blanket, Robe, Cap or Stocking—you know that it marks a product of pure long-fibre wool from northern sheep.

Ask your dealer for Patrick Products. If he does not carry them, let us direct you to one who does.

There are two Patrick books; both of them we send free—our catalog showing styles for men, women and children and the Patrick-Duluth colors true to life, also the book by Elbert Hubbard, "Bigger Than Weather."

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS
7 Ave. A, Duluth, Minn.

True Shape
HOSIERY
for MEN & WOMEN

"ALL THAT ITS NAME IMPLIES"

MAKE the gift one you'd like yourself—hosiery that is both beautiful and practical.

But be sure it's *TRUE SHAPE* Hosiery. For men the silk sock No. 152, with its sturdy four-ply heel and toe that eliminate wear. For women, No. 564, with its beautiful, silky texture and its patented cross stitch that prevents embarrassing garter runs.

And be just as good to yourself—wear them every day.

If your dealer does not have *TRUE SHAPE*, we will be glad to tell you of one who has.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY COMPANY, Philadelphia

Look for the trade mark on the toe

TRUE SHAPE

along State Street or Fifth Avenue, stopping to look at the jewelry-store windows, will be impressed with the fact that half of the diamonds on display are square cut or pear-shaped or cut pointed at both ends. There does not seem to be any particular reason for this eccentricity of cutting except the fact that the rich want their possessions to be different. Cutting a diamond into an odd shape does not increase its brilliancy but it does make it two or three times as costly. But think of the embarrassment that is going to ensue when girls all over the country learn that the good old round-cut diamonds are no longer the latest. What is the forty-dollar-a-week man going to do when his fiancée says artlessly that she is crazy to have a square-cut diamond for her engagement ring, and he learns that such stones cost fifteen hundred dollars a carat?

Most people do not know it, but diamonds are not the most expensive gems; pearls and emeralds both have diamonds beaten when it comes to cost. An emerald holds the world's championship, a six-carat stone recently having been sold in New York for twenty thousand dollars a carat.

We read in the newspapers about the big prices at which pieces of jewelry are sold in some of the large city establishments and think it must take some kind of supersalesmanship to slip over a pearl necklace at a hundred thousand or a pear-shaped diamond pendant at twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. A salesman in one of the Fifth Avenue stores who frequently does such things recently talked to the writer and said there was nothing to it; that the big sales come easier than the little ones.

The store in which this man works is one of those places where a dignified doorman in livery stands out front and shows in customers, who are called "clients." The show windows never have more than two or three pieces of jewelry on display at a time; a couple of diamond bracelets and a star sapphire dinner ring are considered quite a reckless exhibit. You have to get inside to realize how much jewelry there is in the world. The little gilt showcases are crowded with articles priced from a thousand dollars upward. You do not see any gold jewelry. Gold is not expensive enough for the clients of this store; everything is platinum.

Big Sales Easiest

"I haven't always worked on Fifth Avenue," said this salesman. "I learned the business in a small Kansas town in a jewelry establishment which occupied one side of a drug store. There was a workbench at the front window where I learned to fix watches and clocks under the instructions of the proprietor; in dull times we did not scorn to repair umbrellas and sewing machines. Our whole stock was contained in two showcases; and believe me it took some ability to make sales out of the selections we carried! If you can show a customer a hundred solid-gold watches he almost has to buy one; but when you have got about five it takes hard work.

"A few days ago I sold a young man six diamond-ornamented cigarette cases at fourteen hundred dollars apiece to be given the ushers at his wedding. It required no salesmanship at all; price was no object and as soon as I showed him something that pleased him he decided in a moment. I remember once back in Kansas there was going to be a society wedding in our town; a young fellow who worked in the bank was to wed the daughter of his boss. Ordinarily our weddings were held in the parlor of the bride's home but this young lady had been away to boarding school and learned that the correct thing was a church wedding with bridesmaids, ushers, and so on.

"Somepne had told the young man that he was expected to give the ushers a scarfpin apiece to pay them for their services, and he came to see me about getting the jewelry. Three dollars apiece for the scarfpins was his limit, and naturally he expected something pretty nifty at that figure. He couldn't be suited from the selection we had in stock and so I sent away to wholesale houses in Kansas City and St. Louis for samples, but even then he wasn't satisfied; they didn't look enough for his money. He wrote for mail-order catalogues, and I had to argue a long time to convince him that he should not send his money out of town because he would probably be president of the bank some day and he ought to have the good will of all the local merchants.

"Eventually I landed his twelve dollars. We had in the store some red imitation stones each about the size of a five-carat diamond, which I mounted up in gold-filled scarfpin settings. He liked the idea immensely and said it was some class to have jewelry made to order instead of buying ready-made stuff. On the night of the wedding the four ushers wearing the scarfpins looked like railroad brakemen with red lanterns.

"The reason it is harder to make a small sale than a big one is this: The man with a little money probably has just as good taste as the millionaire, but the articles he can get for his money look pretty meager. One day recently I made two sales—a la vallière for eighteen thousand dollars, and a ring for ninety dollars. The la vallière customer was a downtown manufacturer who hurriedly stopped in the store on the way home from his office; I was the salesman nearest the front door at the moment.

"'To-morrow is my wife's birthday,' he said, 'and I want to take her a nice present. She has got most everything I can think of. What can you suggest?'

"The la vallière lay in the show case between us, a beautiful thing of lacy platinum work from which was suspended a ten-carat pear-shaped diamond, blue-white and sparkling."

The Preacher's Ring

"'Of course your wife has other la vallières,' I said, laying the piece before him, 'but here is one that can't be duplicated. That pear-shaped stone is one of the finest we have ever had in stock.'

"'By golly, it is pretty!' he exclaimed. 'How much is it worth?'

"I told him. He is a man accustomed to make quick decisions; checking out large sums of money is everyday business with him.

"'All right,' he said, 'I'll take it. If my wife doesn't like it she can exchange it for something else.'

"While I wrapped up the purchase he made out a check for the amount, and within ten minutes from the time he came in the front door he was gone again. I hadn't used any particular kind of salesmanship. The article sold itself; I merely introduced it to a man who had money enough to buy it.

"But the ring which I sold that same day for ninety dollars was a different matter. He was a young preacher who came in, and told me that he would like to look at something nice in an engagement ring for about that price. He confided to me that he had hoped to spend a hundred dollars for the ring but on account of the church being a little behind in his salary he could not quite make it. He added that he had looked at some other stores but preferred to buy it at our establishment because his mother's engagement ring had come from there, thirty years before.

"I was sort of up against it. Ninety dollars was a lot of money to him and I knew he would expect to get a good big stone for that amount. He could get a more showy article for the price at some other store, because we handle only the finer grades. He had the same tastes as the man who had just bought the eighteen-thousand-dollar necklace, but only ninety dollars to spend. I got out our more modest articles and tried to interest him in them, but his mind would wabble and his eyes wander over to the show cases where the expensive things were kept. I could see that he was mentally comparing the modest articles I showed him with the showy bargains he had seen in the windows of cheap stores.

"My only chance was to talk quality and the reputation of the house. I quit trying to sell him for the moment and began to talk of other things; I invited him to look round the store and showed him a couple of pearl necklaces valued at sixty thousand dollars apiece. I wanted to impress on his mind the idea that a store which was in the habit of making sixty-thousand-dollar sales ought to be a safe place in which to spend ninety dollars. I suggested that the young lady would be pleased to have her ring come in a box bearing the name of a house which had stood high in the trade for more than sixty years. Then I got right down to business.

"'Here is a nice ring for ninety dollars,' I said. 'You can get one for the same money at some other store which will make twice as big a flash. But please remember this: We do not make any more profit than

(Concluded on Page 181)

Rush Stuff

Direct dictation—under pressure against the clock—the "Royal" shows its mettle. *Now* you can give thanks for the sterling construction—for the sure-footed escapement that never skips a letter—for the "Royal" accelerating typebar that *cannot* jam.

The "Royal" takes the strain off the operator and it can stand the strain itself. Typists prefer it—big business chooses it. The "Royal" ends the trading-out evil.

Telephone for a "Royal" demonstration.

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Royal Typewriter Building, 364-366 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over
Chief European Offices 75 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

ROYAL

TYPEWRITER

Tools from a Waste-Killer's Kit

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2. *Blow Torch* to demonstrate fire repellency of asbestos roofing

3. *Friction Blocks* for industrial clutches, brakes and friction drives.

4. *Sectional Insulation* to prevent heat losses in power and heating systems.

5. *Technical Data* on all power plant products sold

6. *Fibre Conduit* for underground electrical systems.

7. *Asbestos Shingles:* fire proof, beautiful, durable

8. *Sea Rings:* a packing for pumps, engines and compressors that has revolutionized thought on all packings

9. *Steam Traps:* to prevent waste in steam lines.

10. *Gaskets:* to make boiler manholes and handholes steam tight.

11. *Fire Extinguishers:* motor car, industrial, and home first aid protection

12. *Renewable Fuses:* economical electric circuit protection.

13. *Electrical Cutouts:* a complete unit system of wiring distribution.

14. *Refractory Materials:* cements for the protection of masonry against high heats.

15 *Salesman's Engineering Manual:* a complete encyclopedia of information on all Johns-Manville products and their relation to conservation.

16. *Crude Asbestos:* in the pocket of every Johns-Manville Waste-Killer—an illustrating the basic source of the service he gives.

SINCE a workman is known by his tools, the partial contents of a Johns-Manville Salesman's kit will give some indication of the kind of a man that carries it.

Johns-Manville men are more than salesmen—they might be called "Waste-Killers"—because before they *sell* anything, they show how to *save* something—power, heat, energy lost through friction, or property from fire loss. So they must know industry and engineering and the relations of these to the products they handle.

Whether it be a recommendation of a particular packing for a certain pump—calculating proper thickness and kind of heat insulation to reduce heat loss in pipe lines—or again in handling a roofing problem—or specifying electrical protection—the Johns-Manville Salesman must *serve* before he sells.

More than five hundred of our salesmen are welcome visitors, so customers tell us, to the industries of America. Not surprising either when you realize that in all departments of industry, conservation is alike the key-note to progress and the slogan of these Johns-Manville Waste-Killers—a title which they have earned by consistent service over two decades.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities
For Canada, Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Concluded from Page 178)

the store handling cheaper goods. We give you your money's worth in quality instead of quantity. Anything we sell you is sure to be in good taste. And it will have an added value in the young lady's eyes because it comes from this store.'

"I made the sale. And it certainly took more skill to make it than was necessary in slipping over the eighteen-thousand-dollar necklace. If you ask me what is the secret of selling very expensive articles I would say there isn't any. But there is one thing to remember—don't get stage fright.

"When I first came to work on Fifth Avenue I would get nervous and self-conscious whenever I tried to sell something valued at several thousand dollars. I had a feeling that I ought to do or say something specially impressive; I simply couldn't act natural when I faced a customer across the counter with a thirty-thousand-dollar necklace between us. It was our shrewd old Irish head porter who gave the best advice, and it applies to all sorts of high-priced selling whether the merchandise be jewelry or real estate, paintings, legal opinions or automobiles.

"'They ain't no call for you to get scared,' he said, 'just because you happen to be showing that millionaire stuff in the front show case. The people who buy it are just like you and me, only with more money. When you lay out a twenty-thousand-dollar piece, just pretend to yourself that it's only twenty dollars. Then you'll talk about it natural and effective.'"

Whenever there is excitement going on the jewelry business is good. When America got into the war, jewelers—along with other venders of luxuries—prepared to trim their sails and get along as best they could until the war was over. But more business was done in jewelry stores during 1918 than any year on record. This did not apply only to munition and cantonment towns, but everywhere throughout the country.

The big business, however, was not along usual lines. Silverware was one of the slow items. There was no formal entertaining which called for elaborate table silver; there were no society weddings where each invited guest must send a silver berry spoon, mayonnaise set or sandwich tray. The manager of one of the largest jewelry establishments on the Pacific Coast, which specializes in fine table silver, told the writer that during our participation in the war their sales of silverware were less than one-fifth of normal. Trade in silverware was about as active as that in men's evening clothes; a prominent Los Angeles clothing merchant told the writer that he sold just two full-dress suits during our year and a half of war; and they were bought by Mexicans.

But it was not considered unpatriotic to make gifts for personal adornment even in wartime; and never before in the history of the country were so many sales made of rings and la vallières, solid-gold mesh bags, platinum wrist watches, bar pins and lingerie clasps. There was a sense of danger; men had a more protective feeling toward their womenfolks and spent money to show how much they thought of them.

Diamonds in the Oil Towns

At present the diamond business is liveliest in the oil towns of North Texas. No larger stones can be seen in the show windows of Fifth Avenue than are displayed by the dealers of small Texas places which were hardly on the map a year ago. And those dealers do not merely keep big diamonds; they sell them. The man who has suddenly got rich on oil usually wants to buy an automobile and a large diamond ring as soon as possible; he may have to wait a little while for the delivery of the car, but he can go right out and have the ring on his finger in twenty minutes.

A Texas jeweler told the writer that a man recently came into his store and asked to see a nice ring; the one shown him was a thousand dollars. The customer admired it, asked if the stone was perfect, and then said he would buy it if the jeweler would sell it on time.

Never having seen the gentleman before, the jeweler naturally stated that his terms were strictly cash. Then the stranger made another proposition.

"I'm an oil-stock salesman," he said, "and I figure that I can do more business if I am fixed up to look sort of prosperous and lucky. A nice two-carat diamond don't hurt anybody's appearance. I tell you what I'll do—you just lease me that stone and I'm willing to pay you fifty dollars a month rent for it."

One of the jeweler's greatest trials these days is his watch-repair department. Some morning you drop your watch on the cement floor and it annoyingly stops. You shake it with a circular motion and tap it gently against the wall a few times, but it stubbornly refuses to go. It will not start even after you have poked the balance wheel with a toothpick. Then you take the watch to your favorite jewelry store and hand it to the man who sits at the workbench at the front window. You tell him the timepiece has unaccountably stopped running but you don't think there is anything much the matter with it, and he will please fix it so you can have it to-day at lunch time.

If he is a good-natured watchmaker he will merely smile at your absurdity; but in case he is one of those whose nerves have become frazzled by long contact with an unreasonable public he will snap out that yours is not the only watch he has to fix. He tells you that maybe it will be ready in about five weeks. If you don't want to leave it that long you can try some other place, but they are all in the same boat. Of course some blacksmith who calls himself a watchmaker might promise it sooner, but you don't want to have your watch ruined, do you? No, he can't lend you a watch while he is fixing yours.

There are simply not enough watchmakers to go round. Formerly there were three sources from which the jewelry stores got their watch repairers—from Germany, from Switzerland, and from home-town boys who had a talent for mechanics and who were willing to work under some good watchmaker and learn the trade. All three of these sources are pretty well dried up.

The Lure of Gasoline

These boys used to be glad of a chance to start in at three dollars a week so as to be able to learn the trade. Now an offer of ten dollars a week for the same job fails to attract a single boy. The writer has heard so many complaints from jewelry-store proprietors about the impossibility of getting apprentices that he has recently been investigating the causes. All the evidence points to the automobile as the guilty party.

The boy who likes to fuss round machinery finds it more agreeable to take a job in a garage than a jewelry store. It is a freer and more exciting life; he doesn't have to bother about keeping clean, and there is always the chance of running a car somewhere, along with his other duties.

A few weeks ago the writer was on a trip and had occasion to go from Chicago to a small town in Southern Michigan. Evidently the chamber of commerce in that town does not have much influence with the management of the Michigan Central Railroad, because the only trains stopping there were some extremely local locals. A study of the time-tables proved that the best way to get to the town was to take a fast train to a larger place and go the rest of the way in an automobile.

Getting off the train, the writer inquired for a garage and was directed across the square to a large frame building whose sign advertised auto repairs and service cars, but underneath could still be seen the painted-over words, "Livery and Sale Stable." The price named for the trip was satisfactory. Then the writer inquired when the start could be made.

"You can start right now," replied the garage man. "Here, Joe," he called out, "jump in the little car and drive this gentleman and his wife over to Decatur."

Joe was a bright-faced infant of about sixteen, who was tinkering round the place, and he joyfully dropped his wrench and pliers on the floor at the sound of his master's voice. In three minutes we were out of town flying along a bumpy road, Joe happily indifferent as to the number of times his passengers' heads hit the ceiling.

He was just the type of boy whom we used to see working round the home-town jewelry store and learning the watchmaker trade. Between bumps he confided the fact that he is crazy about machinery and would rather fix things than eat. But can you imagine him working in any jewelry store after tasting the informal garage life where his mechanical labors are likely to be interrupted any minute by orders to run a gentleman and his wife over to Decatur or somewhere?

The idea is unthinkable.

Man Style

We Study His Likes in Van Camp's

That Tang—That Zest

Scientific cooks and able chefs spent four years to perfect this dish. For the sauce alone they tested 856 recipes.

Whole and Mellow

Van Camp's Beans come out whole and mealy, uncrisped, unbroken, easy to digest.

Many Van Camp products are made to please women, and under a woman's direction. But Van Camp's Beans are baked by men cooks to please men.

Men want beans whole and mealy. They want them easy to digest. They want the flavor kept intact and a zestful sauce baked in.

Thousands of places where men lunch are now buying Van Camp's for these reasons.

A Difficult Dish

We select our beans by analysis. We boil them in water freed from minerals so the skins will not grow tough.

We bake in modern steam ovens. Thus we bake them for hours at 245 degrees, so they easily digest. Yet the beans are not crisped or broken.

We seal the beans before baking, so the flavor cannot escape.

And we bake the beans with a matchless sauce, so that every atom shares its tang and zest.

Such methods are impossible at home. They require vast apparatus. Then why not let us bake your beans in this scientific way?

We bring them to you ready-baked, with all the fresh oven flavor. And you will like them, as the man does, better than crudely-baked beans. Order a few cans and see.

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—18 kinds

Based on famous French recipes, but each perfected by comparing countless blends.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

The supreme Italian recipe perfected by our scientific cooks.

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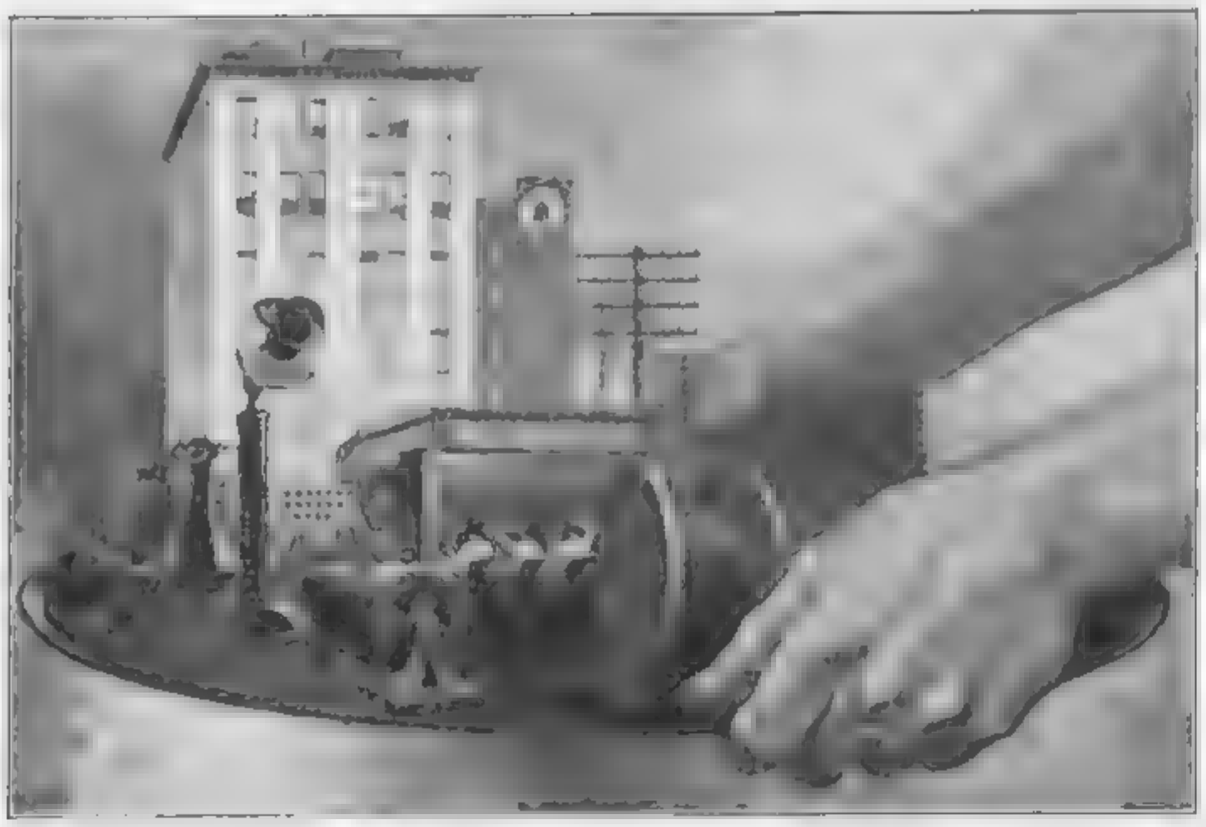

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This service, with its skilled operators, its sensitive apparatus, its many lines of communication, must be kept up to maximum usefulness, and its cost is enormous.

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5A MOTOR ROBES

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Its patented, grooved steel, non-skid runners make steering easy and coasting safe, comfortable and fast. Has an all-steel shock absorber front. Saves shoes and prevents wet feet. 7 sizes, 38 to 63 inches. Only the genuine bears the flying eagle trade mark.
FREE Cardboard Model shows how Flexible Flyer steers. Write for it.
S. L. ALLEN & Co., Inc.
Box 1100S Philadelphia

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 39)

everyday business. An officer of the publishing company was sent by plane on a visit to local firms in many important industrial areas. He was expected to prove the immediate utility and great advantage of the airplane in extending and accelerating the journeys of commercial travelers.

British engineers are also giving a maximum of thought to the mechanical side of aviation. One English firm has submitted a scheme to the British Government which calls for the immediate construction of giant commercial airships of steel, equipped with dining, smoking and sleeping cabins, and having a carrying capacity of 70 tons, a gas capacity of 3,500,000 cubic feet and a nonstop radius of 6000 miles. Another firm, at Wolverhampton, England, has concluded tests on what is said to be the largest airplane engine in the world. This new machine has twelve cylinders, is of 1000 nominal horse power, and weighs less than two pounds per horse power. Many other instances might be cited to show the interest and activity of the British people in commercial aviation.

And this progress is not only on paper. An English seaplane recently completed a successful Scandinavian flight covering 2450 sea miles in 40 hours and 40 minutes. Passengers can now travel by air from London to Paris for $75. Arrangements are being completed for ocean liners from America to be met regularly by airplanes at English and French ports, so that business men may lose no time in their journeys to London. A large British combine is attempting to inaugurate a world-embracing plan for passenger airship transportation. Routes have been planned so that no important city will be more than ten days' journey from London. The various flights will occupy the following periods of time: London to New York, 60 hours; San Francisco, 108 hours; Cairo, 36 hours; Perth, Australia, 168 hours; and Cape Town, South Africa, 6350 miles, 132 hours. The trip to Cape Town will include a twelve-hour stop at Nairobi, in British East Africa. The journey to New York will be via Lisbon and the Azores, while the flight to South America will be via Sierra Leone.

It is pointed out that though the speed of large airships is slower than airplanes it is five times faster than that of the average ocean liner, and a nonstop flight up to 10,000 miles is possible. The proposed fares from London will be: To Cape Town, $876; to Australia, $696; to New York, $243. The New York charge is approximately eight cents a mile. Mail will be carried for six cents an ounce. The engineers' estimates specify a carrying capacity of fifteen tons of passengers and mails for each airship.

In the matter of handling mail by aërial service the British are setting other nations a fast pace. On March first a daily service was established between England and Cologne. Four planes carried a total of twenty-five bags daily. At the present time the service is running at the rate of about 16,000 bags annually. Correspondence leaving Cologne one morning is delivered to all parts of England and Wales from Folkestone by the first delivery on the following morning.

British scientists and engineers are also devoting much thought to the future laws that will govern aviation throughout the world. As many people know, the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference in Paris, on September tenth, formally approved the proposal that there be a convention relating to international air navigation. This document is regarded as a charter for civil aviation throughout the world, and deals with such subjects as air sovereignty, space above territory and territorial waters, nationality of aircraft, and so on. When this convention is called let no one doubt that the representatives of Great Britain will be on hand with real ideas.

For example, Lord Montagu recently discussed world air routes and their regulation. He said: "We should separate the air into five levels. The first 2000 feet should be free except for private purposes or purposes of landing; the next 2000 feet for slower commercial planes; the space from 4000 to 6000 feet should be reserved for swifter commercial planes, while in the level from 6000 to 10,000 feet the official planes should travel." He proposes that the heights above 10,000 feet should be international, and that all planes flying below 8000 feet should be silenced. Ten years ago such talk would have sounded like Chapter One from a juvenile dream book, but to-day we read the words without wonder.

In the great English universities of Cambridge and London they have established chairs of aëronautics. Here in the United States the aircraft industry is being permitted to drop back to a place of no importance. The few men in America who thoroughly comprehend the serious dangers of our present course seem to have raised their voices in vain. John D. Ryan, former director of the Bureau of Aircraft Production, says: "I should think it would be plain to anybody that in the necessity for the defense of a country like ours, with a great coast line, an extensive aircraft program is a desirable thing. I think the science of aviation should be encouraged in every possible way. I would have an academy of aviation, just as we have a military academy at West Point and a naval academy at Annapolis. I would educate the boys of this country in aviation from the time they are boys. In a few years, if an enemy fleet attempted to reach our shores, it would be unable to get any nearer than three or four hundred miles from our coast line. I feel that it is a mistake to permit the brains collected into the aircraft organization during the war to be scattered to the far ends of our country. I think the great aircraft organizations gotten together during hostilities should not be dissipated and the trained personnel distributed among a hundred other branches of industrial life. Through such action the country is left without the benefits of all we learned."

Eleven years ago the United States Army selected three young officers and sent them to Fort Myer, Virginia, where Wilbur Wright taught them how to fly. One of these men was B. D. Foulois. When the United States went to war Foulois was advanced to the rank of brigadier general and was sent to France as Chief of Air Service for the American Expeditionary Forces. It was he who was charged with preparing the so-called $640,000,000 aviation bill. Now that the war is over General Foulois is again a major, but his reduction in rank has in no way curtailed his aircraft knowledge or decreased the vigor of his ideas, as certain congressional committees have recently discovered.

Said Major Foulois:

"Every military power in the world today except our own appreciates the fact that the military use of aircraft has heretofore been almost entirely defensive. The offensive use of these machines is only just beginning. We are the only military power that is not concentrating all of its aërial activities under one control and putting great energy into the development of large types of aircraft for commercial use in time of peace, knowing full well that each of these large types of flying machines can be converted into a military weapon within forty-eight hours in time of war."

Major Foulois states that "The duties involved in operating the army air service are ninety per cent technical, mechanical and industrial, and only ten per cent military. For this reason the service cannot be intelligently governed by officers who have only a knowledge of military problems. The military aviator even in time of peace is constantly performing his duty under the threat of death if he makes a mistake in the operation of his machine. Flying is more than a theory to such men, and as a matter of mere self-preservation they demand that the laws and regulations proposed for the government of our air service shall be prepared by authorities who are thoroughly familiar with the business at hand."

The future of aviation in this country depends upon the wisdom and energy with which we develop the art along civil and commercial lines. The military use of aircraft is important, but it must now be given secondary consideration. Europe has not yet recovered from the horrors of war, but the nations over there are devoting real energy to the development of an aircraft industry. Here in this country we are fast losing all the position and prestige we gained. In a succeeding article I shall carry this discussion further and include some of the immediate remedies proposed.

Taxicabs use WEED TIRE CHAINS

Because they can't afford to take chances and because, with Weed Chains, they get greater mileage out of their tires.

It's a business proposition, pure and simple, with taxicab companies. They use Weed Chains for economy and accident insurance.

The *main* incentive for the use of Weed Chains is the accident-preventing feature—a most important factor, as it means the saving of lives and property.

But further than that it is known from bitter and costly experience that the continual, constant and yet hardly perceptible slipping of the rubber tire-surface on wet roads and pavements—only the foot or so of lost traction at a time—is an alarming expense item—wearing out tires just the same as if you pressed them against a rapidly revolving grindstone.

Taxicab companies have learned from experience that *only by the use of Weed Chains* can this continuous wear on tires be prevented. Their drivers are *ordered* to put on their Weed Chains "at the first drop of rain" because of the thousands upon thousands of dollars that are thus actually saved every year in tire service and the elimination of skidding accidents. Wouldn't it be well for you to learn wisdom from the fellow who really knows?

Be as wise as the taxi driver and always put on your Weed Chains "at the first drop of rain."

Weed Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand or snow.

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typifies that fine, clean manhood which we love to call American.

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Attend the theatre that presents them.

FOX FILM CORPORATION
WILLIAM FOX, *President* — WINFIELD SHEEHAN, *General Manager*

GHOSTS GO WEST

(Continued from Page 21)

"What a diagnosis!" she exclaimed, coloring to the ears and with a palpable effort at self-control. Yet she was much less angry than I could have anticipated, as though my jerky nerves and evident disability had excited her commiseration.

"It makes me gladder than ever to have such a nice envelope," she went on, her voice breaking a little. "That all those very obnoxious qualities are inside and not outside, you know. Really, George, it does me good to hear you talk like that, and I am not sarcastic when I say I am hugely obliged. You have given me just what I needed—a bracing shower of ice water when I was slumping into sentimentality and regrets. I have cried so many nights, blaming myself, when I see now that it was fifty-fifty right along, as business men say—and maybe sixty-forty, with you at the big end. I had forgotten what a pig you could be. Many thanks, indeed, George, for bringing it back to me in such a wealth of recollection."

"Yet you must admit we were awfully happy till Vin came bursting in on us in his Bear Cat," I said. "Looking back on it, I see it in the foreground of everything—with its bright red upholstery and big tilted wheel and slanting seats you had almost to lie down in. It was my evil genius all right, that infernal Bear Cat, and it started you off in your headlong flirtation with Vin. He was good-looking and fashionable and had heaps of money and there was a wonderful kind of go and brightness about him that took girls by storm—one kind of girls by daytime and another kind by night, and all liking him for being fast and rich; and it didn't take me long to see what I was up against, with you everlastingly beside him in that Bear Cat and putting me off with fibs so as to play out with him. Imagine what hell it was for me—looking on and watching you make sure of Vin before giving me my walking papers!"

I had pierced her armor at last; her bosom rose and fell in unmistakable agitation; her eyes moistened. She made a little appeal of her hand for me to stop, as though she could not trust her voice. When after a moment she found it, it was scarcely above a whisper and so uncertain and quivering that her words came in little gasps.

"I don't think I was as bad as that, George," she said. "I really wasn't as bad as that. Vin did dazzle me. I will admit he—he rather swept me off my feet. Call it infatuation—anything you like. But you were to blame, too, helping it on as you did by being so grumpy and acting as though I were a puppy on a string who could be jerked into good behavior. If you had been kinder, tenderer, more considerate, I—I might have got safely over it."

"And what a humiliating position for me while you were getting over it!" I cried out, emphasizing her phrase with a stinging bitterness. "And you would have despised me if I had—utterly despised me—as I would have despised myself. You blame me for being a man, for snarling and fighting when somebody tried to take away my girl."

"You needn't have made detestable scenes in public," she retorted. "You needn't have been so rude and intolerable. And you certainly didn't need to have flirted so outrageously with Mrs. Sinclair and—and sat out with her in corners."

"What else could I do?" I demanded. "I couldn't sit there like an old lady with folded hands and a lace cap, could I? Naturally I turned to the nearest woman that seemed to like me and made a dead set at her. If it hurt you, so much the better. I am glad it hurt you."

"But it didn't," she replied. "That was where you were so horribly stupid—choosing such a nasty little underbred cat to spite me with. If it had been Tessie Derwent or Irene Wells I should not have minded so much; at any rate, it would not have been a slap in the face; but that common, little baby-vamp person with her shattering laugh and odious archness, who fawned on anything in trousers and who somebody said ought to write a book called Laps I Have Sat On—why, anybody who liked her simply ended himself with me and jumped over a precipice!"

"It was you who threw me over that precipice," I protested. "And it was Peggy Sinclair who caught me in a blanket and saved me from being dashed to pieces. But what is the good of squabbling about it, Emily? Nothing would have made any difference to you, whatever you may say now—and you would have married Vin just the same."

"I didn't marry Vin!" she exclaimed.

I stared at her in stupefaction and so indescribably moved, so indescribably relieved, elated and I don't know what all that my head seemed to go round and round.

"You didn't?" I repeated, still unable to believe my ears.

"No, I cut it all and went to France," she said.

"And Vin? What did he do?"

"Oh, volunteered!"

"Overseas too?"

"No, they kept him in Washington as an expert on foreign exchange in the Treasury Department."

I was feeling so happy that I laughed louder than I ought. Vin posing as an expert and nicely poked out of harm's way while helping to guide our national finances! I was convulsed.

"Vin might know the exact amount of champagne it takes to drown a chorus girl in," I said. "But I can't conceive him to be any other kind of an expert, unless it is his profound knowledge of unessential industries."

But if I had expected Emily to laugh I was mistaken. Her look was full of disdain as she returned: "How typically bourgeois of you to say that—how typically, incurably bourgeois! Anybody a little higher than you are in the social scale is, of course, a coward and a slacker. That is how people like you struggle to keep their self-esteem, I suppose. But far be it from me to rob you of anything so comforting."

I ought to have restrained myself, but instead I went on from bad to worse. I never had had any self-control when Vin was the subject under discussion. I had quarreled with Emily about him from the very first day he had entered our lives; and here I was, quarreling again and evidently mortally wounding her. But Vin was my red rag, and once it was waved before me I was lost to all reason.

"It may be bourgeois," I said. "It may be the proof of my middle-classness and all the rest of it—but really I haven't any patience with the fellows who held down their desks with their spurs. I never had much opinion of Vin, but I did think he was more of a man than that."

"He went where they put him," she returned.

"Well, I didn't go where they put me," I exclaimed. "I was offered an assignment to the Bureau of Engraving with the rank of captain, having been so long with the Cosmos Bank Note Company that I had a claim to be regarded as an expert too. But that wasn't my idea of a world war—checking off bales of Liberty Bonds in a nice office full of pretty stenographers. Instead I went to France as a private in the Sixty-sixth Connecticut."

"And what exactly does that prove?"

Her tone was so contemptuous that I winced.

"I didn't mean to throw bouquets at myself," I said apologetically. "All I meant was that there were far too many young men in Washington doing old men's work and making themselves as small and inconspicuous as possible."

Emily gave me the impression of already regretting her sharp replies. When she spoke again it was in a softened sort of way, as though mutely begging my pardon for her previous warmth.

"He chafed dreadfully under it," she said. "Everything you say sounds like quotations from his own letters."

"Letters?" I repeated.

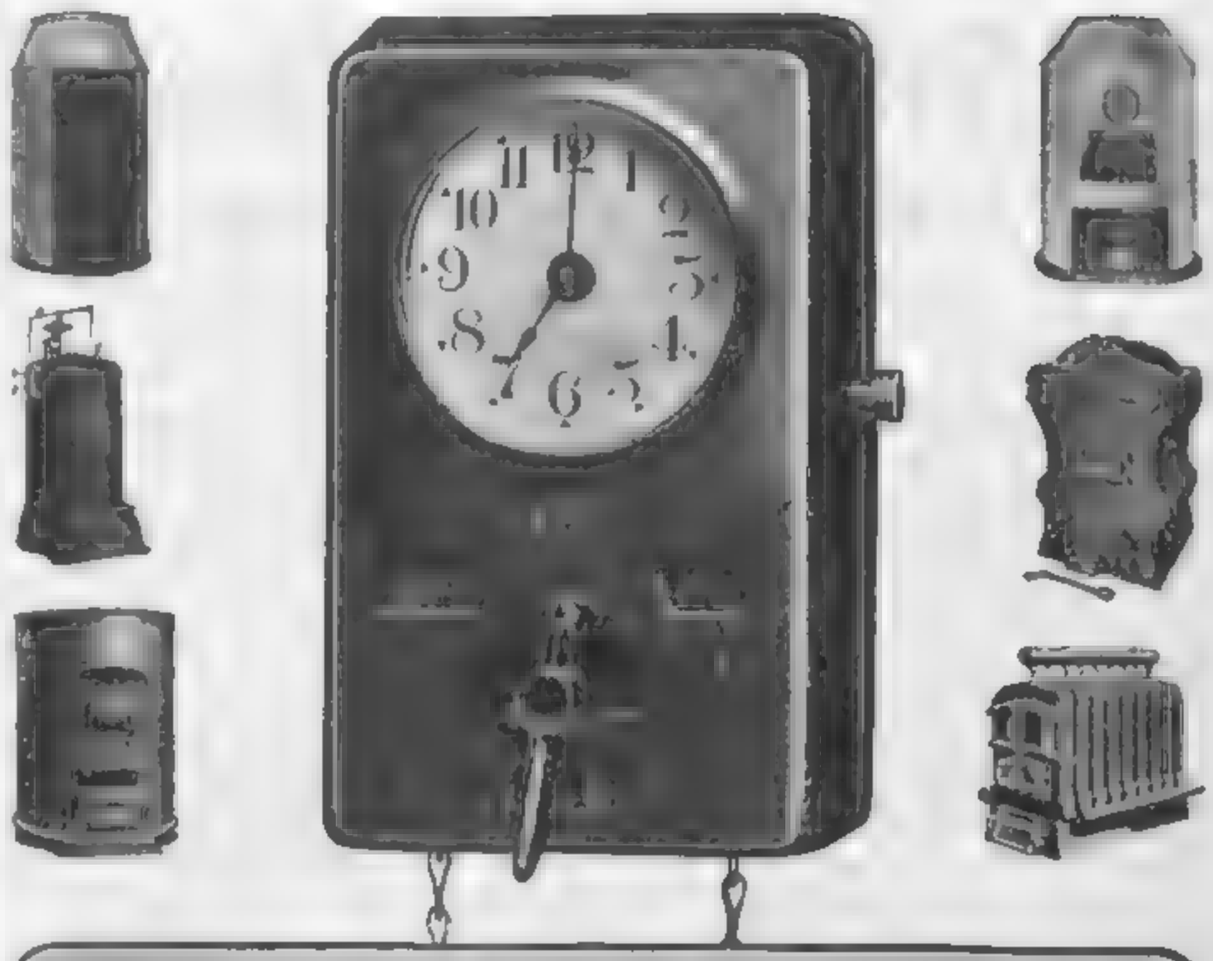
The implication that things were not all over between them struck unpleasantly on my attention. Had I taken it too readily for granted that there had been a break? I was more than troubled.

"To me—in France, I mean," she explained.

My gaze was still so questioning that she could not well stop there. But I had a sense of her reluctance, of her indecision. It was after quite a pause that she murmured: "Of course we were engaged."

"Were?" I cried out. The precise tense meant everything to me and the suspense was unbearable.

"Are—I ought to have said," she replied. "In fact, we are going to be married



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The "Little Draft-Man" Furnace Regulator is a simple mechanical device which opens the furnace damper and closes the check at the precise time you set the clock. You retire with the furnace checked and sleep in the happy consciousness that it will open the damper in the morning and make the house warm before time to "climb out."

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To Shave Easier, Quicker, Better

Shavaid, a new scientific preparation, will make your daily shave a pleasure. It softens the beard instantly, soothes the skin. No rubbing in. No hot water. Give Shavaid *one trial* and you will be convinced. Mail the coupon for your Free Trial Tube.

HOME shaving is being revolutionized by this new way of softening the beard. Men the nation over are welcoming this valuable preparation. It means an easier, quicker, more comfortable shave.

Shavaid, applied to the dry beard, softens it instantly. It makes the razor "take hold." It does away with all "pull." Shavaid soothes the tender skin.

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Hot water draws the blood to the surface. Rubbing in makes the face tender. Both open the pores. Neither is necessary.

Harsh methods of shaving age the skin prematurely and cause wrinkles. They make the skin unnaturally dry. After-shaving lotions and creams will not repair the injury thus done. The cause must be eliminated. Shavaid accomplishes instantly what old methods failed to do.

Keeps Skin Healthy

Simply apply a thin coating of Shavaid to the dry beard. Then apply your favorite lather. Shavaid works better if the lather is *not* rubbed in. Note the cooling, soothing sensation. The lather stays moist and creamy. You will notice how the razor "takes hold," how smoothly and easily it removes the beard.

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Shavaid

Softens the beard instantly
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The daily use of Shavaid will keep your skin smooth and firm, free from the tenderness and excessive dryness which are caused by hot water and rubbing in. Minor skin eruptions and abrasions yield quickly to Shavaid's soothing, healing influence.

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Write your name and address on this coupon. Send it in. Then you can see for yourself what Shavaid will do toward giving you an easier, quicker, more comfortable shave.

After you have proved to your own satisfaction that you need Shavaid, you can secure it from your druggist at 50c a tube. If he cannot supply you, we will be pleased to fill your order direct.

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the day after to-morrow in the Church of the Heavenly Rest."

I was so overcome that I could do nothing but sit there silent—in trembling speechlessness. Why had she not told me sooner? Why had she enmeshed me again, led me on and on—as I seemed to see it now in the retrospect—only to strike me down so pitilessly? The cruelty of it, the calculation of it was almost unbelievable. She had driven a knife through my heart, and in her pale lovely face I seemed to see a gleam of triumph. Unstrung as I was by the flu, it was all I could do not to make a ridiculous exhibition of myself.

"You surprise me," I said, attempting to make my voice sound natural and failing abjectly. It was as unreal as that of a ventriloquist's doll.

"You surprise me," she returned, delicately accentuating the last word. "How was I to dream you still—cared?"

"You must pardon a poor devil just getting over the flu," I said, evading any admission. "I am in a state when I am ready to blubber over the merest trifle."

"Is that what you would call my marrying Vin?"

I think she regretted her tone of raillery before she had finished the sentence. At any rate she hurriedly added, with a warmth and tenderness that were in no little contrast to it: "Dear old boy, you have always meant a tremendous lot to me, even if we didn't hit it off. You know that, don't you?"

"I am afraid I don't know anything—except that you are going to marry Vin on Thursday," I said dismally, "though it is awfully sweet of you to say that. Please don't think I am spurning my little crumb."

"Every word of it is true," she went on. "And it isn't a poor little crumb at all, but a great big piece of cake with icing on it and filled with spices and citron peel and ——"

"Yes, I know that kind of cake," I interrupted. "It is cut by a young lady in orange blossoms, and silly girls sleep with pieces of it under their pillows and ——"

It was an ill-judged remark and it was just as well I stopped in the middle of it. Emily's distress was apparent—as apparent as her relief when I broke off.

Ignoring it altogether, she continued: "I mean that there has always been a little corner of my heart that nobody has ever taken from you—or ever will, George, dear. And the old feeling came back in such a rush—meeting you again and all that, you know—that I am still glowing and trembling with the recollection of it. And you mustn't think I meant a quarter of the horrid things I said, because I didn't. I was simply trying to protect myself from—from ——"

She stopped, smiling at me rather mistily, while I smiled, too, in dawning understanding. Her air was so melting, her voice so soft, her eyes on mine were so luminously tender that I had a sudden feeling I might snatch her from Vin then and there and keep her always. If only we had been alone! If only I might have infolded her in my arms and passionately extorted her surrender!

But between us was that tablecloth—as wide as an ocean; about us was that roomful of people chattering and drinking tea; outside was Fifth Avenue crowding the tops of green busses and staring idly down on us. The moment called for solitude—solitude *à deux;* for green trees and babbling brooks—and there was no solitude; no trees, no brooks. There was nothing for it but to utter my thoughts aloud; to win by tongue if not by ardor and kisses and the magic flame of sex. But words were a wretched substitute—my words. In about six I had shivered the spell like a soap bubble.

"No, no, no!" she cried out with a vehemence that stopped my lips like a blow.

"I didn't mean that at all. It was just sentimental ghost talk and I never dreamed you would take it seriously; it was just the past giving a little wiggle before dying dead—a final tear of sentiment over the might have been! But the day after to-morrow I am going to marry Vincent Hall. Don't have the faintest doubt about that, dear boy."

I stared forlornly at the table. What an ass I had made of myself, to be sure!

"After all, love of a man's life is a thing apart," said Emily after a pause and in a way she intended to be comforting. "It may be a hackneyed quotation, but it has always seemed to me to cover the entire subject. Let's talk of the things apart instead of fretting the poor ghosts and waking them out of their sound sleep. Now cheer up and tell me what you did over there and how you liked it and how it liked you. Come on, George, please do; I really would like to know. It was a pretty big jump from private to captain, wasn't it?"

"All I saw was mud and blood," I said in unrelieved gloom. "And I am so sick of both I never want to talk of the war again."

"And what about the spiritual regeneration they talk so much about?" she asked. "Have you felt it at all—the wonderful uplifting and all that?"

"Have you?" I inquired.

She shook her head.

"Personally I think I have degenerated," she remarked reflectively. "I am lots more selfish and reckless and self-centered and greedy. It is not only realizing the uncertainty of life and how you must grab at everything nice while you can—but I have come back in a kind of rebellion at all the shams and restrictions that hem us in over here; the things that shut happiness out and unhappiness in, with everybody calling it duty and all that. I am determined to be happy; nobody shall stop me—Mrs. Grundy or anybody. Who thought of Mrs. Grundy when the star shells were bursting? I know I didn't and I never will again."

"I suppose it is the realization of one's own insignificance," I said, tacitly agreeing with her though not a little astounded at the frankness of her confession. The Emily I remembered had been very alive to the conventionalities and never broke them without inordinate precautions and bushels of fibs.

"Isn't it more than that?" she asked. "Even the most insignificant people can be slavishly acquiescent to the social system. My maid is the most correct person I ever knew."

"The point is that they are not insignificant to themselves," I remarked, becoming interested for the first time. "Look at me, for instance. All my life I have been one of perhaps a hundred people—relations, friends, acquaintances, employers and fellow employees—a compact little group that made up in the aggregate what I called the world. And in that world I was an important person; I was George Landsell; and the Cosmos Bank Note Company, where I worked, bounded my horizon like Mount Everest. Then suddenly I was packed into a transport and sent across with eighty thousand other atoms in dozens of other transports. Their smoke rimmed the sky; my education in insignificance was beginning; I said to myself: 'There must be two thousand George Landsells on every one of those boats and none of them in thought and feeling very different from myself.' Then in France I became one of three million Americans, one of ten million Allied soldiers, one of twenty million combatants—a speck of dust on the floor of the world. How am I ever to feel important again?"

"You can't, of course," assented Emily. "It's utterly impossible."

Then she repeated my phrase—"A speck of dust on the floor of the world"—as though it gave her an extraordinary pleasure.

"That was awfully well said," she remarked. "I guess that was what I meant all the time but hadn't seen it in the clear, brilliant way you have. And it is such a comfort to think I haven't degenerated; that it was just the growing pains of an enlarging mind."

Her laughter seemed to bring with it a fresh access of accord. Happiness enveloped us again—unreasoning, unjustified—but somehow all about us like an invisible cloud.

"Go on—tell me more," she said with a pretty insistence that was very flattering. "You cannot imagine how you are thrilling me."

"Then I had better stop right now."

"No, no—please!"

"Perhaps there isn't anything more."

"Yes, there is—I can see it in your face."

"But I am embarrassed by so much commendation."

"Don't be silly, for I really mean it! It gives me such a strange feeling to have my own ideas handed back to me ever so much improved and more—more coherent."

"Then I will tell you about my second great discovery," I began with a diffidence not unnatural under the circumstances and acutely aware that Emily was hanging on my lips. Her own were parted a little, and

(Continued on Page 189)

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Just imagine that moment of glory—when you shall introduce That Boy of yours to men of affairs—your boy, who so soon will step into the business swirl, to meet stiff competition, hard problems, dangerous temptations.

You smile happily at the pride you feel, and at the same time cringe a bit as the question pounds itself against your ribs: "Did I do everything I might have done to give him initiative and to make him self-reliant and manly?"

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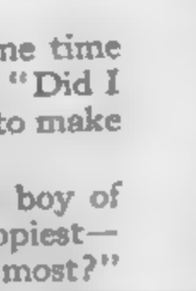

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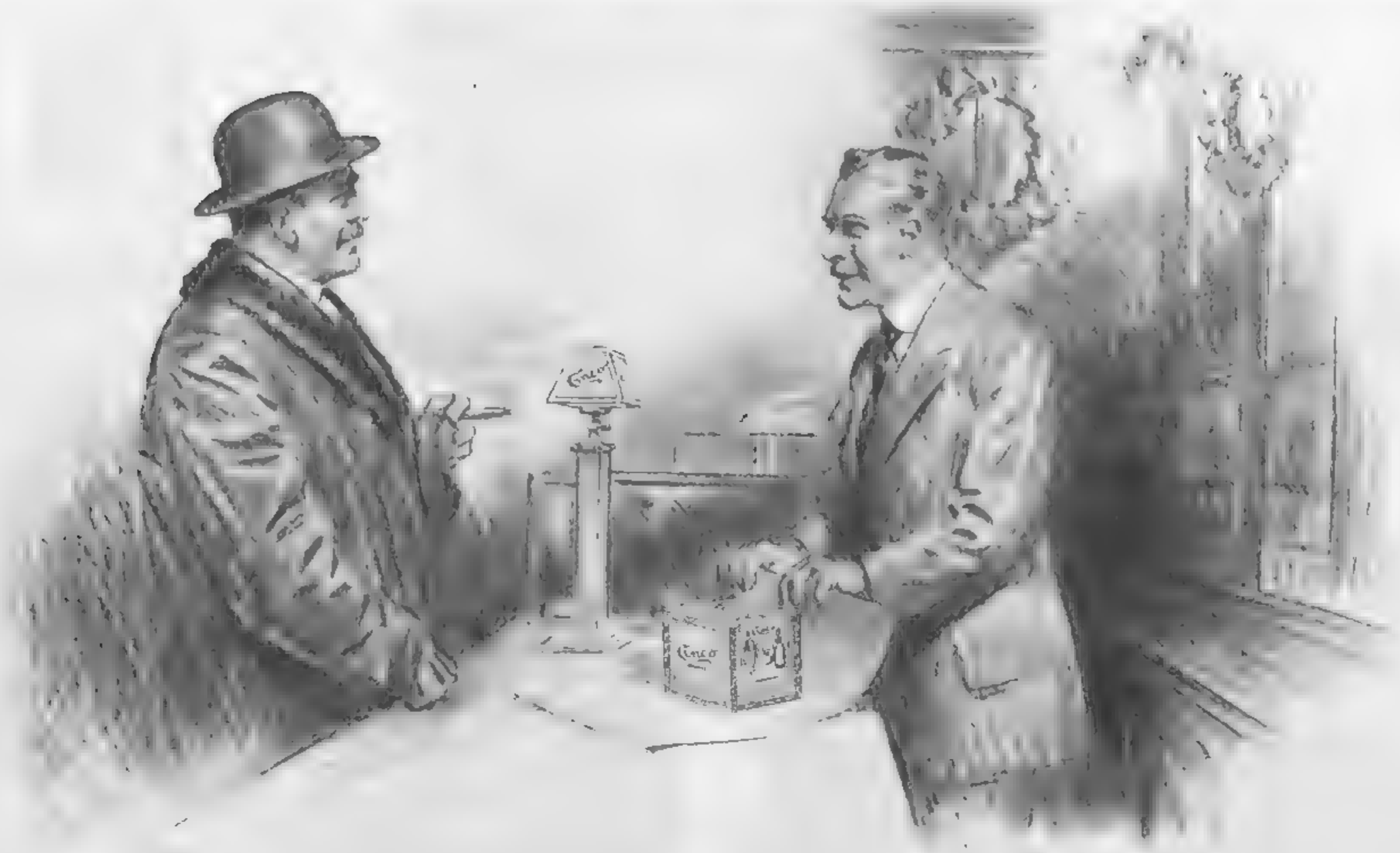

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(Continued from Page 186)

her expression was vivaciously expectant. How captivating she was in that rôle of eager listener; playfully respectful, playfully humble and with such a laughing light in her eyes.

"Staring's rude," she said as my hesitation lengthened.

"But you are so adorable," I protested. "Did anybody ever tell you that you had the most kissable little nose and the sweetest, prettiest mouth in the world, and the sauciest little chin and a complexion as ——"

"Yes, some of those Y secretaries did," she interrupted, "and dozens and dozens of *liaison* officers and a whole English divisional staff and anybody who helped me with a tire or lent me some grease. Now that you have been reassured, won't you please go on with the second great discovery? It would interest me lots more."

"I am afraid it won't," I said. "I have prefaced and preambled so much that I fear it will fall rather flat. This business of being an oracle is terribly trying."

"It wouldn't be if you were talking to a man," she remarked. "It is just because you put me in the kitten class and are afraid of putting any strain on my kitten mind. Yet talking to a girl seriously is infinitely more of a compliment than what you think are compliments. It excites the kitten mind; raises her in her kitten self-esteem; it makes her want to jump into your lap and purr. Speak to me as though I had whiskers and a bald head—and I'll love you forever."

"I will try," I said, smiling. "Well, my discovery—my second discovery—was to find out how tolerable life could be under the most horrifying conditions; how quickly indeed one got used to anything and made oneself comfortable. I looked back at myself in the rocket's red glare, so to speak, and saw myself as I had been before—clinging frantically to my step on the social ladder, clinging to my job as though it were the only one in the world, clinging to every helpful social connection and making such an anxious business of life as though there was an abyss at my feet that I might tumble into unless I strained every nerve to the breaking point. Yet what abyss could compare to lying for days in a muddy French turnip field—with a gnawing stomach, incessant rain, incessant lice, incessant stench and occasionally the sight of people you knew quite well rising in midair in fragments of arms and legs? Why, great heavens, the worst that can happen to you here is to miss a meal or two, to have to pawn your watch—that's our abyss, you know!"

I paused, enjoying Emily's absorption. There could be nothing more flattering than that absorbed look; it was so rapt, so introspective, as though she had been paralleling my thoughts with her own in a strange doubling of response.

"I am almost ashamed to say how unafraid I have come back," I resumed. "How scornful of bugaboos that once filled me with such real terror—ashamed, I mean, that I could ever have allowed them to terrify me. And it is not aggressive independence; I don't mean that at all—that crude, uncouth Americanism that enjoys telling people to go to hell. It is rather that I used to be afraid of life and now I am not; that I see life now as a great adventure in which the vicissitudes are as likely to be enjoyable as the successes. That is my reaction to the war—a love of life that will permit no hampering repression; that frankly puts happiness before everything else in the world."

Emily stretched out her hand, clasping mine and giving it an ecstatic squeeze.

"I too!" she exclaimed. "There's the proof I was born again also—in a mudhole in France." Then with mounting color she withdrew her hand, though not before a dozen people had regarded us with amazement—adding breathlessly: "You have carried me off my feet; I am tingling all over with it and with the way you said it too—the intrepid way! It—it makes all the others seem such insipid little mannikins. If I shut my eyes I daren't think what might happen."

"Shut them and see," I suggested, unmindful of the contradiction of the phrase until after I had said it. But she was too intent to notice such a trifle.

"It isn't as though I hadn't loved you once," she murmured. "That's what makes it all so fascinatingly dangerous. We can't start over again like ordinary people; we are like a divorced couple meeting again and—taking up things where they left off. If I invited you to come and see me, you would want to kiss me and ——"

"Sure to," I said. "I am more crazily in love with you than ever, and if you gave me an inch I would take miles and miles and miles."

She sighed.

"The trouble is that you are so much nicer than you used to be," she said. "There is something wonderfully appealing and manly about you that you never had before. That doesn't seem quite fair, does it? Coming back a million times nicer and making my heart go pit-a-pat in such a jumble of regrets and misgivings and longings and aches and elations and self-reproaches and self-justifications, and now making them all ten times worse—or better, or more agonizing, or more exquisite by saying that you still care."

"You care too. You could not have said it plainer, only you can't bring yourself to admit it."

"Admit it!" she repeated in a little gust of passion. "With my trousseau spread over the whole house and the maids running up with wedding presents! I couldn't admit it if I wanted to—I simply couldn't!"

There was anguish in that last word. It came from her like a cry—an exclamation of despairing helplessness.

"There is no 'couldn't' about it when two people love each other," I said.

With a broad sweeping gesture of my hand I waved away that trousseau—waved away those wedding presents.

"Would you mind pushing away the Church of the Heavenly Rest as well?" she said wistfully. "And Bishop Trotwell rushing up from Florida in papa's private car and that enlarged choir with opera singers and all those hundreds and hundreds of invitations and my poor little heartbroken mother and my outraged father and the very last speck of decency and self-respect I am possessed of?"

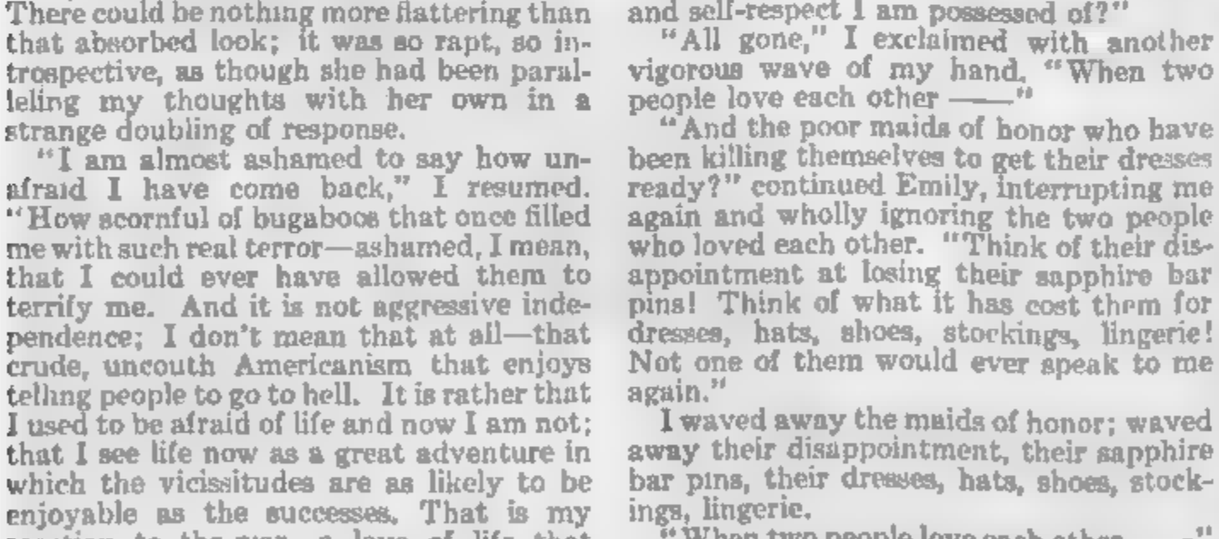
"All gone," I exclaimed with another vigorous wave of my hand. "When two people love each other ——"

"And the poor maids of honor who have been killing themselves to get their dresses ready?" continued Emily, interrupting me again and wholly ignoring the two people who loved each other. "Think of their disappointment at losing their sapphire bar pins! Think of what it has cost them for dresses, hats, shoes, stockings, lingerie! Not one of them would ever speak to me again."

I waved away the maids of honor; waved away their disappointment, their sapphire bar pins, their dresses, hats, shoes, stockings, lingerie.

"When two people love each other ——"

"And the chatter, hullaballoo and general pandemonium," Emily went on in a crescendo of protest. "The sneers and hubbub; the innuendoes in the vile society papers; the surmises, rumors and malice—all as evil as low people can make them? No big red paw can sidewipe all that, George Landsell!"



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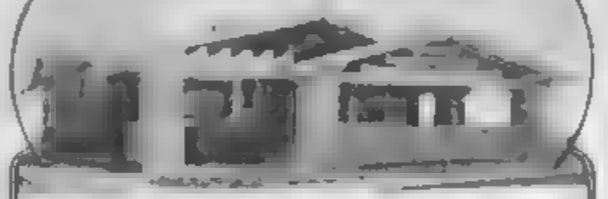

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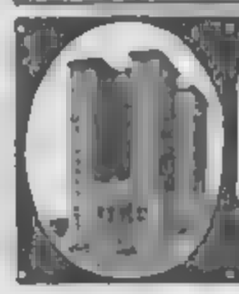

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As I was about to speak again she stopped me imperiously:

"No, no, it's impossible! It's a fairy tale! It can't be thought of! Vin would die of mortification."

"I wouldn't mind if he did!" I exclaimed, noticing what a belated appearance he had made in the discussion and considering it to be not without significance. "He never gave my mortification a thought when he took you away from me. Let him die if he insists on it."

"He would be horribly humiliated—unspeakably humiliated even if you are so horrid about it."

"Wouldn't he rather be that for a very short while than find out he had married a girl who loved somebody else?"

Emily made no reply, seeming not to hear me and leaning her head against her hand as though in a silent turmoil of indecision.

She had never appeared lovelier to me than at that moment, when all was in suspense, and I drank in the perfection of her graceful, slender young womanhood with a poignant delight. Yet I had to think too—plan wildly and desperately how to snatch her away before she could return home. If she escaped me now I had the conviction I should lose her forever.

"I am shocked at myself," she said at last, looking up and smiling at me in a sort of humorous distress that was not without a hint of an underlying sincerity. "Yes, shocked through and through, for it is awful to analyze oneself and find nothing at bottom but a self-willed, self-centered, utterly selfish, piggy little ego who wants what it wants when it wants it, you know. Really, George, I don't seem to have any loyalty or honor or conscience or anything—not a single one of those beautiful qualities it cost such thousands and thousands to veneer me with at Lyndmere. Why, if I as much as touch them with my little finger off they rub like face powder! It's just the colonel's lady all over again, I am afraid, and Ju——"

It took me an instant to understand the allusion and the blush that accompanied it before it was half said. As it dawned on me her eyes closed.

"They are shut!" she cried out. "Look, look, George—they're shut!"

I glanced quickly at my wrist. It was six minutes past five. It was not too late; it could still be done; I had fifty-four minutes to hurry it through, rush it through, if only Emily ——

"Listen with all your kitten mind!" I exclaimed. "Listen like that bald-headed man with whiskers!"

"I'm listening," she said.

"Pay the bill and wait for me at the ladies' entrance." I went on in such a fever of urgency that Emily's expression changed to one of startled surprise; her lips parted; she became as breathless as I was.

"I'll go and ring up the Titwillow agency at Broadway and Fiftieth Street," I continued. "They have a baby racer there I saw yesterday and nearly bought—a darling little car of its kind, with a special underslung body and wire wheels, two of them spares.

"I'll order it held and tell them to fill it up with oil and gas and have it ready to start at the throw of the switch. Then you and I will sub it down to the City Hall and get married by one of those marrying aldermen. Yes, married—married! And then back to the agency, it to our car, some clothes at your house, some at mine, and—off, off, off!"

"Where?"

"To paradise!"

"Where's paradise, George?"

"West somewhere! Mountains, plains, deserts; spaciousness, loneliness and forests and lakes and snowy peaks, with you and me gypsying under the stars."

Emily made no reply. Pale and apparently lost in a sort of dream, she slowly—very slowly—drew on her gloves. I watched her with a darkening face, fearing the worst. Any hope I might have had died within me.

"Will you answer one question?" she asked at last.

I murmured an inarticulate assent. The uncertainty was maddening. The waiter to whom I had signaled was advancing toward us. Was he to add the constraint of his presence to an eternal farewell?

"I want to know how much you really cared for her," Emily went on as though there were no such things as clocks or aldermen off duty at six or underslung Titwillow racers champing at the bit.

"Who?" I demanded without the slightest comprehension of what she meant.

"Peggy Sinclair."

"Not a damn!" I cried out explosively. "She was no more to me than that chair. I don't know where she is or what has become of her; she was nothing to me at all—nor I to her."

"On your soul and honor, George? Cross your heart and ——"

"Yes, yes! I would swear it on a million Bibles."

She gave a happy little laugh.

"All right, you can run along and order the car," she said, "and you will find me at the ladies' entrance, waiting for my stars."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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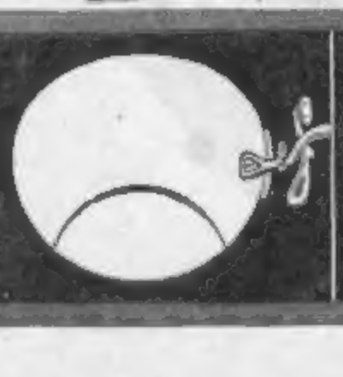

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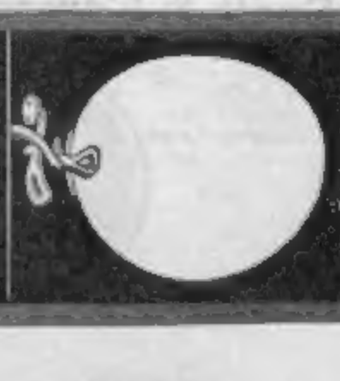

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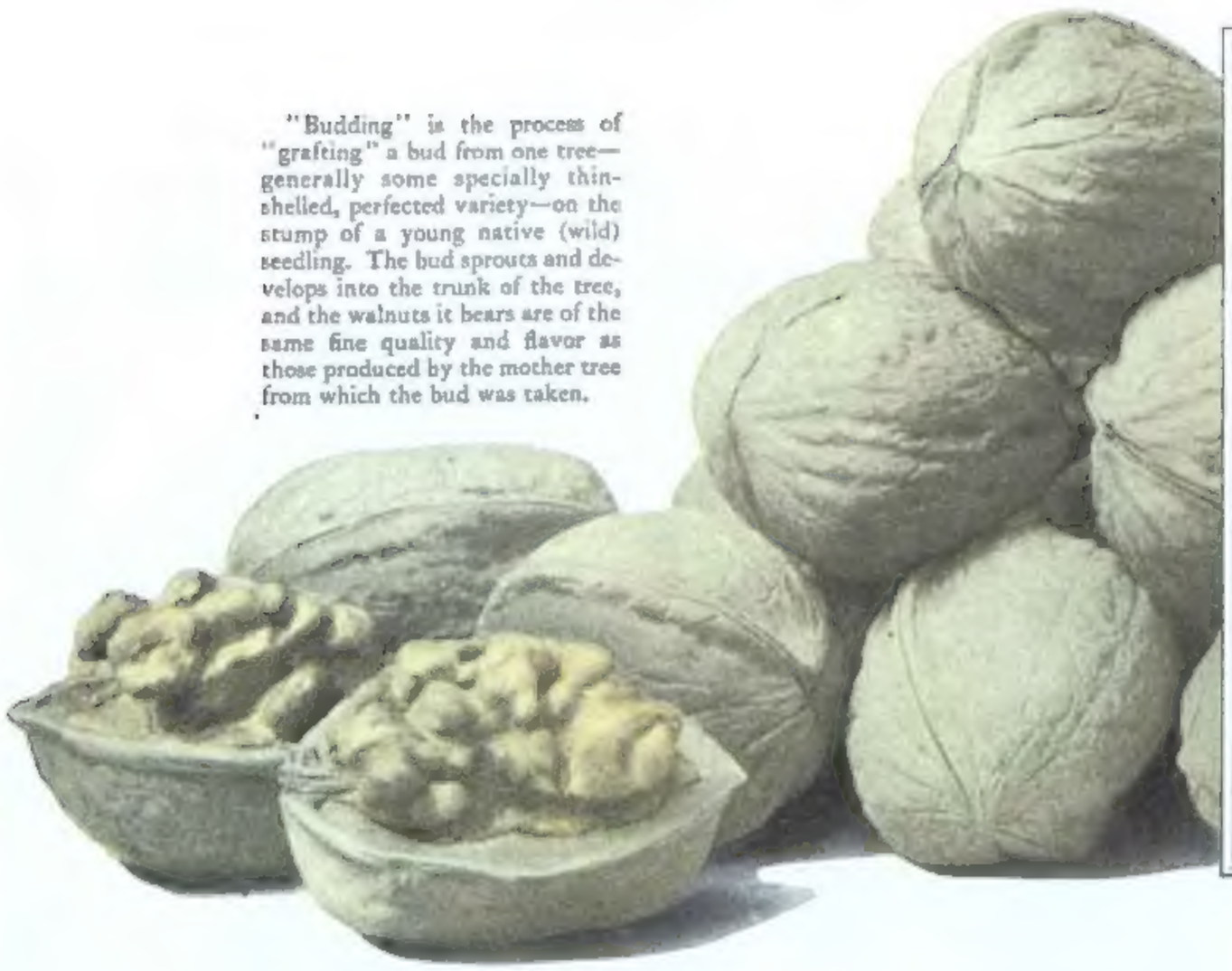

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